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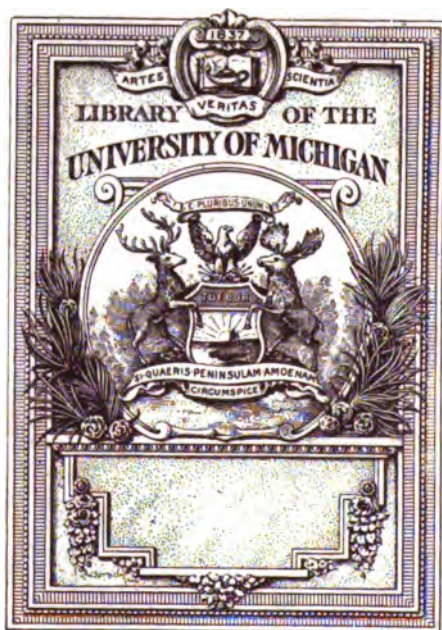
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The Nation Back of Us, The World in Front.

Out West

A MAGAZINE OF

The Old Pacific and the New

(FORMERLY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

EDITED BY

Chas. F. Lummis

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THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXI, No. 1.

JULY, 1904.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856.

By REV. A. L. PARK,

An Active Member.



HEN San Francisco had about forty thousand inhabitants, a notable episode occurred of which no adequate history has been written. An armed organization arose, without warrant of the law, took possession of the largest town of Western America, and ruled it without active opposition for nearly half a year. It called itself a Vigilance Committee, but was widely unlike any mob which before or since has borne that name. Its work was not per-

formed in a few hours; but patiently, through five or six months. Its members wore no masks nor disguises, but acted in broad day in the view of all men. It did no lynching, but gave every suspected criminal whom it seized a fair trial secured by all the usual safeguards afforded by law; witnesses were summoned and lawyers employed for both prosecution and defense. Two juries, differently chosen, sitting at the same time but wholly separate, must each find a majority verdict of guilty, or the prisoner was discharged. These provisions, and others intended to protect the innocent, were incorporated in a written constitution, limiting and controlling all the proceedings of the committee. Though entirely illegal, and technically only "a mob," the spirit of equity and order prevailed throughout its entire career—not the unguided passion of the mob.

Popular uprisings are generally occasioned by persistent criminal activity, which the constituted authorities are unable

or unwilling to suppress; and the Vigilance Committee of 1856 was not an exception. Like the brief ebullition known by the same name in 1851, it was provoked by flagrant and unpunished crime. During the first seven years of its existence as an American city, San Francisco was said to have been the scene of fourteen hundred murders, and only one murderer had been executed by law. Whoever had money, or influential friends, could kill with little peril. Many criminals had been sent to San Quentin, but they were not kept in prison; the Lieutenant Governor, who at that time controlled the penitentiary, allowed the convicts to go where they would and earn, if they pleased, their own living—probably something also for him—requiring only that they report once in a while at headquarters. Several convicted murderers were pointed out to me one day on Montgomery street, dressed like other people and without a keeper, though they were registered at the time as serving out terms at San Quentin. It was observed that so soon as the Vigilance Committee began to re-organize in 1856, the convicts hastened back to prison of their own accord.

There were, however, deeper evils out of which the movement grew, of which the foremost was the absolute failure of the ballot-box. Murders are bad, but the practical denial to a free people of the right of suffrage is worse. Elections had become a farce, and everybody knew that the city and even the state authorities had not really been elected, but owed their positions to ballots that were either illegally cast or stuffed in the boxes after the election. Voters were intimidated at the polls by hired pugilists and armed ruffians. There was a powerful political clique in possession of the city which was more daring in its methods than Tammany in its palmy days, and ruled by money and force. The centre of this evil power was popularly believed to be a certain well known banking house. These facts should be borne in mind while considering the Vigilance Committee; for the latter was not in fact rebellious against lawfully constituted authorities, but an uprising against a gang of evil-doers who had usurped power only to abuse it.

Add to this that the mass of the citizens had lost all confidence in the courts as even-handed administrators of justice, but regarded even the Supreme Court as one of the forces arrayed against right and equity—and this was a situation which might well summon the people to take back into their own hands that delegated authority by right of which alone legislators, executive officers and courts may act.

The appearance upon the scene of the Vigilance Committee might, however, have delayed a while longer, had not an



JAMES KING OF WILLIAM.

Whose assassination was the immediate cause of the organization of the
Vigilance Committee.

atrocious assassination, in broad day and on the principal street, stirred all respectable citizens as never before. This was the murder of James King, founder and editor of the *Bulletin*, by James P. Casey, a supervisor. King was a man of commanding presence; of high character and remarkable courage, who had started an evening newspaper to advocate reform. Each day the *Bulletin* contained fresh revelations of the prevailing iniquity and corruption in public affairs, and the people at once rallied to his support. The interest manifested in his paper was phenomenal. King was thoroughly conversant with the men that he exposed and with their misdoings, and wielded a powerful pen. A constant succession of startling exposures accompanied by

convincing evidence, excited the public mind in the highest degree. So intense was the interest in the daily relation of the doings and plottings of the Ring, that the patrons of King's newspaper could hardly wait for its appearance. The publication office was on the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets; and there hundreds assembled every afternoon and stood waiting in the street till the Bulletin appeared. The printing office was on Merchant street a few doors below, and the compositors (of whom I was one) used often to look from the windows, about four o'clock, to see the crowd in front of the publication office, a crowd that grew with the growth of an awakened public sentiment.

Mr. King's life was often threatened, and he had many thrilling experiences. Had he not been known as an athlete, a dead shot, and utterly fearless, his career would have ended sooner. One day he remarked in our hearing, "I expect Casey will shoot me this evening." Not long before, he had told Casey on the street that unless he reformed his ways the Bulletin would publish the fact that he was an unreformed convict. Casey replied, "If you ever allude to that again, I will shoot you dead." King thereupon obtained from New York a certified copy of Casey's commitment to prison for stealing and laid it away in his desk.

One day there was a primary election, and Casey, who was one of the officers at the polls, stabbed a voter. That evening the Bulletin said: "The fact that Casey, a supervisor, has served out a sentence for theft at Sing Sing prison ought not of itself to condemn him. For many persons come to this coast to reform and lead better lives; and if Casey showed this disposition we would never allude to his discreditable past. But the crime he today committed makes it evident that he is no better fitted to be a supervisor than when he was a convict."

That afternoon we printers observed from the windows that the crowd was larger than usual, though quiet, and composed for the most part of King's friends. It appeared, too, to be expecting something unusual. On the opposite side of Montgomery street was Sheriff Scannell with a carriage, apparently waiting for some one. King noticed him and thought it meant mischief, but saw nothing of Casey and went his way. Suddenly his adversary approached from one side, and exclaimed, "Draw and defend yourself!" He shot as he spoke, and King fell with a mortal wound. Casey got into the sheriff's carriage, and was instantly driven to the jail, which was surrounded by hundreds of unarmed citizens within ten minutes. King was carried into the Montgomery block, where he died a few days later.



SHERIFF SCANNELL.

Crowds at once assembled on the streets in various parts of the city and orators harangued them from balconies, counseling the immediate lynching of Casey; but late in the evening word was quietly passed around that the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was re-organizing, and all good citizens were invited to join it. The crowds dispersed, cheering, but several hundred men surrounded the jail and watched it day and night, to see that Casey should not be removed out of their reach until the Vigilance Committee was ready to deal with him.

There was at the time in jail a gambler named Cora, who not long before had murdered U. S. Marshal Richardson. No



LADY KATE DE WILKIE, the Baroness of Aberdeen.



Portrait of a man, identified as the Baroness of Aberdeen.



Illustration of a man and a horse-drawn carriage.



Illustration of a large building with a flag.

Illustration of a large building with a flag flying in front of it.

Illustration of a large building with a flag flying in front of it.



one expected he would be punished, as he had both money and friends; so it was determined that he also should be seized, and, if found guilty after fair trial, be hanged with the murderer of James King. Cora himself was said to have greeted Casey on his arrival at the jail with the exclamation, "You have sealed the fate of us both!"

Meantime, recruits were steadily and rapidly enlisted at the rooms where the Vigilance Committee was organizing. Each candidate for membership was first recommended by some one already a member; then he was asked if he held any office under the city, county, state, or nation. If he replied in the negative, he was sent into the vestibule, to wait till ten candidates had been approved. Then they were sworn to obey orders given them during the existence of the Vigilance Committee. Each hundred new members, in the order of their joining, were mustered into a company, chose a captain, and at once began to drill. When the companies numbered thirty, they were grouped into three regiments. Much of their time, day and evening was devoted to drilling with muskets; and though this involved much neglect of regular employment, I never knew any employee to lose his position on this account. A large warehouse on California street near Battery was converted into a fort. A breastwork of sandbags defended the front, and arms and supplies were accumulated. Members were admitted on giving their number and the password, and day and night companies did guard duty; while the drilling went on.

In four or five days the Committee had enrolled about four thousand men. It had the power—and the time to act had come. The whole membership was called together by an alarm-bell on the Sunday morning following the tragedy. Officers made addresses, telling their men that action would be immediate, that the strength and disposition of the foe were unknown, and that in all probability blood would flow that day in the streets. Any whose courage was unequal to the occasion were told that they were at liberty to withdraw; those who marched forth that morning must be prepared for whatever might come. As the men had joined the organization expecting just this, none were observed to draw back.

The army of nearly four thousand, in orderly arrangement of regiments and companies, filed out from Fort Vigilance that memorable Sunday morning, and marched through the streets as the bells were ringing for church and the people were on the way to worship. Many a passer-by swung his hat, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs, to show their sympathy with the expedition; for every person in the city knew that the seizure of

the jail was to be attempted. The rank and file were armed with bayoneted muskets, the officers carrying swords. No uniforms were worn by men or leaders; all were in every-day dress. No flags or banners were carried, nor did music enliven the march. In silence, broken only by the tramp of many feet, the forces poured into the square surrounding the jail, while the unarmed citizens who had patiently watched the building gladly retired to give the army place. When the square was filled, and the roofs of adjacent buildings, the remainder of the troops were placed in streets near by, to be at hand if needed. A man came out of a store with a pail of whisky and a dipper, and without a word passed it around as far as he could reach. Many of us, who had begun to find our knees a trifle weak, were glad to brace up. A large cannon was drawn up and aimed at the big door of the jail, and men stood over it with lighted fuses. In sight was a hackney coach ready for use, and no one doubted who was expected to ride in it. All being ready, two officers, arm in arm, stepped to the jail door and knocked at the wicket. The sheriff inquired what was wanted; the reply was, "We want entrance, and possession of the bodies of James P. Casey and Charles Cora; and, if refused, we shall immediately resort to force."

The sheriff, David Scannell, had foreseen, from the day of King's murder, that this would probably be the result, and had secured the aid of as many men as would obey his summons—about two hundred. These he had armed and placed in defence of the jail. He had also called upon the governor, J. Neely Johnson, for troops. The governor had none at command, but told the sheriff that he would give his moral support for whatever it was worth. Accordingly he came down and took up quarters in the jail, instructing the sheriff that under no circumstances should he surrender. When the sharp demand was made at the door, and only five minutes were given for deliberation, the sheriff inquired what he should do. The governor ascended to the roof, saw on every side, and as far as his eye could reach, the silent regiments, and before the door the artillerymen with their smoking fuses. Hastening down, he ordered the sheriff to surrender. Casey and Cora were taken in the hack to Fort Vigilance. Scannell handed the keys of the jail to the captors, who refused to receive them, telling the sheriff that he would continue to be held responsible for safe keeping of the numerous inmates. To make sure that he should not let the prisoners loose to prey upon the town, a small squad of determined men, fully armed, was left in the jail to see that he did his duty. So, without the shedding of a drop of blood, the Vigilance Committee became masters of the situation.



JUDGE TERRY.

San Francisco at this time had a good company of artillery and one of infantry. When the authorities called on them to defend the jail, both companies disbanded, and, with their arms and their skill, joined the Vigilance Committee. The cannon that menaced the jail that day had been brought in by the disbanded artillerymen. These trained troops rendered invaluable service to the Vigilantes as officers and drillmasters. At this time auxiliary organizations began to be formed in Sacramento and other cities, and men volunteered to come to San Francisco, if desired, and assist. Had the state officials been in a position to make any effective resistance, this outside co-operation would

have been gladly welcomed; but the Committee did not need help. So thoroughly united were the good citizens that opposition scarcely dared lift its head. The clergy and churches were actively with the Committee, and threw their influence in favor of reform. A single newspaper, the Herald, took a position on the opposite side. That same day, the associated auctioneers, who had made it very profitable by their advertisements, withdrew all their patronage. Next morning the Herald appeared with several blank pages.

The Adjutant General of California at that time was a man afterwards very famous, William T. Sherman. Had he continued in that position, subsequent events might have been entirely different. Sherman was strongly opposed to the Vigilance Committee, and began to prepare to resist it to extremity. But fortunately he and the Governor could not agree, so there was no marching through San Francisco. Sherman resigned and his place was taken by Volney E. Howard, who was not remarkable as a military genius. General Howard was able to collect only three hundred men, to be captured, as it proved, by the enemy.

Besides General Sherman, there were other military men afterwards famous then in California. Henry W. Halleck, a successful lawyer, was destined to command for two years during the Civil War all the armies of the nation. He held at this time the rank of major. General Frémont was going and coming, interested in his mines at Mariposa. General John E. Wool, with his Mexican War reputation, was commanding a force of United States troops near San Francisco. None of these took any part in the Vigilance struggle. General Wool was invited by the Governor to interfere, but declined. Then the Governor appealed to President Pierce, who refused to act unless invited by the Legislature. Farragut, afterwards Admiral, was at Benicia with two sloops of war, one of which played an important part later on.

Casey and Cora, after deliberate trial, were hanged, in full daylight, in front of Fort Vigilance, with the whole Committee and multitudes of other citizens as witnesses. On the same day and hour the body of James King was escorted to Lone Mountain cemetery by many thousands of friends, while all the bells of the city were tolled.

Judge Terry was the only member of the Supreme Court to take an active part in the opposition. After the Governor's humiliating experience in surrendering the jail, he was disinclined to attempt any further opposition: but Terry (who was wholly without fear, and never favored half-measures) insisted that an army should be recruited and the conquest of San Francisco



WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

attempted. So General Howard, after great labors securing three companies, established his headquarters in a large building not far from the jail. Then the Governor, by Judge Terry's advice, proclaimed San Francisco under martial law. There being no power to enforce martial law, the only effect of the proclamation was to close all the courts. The Committee were very much pleased with this. They were constantly arresting criminals, whose friends sued out writs of habeas corpus in the courts and sent officers to bring them out. This was annoying. Officers of the law were not resisted. They were treated respectfully by the sentinels, who, after deliberate inspection of the writs, courteously allowed them to pass into the fort with full

permission to find the individuals named. Meanwhile word had quietly been passed that Charley Duane, or whoever it might be, was sought for, and the prisoner was at once removed to parts unknown, sometimes being transferred several times while the hunt was going on. No such persons as the writs demanded were ever found in Fort Vigilance! So when the courts closed by the proclamation of martial law, it was a relief to the Committee. The prisoners themselves said they were glad too, for it was disagreeable to be dragged hither and thither and into all sorts of disagreeable places, sometimes even covered under bags of coal.

After a while Judge Terry himself began to have doubts whether the right course was pursued; so he came boldly to San Francisco to see how things were. He well knew that no man was more obnoxious to the Committee than himself, but cowardice was not one of his faults. When he appeared, many of the Committee favored arresting him, but the leaders thought it wiser to let him get acquainted with public opinion without molestation, as no specific charge had been brought against him. Terry conferred with the district judges, as well as with other lawyers, and was informed that practically the whole community was with the Vigilance Committee. He was advised to allow things to take their course. "Here are five thousand armed men on one side and three hundred on the other! What can you do? Better withdraw the proclamation." From what he saw and heard, Terry announced to a friend that he was convinced it was useless to attempt resistance, and he was going to Sacramento that evening to advise the Governor accordingly.

On that very afternoon, however, a man named Hopkins, acting under the authority of the Committee, attempted to arrest a relative of Terry's in his presence. Even apart from Terry's violent and arbitrary temper and his readiness to resort to deadly weapons—well-known and often proved both before this time and afterward—this was, from his standpoint, an assault upon the person of his relative without color of legal authority. The arrest was resisted, and during the resistance Terry stabbed Hopkins—it was at first believed, fatally.

As soon as this was learned the Vigilance bell was rung. The Committee gathered in force, marched to the Armory, where Terry had taken refuge with the State troops, and the scenes of the day when the jail was captured were re-enacted—with additions. There were cannon in front of the armory, a hackney coach close by, but this time there were, besides, a long line of express wagons and other vehicles. The armory was surrendered, Terry was carried in the coach to a cell in Fort Vigilance,

and the State troops were persuaded to enter the wagons and were also deposited in the fort. All the supplies that had been gathered by the Governor were appropriated—biscuits, coffee, blankets, arms and ammunition went to assist the cause they had been intended to destroy. The officers of the three State companies were not placed under arrest, but merely taken past the long lines of Vigilantes, every man saluting them, and

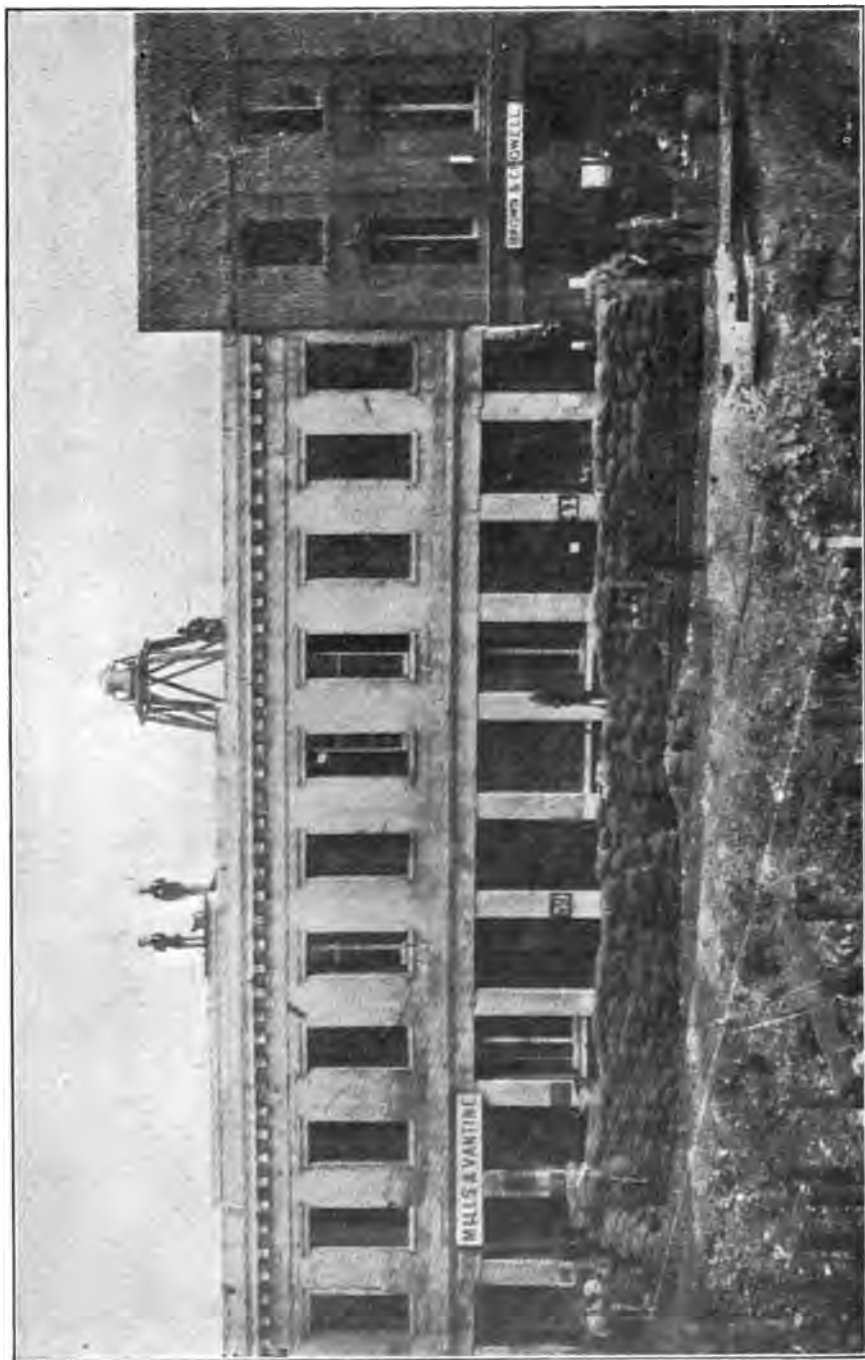


A. L. PARK, A MEMBER OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

liberated with the words: "Gentlemen, you have seen our strength, and you are at liberty to go your way." The privates were detained only over night and dismissed next morning on parole.

The trial of Judge Terry was deferred till it was ascertained whether his victim's wound was fatal. Had Hopkins died, Terry would undoubtedly have been hanged. As Hopkins recovered, the charge against his assailant was for "assault with intent to kill," and Terry was kept in confinement for many weeks.

There were two sloop-of-war lying at Benicia, the "Vandalia" and "John Adams," the former in command of Farragut, the latter of Boutwell—both captains, but Farragut the ranking officer. Boutwell was a strong personal friend of Judge Terry. While Terry's trial was progressing, he was permitted to send a letter to Boutwell stating that he was imprisoned and had every reason to think he would be hanged, and begging him to come with his vessel and protect him. When Boutwell received the letter, he at once announced his intention of taking the "John Adams" to San Francisco to defend Terry, and asked permission, which was refused. Farragut reminded him that the United States was not concerned in what was transpiring, and ordered him to remain where he was. But, against orders, Boutwell came with



FORT VIGILANCE. ("FORT GUNNYBAGS.")

the "John Adams" to the city, and moored his vessel at the foot of Battery street, training his guns upon Fort Vigilance. He notified the Vigilance Committee that he was there to protect Judge Terry, and if they undertook to hang him he would destroy their fort and lay that neighborhood in ruins. Farragut reported the conduct of Boutwell to Washington, and the latter was eventually cashiered for disobedience. Meanwhile the presence of the war vessel menacing the fort was distinctly disquieting.

Terry was finally convicted by one jury of assault with intent to kill, and by the other jury of simple assault. A full report of the trial was published, making a large octavo volume. After long confinement he was finally discharged, in the dead of night, with instructions not to appear in San Francisco again during the existence of the Vigilance Committee. He went back to Sacramento and resumed his duties on the Supreme bench. A majority of the Committee thought he ought to have been executed, and he probably would have been had not the guns of the "John Adams" menaced the city. There was no doubt Boutwell would have carried out his threat if Terry's life had been at stake. His release cost the country a better man, Senator Broderick, slain in a duel by Terry in the presence of more than thirty spectators. Terry was indicted for Broderick's murder, but by a daring trick escaped trial for his crime. He was reserved to die by a shot from a marshal long afterwards.

Two men—Brace and Hetherington—who dared commit murder while the Committee was in session were hanged in front of Fort Vigilance. Yankee Sullivan, the prize fighter, while detained in a cell, committed suicide. Scores of stuffers of ballot-boxes and bullies were placed on outward-bound vessels under sentence of immediate death should they ever return.

The operations of the Vigilance Committee never went beyond San Francisco, except upon one occasion. It became known that the Governor was collecting arms and military supplies for the use of forces which he hoped to enlist, and that some of these were stored on a certain schooner. When that vessel started to go up-river, the Vigilance Committee sent a posse of men to the Straits of Carquinez, where they captured the schooner. They were assured that there were no military supplies aboard, only lumber, but on thorough examination they found arms, ammunition and blankets, which they confiscated. Some months later the individuals who made this successful raid were tried in the United States court for piracy and acquitted.

Besides the few evildoers who were executed and the larger number who were banished, many of the undesirable population took themselves away voluntarily.

"True patriots they, for, be it understood,
They left their country for their country's good."

The history of one of these men is very striking. A lawyer named Barnard, who had made himself useful to the Ring, went to his employer, Edward Jones (manager of the bank before mentioned and also of the political gang which was exploiting the city), and told him he had decided to try his fortunes in New York. "Can you oblige me with a letter of introduction to

Fernando Wood?" "Certainly," replied the manager, and sat down and wrote as follows:

FERNANDO WOOD,
New York.

This will introduce to you George Barnard. You can rely on his fidelity.

This was all. Barnard put it in his pocket, and in due time presented it to Wood, who was then at the height of his power. Wood read it carefully, pondered a minute and said, "All right; I will provide for you." He tried Barnard in various positions, and found him so invariably faithful to his employer, that at length he caused him to be made Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

So much I learned from the manager of the bank. The remainder of the story became familiar to the world through the newspapers of a little later date. George Barnard on the Supreme bench showed the same "fidelity" as before. He was always ready with mandamus, capias, or injunction, as Fernando Wood might require. He carried matters with so high a hand that he attracted the attention of the whole state. At one time two rival railroads were engaged in a struggle. Judge Peckham of Albany siding with one road and Judge Barnard of New York with the other. The opposition between the two co-ordinate judges came near resulting in a downright battle between the opposing forces of workmen, who for a considerable time menaced one another and disturbed the peace of the state. But in the end Judge Barnard went too far even for New York's long patience. He was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, tried before the Senate, convicted, deposed from the bench, deprived of the right ever again to hold any office whatever, and went into ignominious retirement, a ruined and broken-hearted man.

It was the desire of many that the Vigilance Committee should undertake a wider work in the state at large, and petitions for its interference came from several quarters; but the Committee adhered to its constitution and original purpose. Having completely succeeded in all it had attempted, and without taking a step too far, it laid down its power, and, as an organization, ceased to be. The next election was entirely fair and orderly. The Grand Marshal of the Committee was elected sheriff, the captain of my company, Judge Shepard, was chosen recorder, and other men prominent in the uprising were placed in important positions in city and state. The Legislature passed an Amnesty Act, exempting from prosecution all persons who, under orders of the Vigilance Committee, had performed unlawful acts.

As the human organism is often benefited by an acute disease that carries off corrupt and poisonous elements, leaving pure blood and better health—so the purging of the body politic by a crisis like the Vigilance Committee sometimes leaves a lasting benefit. San Francisco has been a better city, on a higher plane, ever since the popular uprising of 1856.

THE "CAMINO REAL"—

The King's Highway

By ELLA M. SEXTON.

BUILD ye the King's Road over
 To serve our latter days?
 That path of the Spanish rover
 And gentle Serra's ways,
 Where the Padre walked, upbearing
 The blessed cross of God,
 And his brethren meekly faring
 With sandalled footsteps trod?

Build ye the Highway, dreaming
 Of pageants it has known—
 That silver chain, where gleaming
 Like pearls the Missions shone—
 Of stately hosts, surveying
 The New World's wondrous lands:
 Of dauntless knights, obeying
 A glorious Fate's commands?

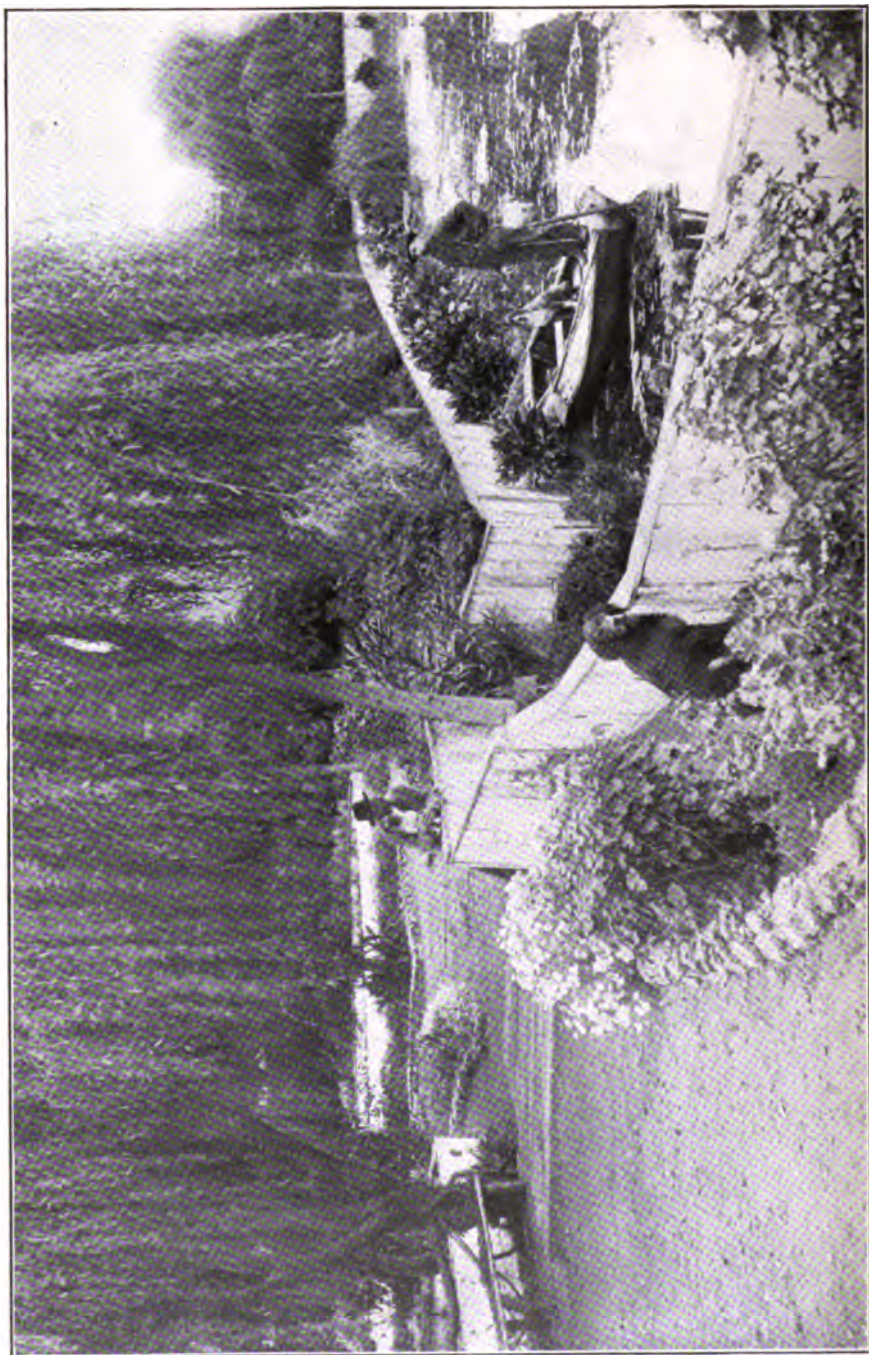
Build ye the King's Road, knowing
 Its ancient course and true
 On wind-swept mesas, going
 Deep, rugged cañons through:
 Wild trail by Indians charted—
 The north star's gleam for guide—
 Rough trail those lion-hearted
 Franciscans glorified.

Build ye the Highway bravely,
 To link those Missions famed,
 Where steadfast souls once gravely
 Their news of Peace proclaimed:
 In crumbling arch and tower
 A century's romance dwells:
 Both past and present hour
 Ring out their Angelus bells.

Build then the King's Road, sharing
 Both North and South its bond:
 From palm to redwoods faring,
 Or trackless pines beyond:
 Long leagues its course thus winding,
 Proud Road of Destiny,
 A score of Missions binding
 Within its rosary.

San Francisco.





THE FROG CORRAL.

A CALIFORNIA FROG-RANCH.

By MARY HEARD.



THE VIRGINIAN might have made the web of fiction in which Trampas and his followers were entrapped that afternoon at Rawhide Station glitter even more fantastically for the addition of a few cold facts, if Owen Wister had ever happened to visit a certain actual frog-ranch in California. For even the fancy of "the king of liars" did not rise to the point of making a woman own the most successful of the frog-ranches, and herself superintend the work upon it; nor of importing frogs for breeding purposes; nor of shipping them not only to "the Presidio, an' Angel Island, an' Alcatraz, an' Benicia," but even across the seas. Yet these things are but the truth—if not of Tulare, certainly concerning the ranch of Miss Edith Stege, in Contra Costa County, a few miles north of Berkeley.

This is by no means the only frog-ranch in the neighborhood of San Francisco, but it is the largest, and, for more than one reason, the most interesting. The "froggeries" occupy but a comparatively small part of the beautiful estate upon which they are located, but they demand an important part of the owner's attention, and are profitable accordingly. Other products of the ranch are profitable, too. The cattle have more than a local reputation; the products of the garden and greenhouse are



BOTH CATTLE AND FROGS THRIVE ON THIS RANCH.

envied by many other producers; the poultry command the highest prices, and the mushrooms are among the finest which reach any market. Besides being prosperous, the estate is one of the handsomest in the County, with its great, old-fashioned house and spacious outbuildings, its well-kept lawns, its groups of willows, and its wide stretches of meadow and pasture land.

Richard Stege, father of the present owner, is said to have been the first man to cultivate frogs in California for the market. The idea came to him from observing the boys spend their holidays catching frogs about the marshes on his place, and learning that an afternoon's work would yield them a dollar or two. Since his death a few years ago, his daughter has been the sole occupant of the family home and proprietor and manager of the entire estate, froggery included.

The frog-ponds cover more than six acres, and are four in number, besides the small pools where the tadpoles are kept. It is necessary to keep them carefully divided according to size, since the frog is one of the most cheerful of cannibals. Anything of his own kind, from a tadpole up, is fair game for the larger frog that can catch and swallow it. Indeed the eater does not insist on swallowing the whole of his victim. If a part of it can be brought within reach of the digestive fluids, the banqueter is content to let the rest of his meal dangle out of his mouth till room has been made for it inside. In spite of every precaution, one of the larger frogs will occasionally be found of a morning in the midst of the pollywogs and wearing that placid smile which betokens that a sufficiency of pollywogs are most satisfactorily in the midst of him. This poaching is accomplished in spite of tight board fences more than three feet high enclosing each pool.

The pools in which the tadpoles are kept are lined with cement and are not more than one foot deep. As they grow to sufficient size, they are skimmed out with a long-handled dip and put in with their larger relatives. These pools are deeper, and the bottoms are of mud, in which the frogs bury themselves during the winter. All the pools are carefully drained to prevent overflow, and all of the water may be drawn off within a few minutes, if at any time necessary. The ponds are covered with green lacework of the algae so thickly that it looks like a single leaf, but underneath the water is fresh and pure.

While they remain at home, it is not necessary to feed the frogs, large or small. They forage for themselves, a part of their diet consisting of insects which venture unwarily near, but the principal reliance of the adults being upon the larvae, found in the muddy bottom, and young fish and spawn. The tadpoles are

more inclined to a vegetable diet, the chief dish being supplied by the algae. The frog, by the way, has teeth in his upper jaw, the tadpole having a horny beak instead. When the frogs have to be shipped long distances to the market, they are put into barrels, with plenty of green moss, the water changed on them every day, and their hunger satisfied with a diet of oatmeal and liver, or oatmeal and dried blood. By this method, they are shipped as far as the Hawaiian Islands with very small loss—perhaps a couple from a shipment of many dozen.

To talk about improving the breeds of frogs may seem ridicu-



THE POND WHERE THE LARGE FROGS ARE HERDED.

lous. There was sound truth in the comment of the Virginian (to diverge for an instant from sober fact to fiction) on that point: "To hear 'em talk frawgs at Tulare! Same as other folks talks hawsses or steers or whatever they're raising to sell. Yu'd fall into it yourselves if yu' started the business. Anything a man's bread and butter depends on, he's going to be earnest about. Don't care if it is a frawg."

Now, the native California frog is small of size, though delicate of flavor. Frog-raising had not been a business for long, before it occurred to the experimenter that an increase in size would be desirable. Accordingly, frogs of the largest and choicest brands were imported from as far East as Baltimore and Florida..

These stood the journey well and throve exceedingly under the change of climate. Some of them, brought from the East eight years ago, are still to be found in the Stege ponds, twelve years being the average life of a frog. The "thoroughbreds" may be distinguished by their yellow throats, with a pale green about the mouth, and a purplish green upon the back. But among the many varieties which swim about the pools and sun themselves in the grass, epicures pronounce just the right cross between the larger Eastern and the small Californian to be the finest eating. The combination of size and flavor is asserted to put the finest product of Paris to the blush.



ONE OF THE FROG-PONDS.

Race suicide is far removed from any practice of the frog, and the breeder profits greatly by the size of frog families. The female spawns from 2,000 to 8,000, of which perhaps ten per cent. escape the dangers from many hungry enemies, and reach maturity. The eggs appear on the surface of the water as a sticky scum, large clusters of them being gathered together within a gelatinous envelope. This mass presently separates into individual globules, which turn black as they increase in size. When the tadpole at last emerges, his first food is the envelope which has protected him. At this stage he has gills, and extracts the necessary oxygen only from the water. Later on he loses his gills and must come to the surface at frequent intervals to get his supply of air. During the first part of his career, he has a

tail which serves him as both rudder and paddle-wheel. In these earliest days, it not uncommonly happens that the larvae of the dragon-fly, or some other of his aquatic enemies, just miss getting him whole, but succeed in snapping off his tail, in which case he is able to grow another one rapidly. But a little later, he loses his tail for good, and is obliged to discover the use of the legs that are beginning to sprout. He is the most comical sight when he has ceased to be wholly tadpole and has not quite be-



ROPING THE STOCK ON THE FROG RANCH.

come a frog—with some tail, a great deal of hindleg and a very little foreleg.

During “croaking season”—that one in which

The frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no—

the frog is a great traveller, if he can possibly gratify his wandering desires. When the first wooing season arrived on the Stege place, the ponds were unfenced, being merely surrounded by high embankments. Miss Stege was awakened early one morning by the gardener, who bade her come out and see the frogs. As she tells it:

“I dressed hurriedly and ran out, to see the place alive with frogs—a hopping, croaking mass. It was after a storm and they had unanimously started away. With dust-pans and brooms

we literally swept them up and dumped them back into the water. These fences are the result. Even now they will get out on the slightest opportunity. If a broom or hoe is left across the fence, they use it for a gangplank."

The owner of this ranch does more active work at the frog business than any of the men in her employ. When a large order comes in, she puts on her rubber boots, short skirt and "jumpers," and goes to work with the net.

Most of the frog-catching is done at night, a boat carrying a lantern with a large reflector, a dip, and someone who knows how, being all the essentials. The light being thrown on the water, one inquisitive Monsieur Crapaud after another comes up to investigate, the net is placed over him, and his leap for escape lands him a safe captive. Of the knack required in using the net, the expert owner of this ranch says:

"If you try to dip under the frog, as you would with a fish, he will escape every time. You must put the net down over him and when he jumps it will be right into it. Sometimes they are difficult to catch because they have hidden in the deep mud. The only way then is to drain off the water and go after them. That is what we have to do to catch the small frogs when they are of sufficient size to go with the larger ones.

"Beginners at frog-catching make headway very slowly. A caterer, one of our buyers, came over from the city one day, and proposed that we have a frog dinner. I gladly agreed, upon condition that he should catch the frogs. Early in the afternoon he started to do this, leaving us sitting on the shady lawn. Never a frog did he catch, though he shoved the boat around that whole broiling afternoon, throwing his net wildly here and there. At five o'clock we took pity on him and let him take his turn under a shady tree and watch us land a dozen or two in an hour. His respect for our ability was increased thereafter."

Last year—which was counted a poor one—the Stege ranch sold to San Francisco markets 2,600 dozen frogs' legs, netting a profit of more than \$1,800. The price of frogs varies, according to the season and the size of the frogs, from one to eight dollars a dozen. They are shipped alive to hotels and restaurants. Lately, the "poulette," in which all the muscular part of the frog is used, has come into fashion, and the once popular "fried frogs-legs" are less esteemed.

The delicate wholesomeness of his meat is far from being the only virtue of the frog. He is the best of swimming-teachers for a child. He shares with man alone the distinction of a "calf" to his leg. His little body is beautifully clean and symmetrical; and finally he has been of immense service to anatomists and physiologists as a subject of experiment. Opinions differ as to the merits of his musical performances and as to



HOME OF THE FROG-RANCH OWNER.

whether they arise from a superabundance of melancholy or an overflow of happiness. Some find it as soothing as a lullaby, while to others it is distressingly awakening. Visitors to the ranch, after praising the dreamy stillness that broods over the green ponds at high noon, are wont to ask the owner whether the croaking does not keep her awake at night. To which she invariably replies that whatever noise they may make at night, she has never heard it.

The note of some of the large frogs is so precisely like the bleat of a calf as to deceive the uninitiated visitor without fail.

The interest, the oddity and the profit of this occupation have been, and will be, tempting to many women. But it is not to be overlooked that both the conditions and the woman in the case are unusual. The attractions of frog-raising as a "fad" would soon fail, and there is very little "fun" about it. Nor is any reader of this article advised to plunge headlong into the occupation, in the hope of amassing rapid wealth. Even though "revenge and the disease" did not intervene—as Trampas learned to have happened at Tulare—there are many stumbling blocks in the path to commercial success upon a frog-ranch.

San Francisco.

CROSS SADDLE RIDING FOR WOMEN.

By CHARMIAN KITTREDGE.



FROM time to time the much-mooted question comes up as to how women shall most safely and at the same time most becomingly ride horseback—whether astride or on one side of the horse. To some the point of safety appeals solely, to others that of so-called propriety. To still another class of thinkers—and they are the fortunate people—the more natural and safe way (that is, astride) seems necessarily also the more graceful.

Women who use the side-saddle in the city and the cross-saddle in the country, can present but an insufficient argument in favor of the former, as they are forced to admit, at a pinch, that they use a man's saddle in the country because it is safer and more comfortable for any kind of rough riding or for lengthy trips. Any further questioning of the side-saddle devotee will usually call forth the rather lame subterfuge:

"Well, a woman should ride only a perfectly safe horse, anyway; and a side-saddle is all right on such an animal."

This might open the way to the question whether any horse is absolutely reliable under all conditions, which few persons with much experience in handling horses will be willing to answer with an unqualified affirmative.

The majority of riding masters appear to be badly biassed in favor of the side-saddle. The reason for this is obvious. A very few lessons on the cross-saddle suffice to start a pupil out well instructed in the art of riding, whereas to perfect her in the use of the side-saddle requires more or less arduous application and an extensive course of lessons. Perhaps the marvel is that women can perform the feats they do in the "ladies'" saddle; still the list of accidents never stop growing.

To go to the foundation of the matter one must look back a little into the dusty archives of English history. It does seem incredible that for some five hundred years intelligent women have been twisting their bodies into the one-sided position on horseback, and it may be that if the origin of the side-saddle were more generally known, there would be less delay about discarding it as an out-of-date nuisance. According to the records, Richard the Second of England took to wife Anne of Bohemia, who, unluckily for herself and especially for posterity of her sex, suffered from hip disease. The royal lady, unluckily again for all concerned, cherished a fondness for riding, and some contrivance had to be devised to meet her peculiar needs. Thus the side-saddle came into existence, and it is more than

probable that the first cavalcade of mounted cripples—for of course the court ladies were not to be outdone by their royal mistress—called forth many stares of wonder and smiles of amusement for spectators of both sexes, while it is a safe hazard that the court jester laughed in his sleeve. Here, as in countless other things, vogue plays a desperate game with judgment and sense, and whatever happens to be the fad wins.

A pretty young society matron of Oakland, California, who has been an apparently staunch upholder of the cross-saddle



MRS. W. W. DAMES, ON "RAVEN."

manner of riding, lately remarked: "By the way, did you know that riding astride is going out of style?"

This led up to the information that a new English riding-master had been imported to enlighten the ladies of that city as to the way in which they should ride. Under these circumstances those who have been riding astride their lucky beasts merely because it happened to be fashionable, and not from common-sense, will be likely to return to the crooked way, though few who have given the other fashion a fair trial have been known to abandon it.

Concerning the effect on horses of continued use of side-saddles, no owner of the animals can deny that it injures them.

Even the most skilful of side-saddle equestriennes cannot avoid throwing a certain percentage of extra weight on the left side of her horse. This uneven distribution of the weight and heat of the rider's body and limbs tends to weaken the vitality of the animal, and its left hind foot in many instances develops incurable ailments. In the case of poor horsemanship the evils are multiplied, and what is a more unsatisfactory all-round mount than a "ladies' horse?"

If girls feel that they must conform to the custom of one-sided riding, they should possess two saddles, one right and one left,



A SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME.

to be used alternately for the good of both rider and ridden. This course is said to be pursued by Queen Alexandra.

A discussion of consequences to the rider from continual use of the side-saddle would fill a small volume, but a reference to this phase of the subject will not be out of place here. Assuming that we all want to be physically well-balanced, it is not pleasant to reflect that any woman who has ridden for any length of time in sidewise fashion only, will find her right leg and foot inadequate to support comfortably her "heft" in the right stirrup of a man's saddle, and unless the person be very young, this disadvantage can never quite be overcome. Any doubter who will try it will be convinced. The right hip is sure to become higher than the left, and the shoulders will be more or less affected according to the excellence of the rider—to say nothing of frequent displacement of delicate organs, produced by the uneven posture. As a rule only robust women are given to the inspirit-

ing exercise of horseback riding, for to put a frail one in a side-saddle is hardly affording her a fair chance to gain benefit from a sport that is bound to be to some extent violent.

It will be granted that outside of the mere accomplishment of sitting one's horse well, the freedom and independence of traveling on horseback are its chief charms, as well as the ability to mount and dismount with ease and to change position for relaxation of muscles, particularly on long rides. When the side-saddle is used, these advantages practically disappear. Observe, for instance, the accomplished lady graduate of a riding



NOT OPEN TO CRITICISM.

academy! One man is required to hold her horse, and another to assist her in mounting; then the intricacies of the riding skirt must be adjusted to the saddle. Once correctly seated the rider must remain in the one cramped position until her ride is ended, dismounting being a serious inconvenience owing to difficulty in regaining the saddle, unless a groom be in constant attendance.

In 1895 the well known New York riding master and lecturer on horsemanship, Ernst Carl von Gillmann, was approached from all sides with the query as to the better way for women to ride. Up to that time he had not given the subject serious thought; the hour was evidently not ripe. However, he promptly took up the health aspect of the situation with the leading physicians of Greater New York, and sent out five hundred copies of a circular containing the following questions:

Is there any reason why the sense of propriety should hinder a woman from riding on horseback astride?

Is there any reason why a costume, both elegant and modest in design, and



A CROSS-SADDLE RIDER ON THE STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

which reveals less of a woman's form than the habit worn for the past years, should not be used by women when riding?

Will it add to the comfort, ease, support, relaxation and firmness in woman's seat on horseback and thereby increase endurance and facilitate the horsemanship for women?

What is the opinion of competent and learned physicians as to the advisability of riding astride, from a physiological standpoint?

It remains to be decided whether the seat astride or the one in the side saddle is the one which in regard to healthfulness is the more desirable.

The answers received did credit to the good sense and fair spirit of men practicing in so conservative a metropolis as New York, where probably no woman up to that year had ever ventured into the Park astride her horse. These gentlemen, without exception, expressed the opinion that the more healthful and rational manner for women to ride is astride, and many ventured to say that they preferred this method as the more becoming one. The profile view, at least, of a well-habited cross-saddle equestrienne is very little different from that in the old and more familiar position, and it is strange that so many people who look without disapproval upon a female bicyclist, will stand out against her bestriding a horse.

Considering that the side-saddle was inaugurated simply to accommodate a personal deformity, it is stranger still that the strongest opposition to the introduction of cross-riding has been made in the countries which represent the greatest medical progress—Europe and the United States. Many examples can be cited from other countries of the superb horsemanship of women who ride astride exclusively—in Mexico and in the Platte River country, for instance, where they use all kinds of horses and spend days in the saddle riding hard. Hawaii is noted for the skill of its women riders, who have always bestridden their horses; Persian women have never ridden any other way. Now and again royal ladies of European courts have made personal attempts to reform the custom of side-riding, but apparently the habit was harder to break than to make. Katherine of Arragon tried it in 1497; Queen Eleanora and other ladies of the blood followed suit in the next century. In 1645 the Countess of Belmont rode astride in gorgeous habiliments, and the Princess of Orange, wife of William V, posed in the same attitude on horseback in 1785; while as late as thirty-odd years ago, the beautiful ex-Queen of Naples, sister of the late Empress of Austria, and an accomplished equestrienne, wore on horseback a picturesque costume designed for the cross-saddle. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, despite all these efforts of the very leaders of fashion, the side-saddle has held sway for all these centuries in the most progressive and civilized lands on the globe.

It can be said, however, that America is now foremost in the

reform movement, and it may be interesting to note here the plucky woman who was the first to start the march toward this emancipation of her sex. Mr. Rudolf Clasen, an ex-German army officer and riding master in Boston's suburbs, has been given the credit for first stirring up the public notice in this regard, and has done much toward abolishing the use of side-saddles in the eastern states. But California holds the palm for the most radical movement, and Mrs. W. W. Dames, of Oakland, a lady of high standing in that community, was the first city-bred woman to put into practice her theory. In 1890, equipped with a fine figure and handsome habit, and backed by her husband's approval, she rode forth one day from her home stable astride her magnificent black charger, Raven—a stately vision of good breeding and dignity. That was a Red Letter Day for the women riders of the Pacific Coast, who considered themselves blest above others of their sex in that they could with propriety bestride their steeds and gain equal benefit with their men companions from their favorite recreation.

To Mrs. Dames' surprise, little or no adverse comment followed her bold venture; on the contrary, she frequently received letters, not only from acquaintances but from total strangers, complimenting and congratulating her on her appearance in the reform costume, and the good result of her actions on the young folk. Her riding habit was certainly above criticism for modesty and elegance, and her social position such that quiet perseverance in the new move gained for her the respect and admiration of all.

The habit in which Mrs. Dames made her initial appearance in the cross-saddle was made up of a black-cloth, divided skirt and close-fitting, double-breasted jacket, worn with linen shirt-bosom and soft felt hat. She did not wish to lend unnecessary mannishness to her appearance under such novel circumstances, by wearing either derby or silk hat, her prime object being to demonstrate that a woman can ride as nature intended she should, without one whit sacrificing her femininity. She used a handsome black leather saddle made on the Ralston model, with neat tapaderos over small wooden stirrups.

After proving to her own satisfaction the superiority of the original mode of riding, Mrs. Dames proceeded to further the cause by giving to the public the benefit of her views and experience, and her illustrated writings appeared in the large California dailies, were promptly copied by those of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other eastern cities, as well as noticed by some of the magazines, and scarcely a week passed that did not bring her, from near and far, communications from

women who were eager for information as to pattern of riding skirt, style of saddle and other particulars relating to reform equestrianism.

Another lady who has done much to uphold Mrs. Dames, is Mrs. Walter Magee, wife of the professor of athletics of the State University of California. Mrs. Magee has more than local fame as a trainer of women in gymnasium work, and her earnest denouncing of the side-saddle as an injurious device, together with her long personal use of the man's saddle, have convinced many a hesitating young woman that man's way of riding is the way for herself. Mrs. Magee, one to whom twenty miles a day on foot over the mountains is a pastime, and who never tires in the saddle, has the following to say:

"I am decidedly and absolutely opposed to the method of horseback riding in vogue among women. The side-saddle is a distortion that should be abolished. It deserves even a worse fate than French heels, hoopskirts and bustles.

"A side-saddle makes riding a more difficult feat. It increases the danger a hundred fold. It makes perfect poise and harmony of body an impossibility. It taxes the muscles unequally and makes long-distance riding harmful. It decreases the amount of physical endurance.

"'Ah, yes,' say the side-saddle adherents, 'but you overlook the artistic standpoint. A woman on a side-saddle is a thing of beauty, a woman astride is a horror forever.'

"I do take the artistic point of view. Riding on a side-saddle develops the right hip. This is a fact beyond dispute. If it were a thoroughly harmonious poise, it would not thus develop one hip.

"Those who ride infrequently are not injured by using the side-saddle. But likewise they do not receive the same amount of benefit that they would riding astride.

"Why woman should handicap all her pleasures with some senseless impediment is a riddle unsolved even by this half-emancipated age and generation.

"The anti-bloomerites—and their name is legion—cannot let loose the vials of their arguments on this question, for there is absolutely no necessity of riding astride in bloomers. A divided skirt, properly made, is equally comfortable, and off the saddle looks just like any other skirt.

"This optical argument is the best one to bring about the needed reform in the manner of horseback riding."

One of the best known of the women who have helped to root out prejudice against cross-riding is Grace Thompson-Seton. Mrs. Thompson-Seton has accompanied her husband on many

of his lengthy and dangerous trips among the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere, and knows the hardships a woman must face if she goes on such expeditions. She summed up the saddle question pretty thoroughly some time ago, when she said that a woman riding with a party of men has less endurance than they and it is her duty to be as well equipped as any of them, but that this cannot be if she insist upon a side-saddle.

Mrs. Nannette Magruder, an enthusiastic horsewoman of San Francisco, says:

"I believe a womanly woman can be thoroughly feminine in a gymnasium suit, a bathing suit, or in a divided skirt, on a bicycle, on foot, or on horseback.

"Time and custom will change the prudish ideas, which are held by many. The athletic woman will be looked up to as a specimen of true womanhood, and what she wears to facilitate her outdoor exercising will be considered the proper thing. In mountain-trail riding, a woman is very independent riding astride; in fact I think it is dangerous to ride in any other way. Why should we not be as comfortable and as secure as a man? Many mountain guides refuse to take women over the trails unless they ride astride.

"The cross-saddle mount makes a woman independent; she can mount and dismount without assistance, and she is absolutely independent on mountain trails, where a speedy dismount may be necessary to save her life."

The cross-saddle costume has undergone several changes since its inception, and the suit now most in use is a vast improvement over the full divided skirt first adopted, both in appearance and in that it gives a woman about the same freedom in the saddle that a man enjoys. Knickerbockers and boots, or leggings, are amply covered by a garment made on the same principle as the skirts of a double-breasted English ulster—which latter garment in its entirety is also a handsome habit; but the adaptation to the cross-saddle of the lower portion only of the ulster enables the rider to wear a shirt-waist in warm weather, while a jacket can be added if desired. The feet are slipped into vertical elastic bands just inside the overlapped front breadths of the skirt, thus keeping it in place when the feet are in the stirrups. The back pleats are joined from the waist as far as the saddle. The whole presents a trig, neat picture that cannot be open to criticism for lack of either grace or modesty. This pattern of skirt clings close to the horse, thus presenting a more trim effect from front or rear than the full divided skirt.

The hat to be worn, and the whip to be carried, are matters of taste, although for city riding the derby and the short bamboo

riding-stick are accounted most stylish at the present time. Much depends, however, on the scene of action, whether in park or country.

The saddles which seem best suited to women for park exercise are the English and the Australian models, but each rider must regard her own preference and requirements. Too much cannot be said in favor of cross-saddle riders keeping in mind their personal appearance as well as their comfort, for women who ride in the cities carelessly and in ungraceful garments only tend to counteract the effect of the principle they may be trying to establish. An appeal for beauty and symmetry in this connection is not unreasonable, as the public must be educated through its perception of the beautiful and esthetic to look with favor upon a departure of this kind.

San Francisco.

IN A LAND STILL UNMAPPED.

By A. B. BENNETT.

IF you once have worn the buckskin, you must love it till you die;
By some heathen goddess' spell, be it ill or be it well,
It is cast upon your spirit that you find your living sweet,
When a mocassin yields smoothly to your mountain-loving feet.

Then the charms, to curse or bless you, spring before the inner eyes;
"Hola, tú!" you cry the mountains, careless outlines on the skies,
Where the trees refresh the spirit sick of angels, sphere and square;
Every mundane worships plumbline, but the law is softened there.

Where the children first created walk the dust that gave them birth,
Where they love their careless mother, and are loved of careless earth
Who casts winters on their dwellings and a thirst upon their corn,
Still receiving careless worship from the hardy first men born.

All their early loves and troubles are an open book to read,
When your feet have felt the buckskin, and, forgetting other breed,
You have tracked a tireless journey from horizon peak to peak
In the company of brown men and have learned the speech they speak;
For the tale is in the daybreak and the stars and sun and moon—
And we listen, listen, listen when we lie and drowse at noon.

Los Angeles.



MY LADY OF SONORA.

(The fourth extract from the autobiography of Jerry Murphy, prospector.)

By PHILIP NEWMAN.



IN THE spring of ninety-seven I was prospecting in the Quijotoas. Hard luck camped on me trail, and I could not pan a color. And just in the midst of me troubles I ran across a tenderfoot of a young Frenchman, mapping the the formation in a book. It's part of me system to play a book-miner for a hoodoo, but this Cousin of a Dago was that suavy and kiteny with his fancy talk that he talked me into going along with him to the Sierra Madres, in Old Mexico, where his "company" was working.

There I found the outfit as expected. There were two silky mollies—sons and sisters' sons of the sack-holders at home—"holding positions" on top to every miner underground. And I had not been there a month when his blooming "Company" cinched the string on the sack and shut down. I found meself at the foot of the trail, three hundred miles from the line, with a few 'dobes in me jeans for a road-stake.

On the trail I'm at home with me folks. I made me way back in easy jumps, stopping every few days in the little Mexican towns to rest and feed up. I would stand treat to a bottle of mescal, and me cholo friends would circle 'round it in the open and sing coyote, while I put up a show of hablar-ing the lingo with the old señoras. I kept me eyes off the little brown doves, and frijoles and tortillas were wide open to Murphy.

Making me way to the pass through the Sierra Leones was me longest jump between water. All that day on the hike, I passed through the roughest, most broken country I ever struck in me rambles, and late in the afternoon I found meself high up in the pines, with divil a break or divide in sight. I was that beat out with running the trail down to nothing that I tapered off and took a good sleep for meself under a scrub pine.

I woke and rubbed the sleep from me eyes, feeling the presence of a second party. A donkey, that had come up after me, was planted stiff in the trail staring at me with his ears. And may the saints love us, old Adam himself never woke up to see a prettier woman than was on the donkey's back. She didn't see Murphy, but looked past me down the trail.

"Now do go on, Bucephalus," says she, slapping the donkey with the bridle reins. But his ears stood pat, and not an inch would he budge. It was up to Murphy, and I came forward, with me hat in me hand.

"As I seem to block the way, m'am, I'll try to lead the burro past meself," says I, tugging at the bit. The burro reversed his ears, but I got no action.

"This is too provoking," says the lady. "Can't you make him go on?"

There was a fix! The donkey wouldn't lead with me before him; and for me to lap back on me trail toward tenderfoot camp was no way to shake me bad luck.

"Me old prospecting pardner, m'am," says I, "always said that no one but a tenderfoot would try to lead a donkey, but"—

Right there I struck a lead. "Oh, you are a miner?" says she, coming from behind the cloud and taking a look at Murphy. I pulled me candlestick from me shirt pocket to show me trade. She was fumbling at a fancy little junk-box slung over her shoulder.

"What do you think of this rock?" says she, eager as a child, handing me some bits of quartz. I would have given me right arm not to disappoint her; I know what it is to draw a blank from the assayer, meself. But the stuff was no good.

"Very good mineral stain, m'am, but this dog-tooth quartz never carries gold."

"Is that so!" she says, in a long breath, dropping the pieces, one by one, by the trail. "It was kind of you to explain, anyway. The others make such fun of my prospecting. The first rock I brought in always assayed up in the thousands, and I was dreadfully worked up; but now there is a pile behind the assay office that they throw my rock into without looking at it. My husband says I am clearing the country of barren rock for the benefit of future prospectors. And I do wish I could find something! We are so unlucky! This is my husband's first venture, and all depends on our success. Yet everything is going against us, and when I try to help they laugh at me because I am a woman."

"Ladies make good judges of rock with experience," says I. "It's just like matching calico. But finding a mine is a different matter. You've got to have a mine before you can find it. It's me belief, m'am, that somewhere, high up in the bowl of the hill, there's a ribbon of mineral for Murphy; and nobody finds it but Murphy."

The lady smiled at me for me talk, and things came to a standstill. With the sun getting low, me little friend was anxious for home, and I saw the play was off. The canteen she carried was a jewel to me eye, and I made a talk for a drink.

"Being a prospector yourself, ma'am," says I, "you know what it is to wake up breathing fire, just after dreaming of water that

turned to a snake when you stooped to drink. In me dream I just had a fine mess of venison in me pan that jumped up and kicked the pan over—and I woke up and saw your donkey.”

“I never have had that experience,” says the lady, laughing at me, and handing over the canteen. “What have you in that bag?” as I picked up me sack to move on.

“Me commissary,” says I, remembering what the Frenchman called his grub outfit.

She eyed me up and down like a judge. “You’re coming home with me to supper,” she decided with herself. I fought shy, as I saw she misunderstood me talk; but the lady won out, and the result showed Murphy swinging after, as the donkey tip-toed down the trail.

We soon struck a new trail that branched into the ravine, and brought up at a bunch of shake cabins at the foot. Me little friend jumped off the burro at the door of her house, and I skinned the saddle off him and turned him loose. Then she planted me at the kitchen table, and packed in more stuff than a dozen men could eat. It was sure a fine turn for Murphy, after his hard day’s hike, to be sized up to a square meal in that dandy little wick-i-up. And with a woman, too, as pretty as the flowers in May, waiting on him as though he was a friend of hers. I felt the hair growing in me eyes, but I tried to be game, and put up as good a talk for meself as I knew how.

At first, like a sensible woman, she left me alone with me food. The door cracked open, and in walked the fiercest tenderfoot that ever hit me eyes. Man, oh man, there was a rig that would bark at you! He had a gun strapped on him as big as a cannon, and was going around that hot country with boots laced up to the small of his back. He was a hard loser, I could see, and was in a pout because his lead wasn’t panning. He gave me a side shot from the eyes as he walked through. Judging from the talk he tackled me little friend for feeding Murphy. I couldn’t hear what Boots said, but me little friend spoke up loud and clear:

“He’s only a broken-down prospector,” she says. “The Senator, when he was here, said never to let one of them go by the house hungry. They were the making of the country.”

Then I couldn’t hear what Boots said.

“Anyway,” says she, “I’m not one of those who have charity only for those who do not need it.”

Boots slammed the door after him, and me little friend came back into the room looking spunky.

“Do you mind telling me your name?” says she, smiling at me to smooth things over.

“Murphy-on-the-Trail,” says I, busy with me food.

She bit her lip. "I mean your real name."

"It's the only name me friends know, m'am, and it's the only one that sounds right to Murphy. I'm Murphy-on-the-Trail."

"Why do your friends call you that?"

"Because me feet are never at rest, m'am. You can't keep Murphy down for long with the underground savages pounding out money for petty-larceny tenderfeet and tin-horns; for that's what it comes to. When I get a month's pay in me jeans, me feet itch, the bosses don't suit me, and the grub's not good. The naked formation signals to me across the desert, and I'm off to find me mine. Some day, I'll get the right hunch, m'am, and they'll set the stamps dancing in Camp Murphy."

"Oh, I'm sure you will succeed," says she; "you have the proper spirit."

When I took me leave, she brought out me sack. "I've put in a few things for you," she says. Bless the big heart of her, didn't I make it into Benson with what she put in that sack!

"Well, m'am," says I, throwing the sack over me shoulder, "I'm on me way. As the cowboy says, me foot's in the stirrup, and me hands on the horn. You have sure treated me like a prince, m'am, and you can put it down that if Murphy finds anything, we're pardners."

She was only a bit of a girl. She ran away and was back in a minute, as tickled as could be.

"Here is my card," she says, "so you can write me when you find the mine, you know."

I took the pasteboard in me clumsy fingers, and put it away in me buckskin poke. Me little friend's face dimpled all over with watching me. And when I was high on the mountain side, cutting back to me trail, I heard her laugh. "Murphy," says I to myself, "your luck's changed. When a fine lady like that makes friends with you, you old desert terrier, there must be something to you."

That winter I pounded me out, on the drill, a road-stake for a long jump; and late in the spring, I found meself at Nome, with all me money spent in getting there. I rounded up the boys for a piece of money, and drifted to Circle City. There I ran across Bill Larry, an old pardner of mine in the territories. I turned into the Anchor-Down saloon, one evening, where there was a great game on. There was a big, noisy, fat man bucking the bank. It was Bill, with all the checks in the rack before him. Bill was the luckiest man at a game I ever saw, but the tin horns knew it was all coming back when Bill got drunk enough. It was Mr. Larry this, and Mr. Larry that, until his money was gone, and then they rolled him under the table.

I touched him on the shoulder. "How is the Lone Star, Bill?" Every claim that Bill had was Lone Star something. He turned to look, knocking over all his checks. Bill was so full his eyes were swimming. Pretty soon he recognized me and turned loose on his drunken whoop-and-hurrah talk.

"Boys," he says, "it's Murphy. Oh, boys, oh boys, get sticks, get sticks. It's Murphy! Murphy, you're a rambling wreck, and a bad mistake, but I sure love you. Come to the fountain."

Bill lurched over to the bar, and I sized up his checks and followed him. There he flashed a poke on me that was sure dragging heavy with the real stuff. At the sight of the gold me wits came to me. I was that tipsy meself, in a minute, that nothing must do but we must sing an old come-all-ye, and have a few bowls for old times' sake. As we clinked glasses, I poured me liquor into Bill's glass, and soon had him dead to the world. Then I cashed in his checks, and packed him home.

When Bill came round, he was sure glad to see Murphy and surprised to find dust in his jeans. Bill was a man who always had to be busy at something. He was soon whittling sticks and figuring out something for Murphy. He had a rich claim, he said, but the pay-streak in the channel was narrow. He intended to stay in that winter and tunnel in the channel, taking out the core, and sell out on the showing, in the spring. If I would help him pass the winter we would make an even split of the winter clean-up. That looked all right to Murphy, and we shook hands on the bargain.

That winter I learned the tricks of living in the country, and the lay of the mineral. When the rush came in the spring, Bill made a take-it-or-leave-it deal, and went on the outside with a stake. He deeded me his dog-team, tent, and what supplies I needed. I saw him aboard the boat at Nome, and came back and cracked me whip over me dogs, following the drift of dog-teams to the west country, where a new strike was reported. Getting out was good for me blood after being holed up for the winter. Running behind me dog-team across the white level country, bound for the new fields, with a good fat poke in me jeans, I felt that Murphy was off right.

Me third day out, I turned down a creek to make camp. There were fresh prospect holes in the creek bottom that showed a camp was near, and I began to pick up drift for me morning fire. Coming back from one of the junketing trips, I found me dogs in a tangle, barking at something I couldn't see.

"Hi there, Bucephalus," says I, cracking me pet dog with me whip. "Mush on, you rascals."

A woman stepped from the clump of willows on me left. It

was me lady of Sonora! Bless the angel "face'n eyes o'she," as the Cornishman says; I knew her on the spot. She was laughing at me, I could see, for naming me dog after her burro.

She was more of a woman now. She came down and shook hands, free and easy and sassy-like. "Murphy-on-the-Trail," she says, "I knew I would meet you in Alaska. How are you?"

"Fine as silk, m'am," says I, "and yourself?"

"Oh, I am delighted with the country." Then, as eager as ever, "Murphy, have you found anything?"

"This is me first trip out m'am, but I've played in fine luck so far, and I'm stacking her high to win."

"I am beginning to believe in your hoodoo doctrine myself," saye she, laughing to herself. It was no secret to Murphy who her hoodoo was. "We seem to be continually unlucky. We bought in here last fall—that ground in the bent arm of the creek yonder is ours. They have the gold above us and below us, and, according to all theory, the channel should be richest where the current slackens. But we never have recovered more than expenses, and I am sure we are in a false channel."

Then she told me a great secret. "Murphy, it seems to me I can see a depression across the neck of ground yonder that might be the ancient channel before it changed its course. I come up here every day, when the sun is right, to trace it out. I have tried to induce my husband to do some work there, but he is confident we shall yet strike it where he is, and, like every one, he will not listen to anything that weakens his faith."

The thing hit me just right. I threw me hat down before me. "If you've got a hunch it's there m'am, it's not Murphy that won't bet a bunch of graft you're right. I'm your man," says I.

She would be delighted; she was so afraid some one would get it from her. I crossed over to pitch camp. She waved me back and forth like a surveyor until I struck the right spot, and then hit the trail for home.

I felt the chance was good. Tired as I was, I was in that itch to begin I couldn't sleep. And when I got me bite of breakfast over, and pulled the frozen moss off that ground, I struck as pretty wash-gravel as ever I saw. I washed a pan of it and got color. Then I took the scent like a mule on a bear-track, and in three days I had a hole down; and Murphy was scratching at the bed-rock with the raw frozen gravel hanging above him.

I filled me pan and went down to the creek like a funeral procession—I was that afraid to put me luck to the test. When I brought myself to it, I had hardly given the pan a dip and whirl when the yellow beauties showed up—and I let out me yell.

There was a boot-print of me little long-haired pardner by the pool, and I knelt and kissed it for the saint she was.

When me excitement was over, the poor devil that had come down to the pool was a long way off. Murphy was now a man of means examining his property. I washed the gold out and got a good three-dollar pan.

Me little pardner had heard me shout, and came running. I handed her the pan to save me life; as soon as she saw the gold she was for hugging me on the spot. Then she dipped the pan in the water and ran the gold down over and over again, talking all the while. Murphy was a prince; Murphy was a jewel; she had known it all the time; she had seen it exactly in her mind—and so on.

When she had satisfied herself the gold was there, she sat down on a rocker, put her elbows on her knees and did some heavy thinking. When she made up her mind, she came to me:

"Murphy, I can't see any other way than to have my husband handle the claims for us. We have nothing to do with, ourselves, and it would be a shame to sell. Besides, his ground is worthless now."

That was a bitter pill for Murphy: "No disrespect to you M'am, but it's dead against me principles to mix up with an outfit that's unlucky. I think it's fair, as you are the discoverer of the claims, for me to buy sluice-lumber and bring in water. I think I've got the price." And then I flashed me poke.

Of course I had to tell her how I saved Bill's roll at Circle City, and about the lay he gave me for the winter to account for the gold. She looked at me with big eyes. "Murphy," she says, "I've always heard these wandering miners were daring and abundant of resource, but you are the prince of them all." It did seem a pretty fair turn, considering how things had worked out. The idea of working the claims entirely by ourselves tickled her. It suited her woman's notion of doing things up in style. Besides it was a good show to rub it in on the tenderfoot for not not listening to her.

As Boots was making an even break where he was, we let him work on. I depended on me pardner to keep him in the dark. I prospected me claims to make sure we had not hit a lone nest, brought in a sluice outfit from Nome and had a clean-up made before the tenderfoot caught on that me long-haired pardner had whip-sawed the turn on him. Boots surprised me when the show-down came. He seemed to think it only a bit of a joke to have it put all over him with his blooming theories. But I suppose the filthy lucre had something to do with that; there's always a happy crowd around a winner.

Me little friend was that glad with herself for her good luck, and that proud of 'my husband' because he showed the man, that it did me heart good to see her. She was Murphy's pardner. She took a shine to me when I was dirty and hungry on the hike, put a square meal into me, and cheered me up when me heart was broke.

The Hidden Bar, as me little friend called our claim, was the best bench-claim on Lynch Creek. We sluiced it out to the last handful and came on the outside in the fall of the next year. One night when we swung at anchor off 'Frisco, I knew how the old boys feel when they roll in with a stake. The big city, lit up across the water, put the devil in me head, and I felt the ship tug at the bit with every swell that struck her.

"Are not the myriad lights of the city a beautiful sight?" said a voice by me side. It was me little pardner, who had left her crowd and hunted me up.

I said they were. Wasn't I in a burning dazzle meself to get there, and to let them know Murphy was in with a stake and was one of the people himself now? She seemed to read me thought.

"Murphy," she says, "I hope you have not come to the Mecca of the miner to throw your treasure to the sharks." She put her hand on me shoulder. "I've got a-a 'hunch' your luck's changed. Don't you think you might best let us invest your money for you, and go a little slow?"

That was a hand put out to me when I was slipping from me good resolutions. I let me friends bank the money for me, and I know now what it is to get on the inside of the games and get a rake-off. I never saw me young friends afterward—they went east on the run to carry the news to mother. Boots is back among 'em now where the tenderfeet flock in droves, and I suppose he is a big Injun.

But I got a letter from me little friend the other day, saying she hoped I still saw me blossom of rose-quartz in the bowl of hill, as she was longing to come back to the mines. And I'm getting the itch in me feet myself. The blue mountains, with the formation pitched high on edge, are cracking their teeth at me; and, when the season's right, I'm off to find me mine.

Tucson, Ariz.



THE VOICE OF THE MACHINES.

By GERALD STANLEY LEE.



T WOULD be difficult to find anything in the encyclopedia that would justify the claim that we are about to make, or anything in the dictionary. Even a poem—which is supposed to prove anything with a little of nothing—could hardly be found to prove it; but in this beginning hour of the twentieth century there are not a few of us—for the time at least allowed to exist upon the earth—who are obliged to say (with Luther), “Though every Tile on a Roundhouse be a Devil, we cannot say otherwise—the Locomotive is beautiful.”

We had never thought to fall so low as this, or that the time would come when we would feel moved—all but compelled, in fact—to betray to a cold and discriminating world our poor, pitiful, one-adjective state.

We do not know why a locomotive is beautiful. We are perfectly aware that it ought not to be. We have all but been ashamed of it for being beautiful—and of ourselves. We have attempted all possible words upon it—the most complimentary and worthy ones we know—words with the finer resonance in them, and the air of discrimination the soul loves. We cannot but say that several of these words from time to time have seemed almost satisfactory to our ears. They seem satisfactory also, for general use in talking with people, and for introducing locomotives in conversation; but the next time we see a locomotive coming down the track, there is no help for us. We quail before the headlight of it. The thunder of its voice is as the Voice of The Hurrying People. Our little row of adjectives is vanished. All adjectives are vanished. They are as one.

Unless the word “beautiful” is big enough to make room for a glorious, imperious, world-possessing, world-commanding beauty like this, we are no longer its disciples. It is become a play word. It lags behind Truth. Let it be shut in with its rim of hills—the word beautiful—its show of sunsets and its bouquets and its doilies and its songs of birds. We are seekers for a new word. It is the first hour of the twentieth century. If the hill be beautiful, so is the locomotive that conquers a hill. So is the telephone, piercing a thousand sunsets north to south, with the sound of a voice. The Night is not more beautiful, hanging its shadow over the city, than the Electric Spark pushing the Night one side, that the city may behold itself; and the hour is at hand—is even now upon us—when not the sun itself shall be more

beautiful to men than the Telegraph stopping the sun in the midst of its high heaven, and holding it there, while the will of a child to another child ticks round the earth. "Time shall be folded up as a scroll," saith the voice of Man, my Brother. "The spaces between the hills, to ME," saith the Voice, "shall be as though they were not."

The voice of Man, my Brother, is a new voice.

It is the Voice of the Machines.

II

In its present importance as a factor in life and a modifier of its conditions, the Machine is in every sense a new and unprecedented fact. The Machine has no traditions. The only way to take a traditional stand with regard to life or the representation of life today, is to leave the Machine out. It has always been left out. Leaving it out has made little difference. Only a small portion of the people of the world have had to be left out with it.

Not to see poetry in the machinery of this present age, is not to see poetry in the life of the age. It is not to believe in the age.

The first fact a man encounters in this modern world, after his mother's face, is the machine. The moment he begins to think outwards, he thinks toward a machine. The bed he lies in was sawed and planed by a machine, or cast in a foundry. The windows he looks out of were built in mills. His knife and fork were made by steam. His food has come through rollers and wheels. The water he drinks is pumped to him by engines. The ice in it was frozen by a factory and the cloth of the clothes he wears was flashed together by looms.

The Machine does not end here. When he grows to years of discretion and looks about him to choose a place for himself in life, he finds that that place must come to him out of a machine. By the side of a machine of one sort or another, whether it be of steel rods and wheels or of human beings' souls, he must find his place in the great whirling system of the order of mortal lives, and somewhere in the System—that is, the Machine—be the ratchet, drive-wheel, belt, or spindle, under infinite space, ordained for him to be from the beginning of the world.

The moment he begins to think, a human being finds himself facing a huge, silent, blue-and-gold Something called the universe, the main fact of which must be to him, that it seems to go without him very well, and that he must drop into the place that comes, whatever it may be, and hold on as he loves his soul, or forever be left behind. He learns before many years that this great Machine Shop of a Globe, turning solemnly its days and nights, where he has wandered for a life, will hardly be inclined

to stop—to wait perchance—to ask him what he wants to be, or how this life of his shall get itself said. He looks into the Face of Circumstance. (Sometimes it is the Fist of Circumstance.) The Face of Circumstance is a silent face. It points to the Machine. He looks into the faces of his fellow men, hurrying past him night and day,—miles of streets of them. They, too, have looked into the Face of Circumstance. It pointed to the Machine. They show it in their faces. Some of them show it in their gait. The Machine closes around him, with its vast insistent murmur, million-peopled and full of laughs and cries. He listens to it as the roar of all Being.

He listens to the Machine's prophet. "All men," says Political Economy, "may be roughly divided as attaching themselves to one or the other of three great classes of activity—production, consumption or distribution."

The number of persons who are engaged in production outside of association with machinery, if they could be gathered together in one place, would be an exceedingly small and strange and uncanny band of human beings. They would be visited by all the world as curiosities.

The number of persons who are engaged in distribution outside of association with machinery is equally insignificant. Except for a few peddlers, distribution is hardly anything else but machinery.

The number of persons who are engaged in consumption outside of association with machinery is equally insignificant. So far as consumption is concerned, any passing freight train, if it could be stopped and examined on its way to New York, would be found to be loaded with commodities, the most important part of which, from the coal up, have been produced by one set of machines to be consumed by another set of machines.

So omnipresent and masterful and intimate with all existence have cogs and wheels and belts become, that not a civilized man could be found on the globe today, who, if all the machines that have helped him to live this single year of 1903, could be gathered or piled around him where he stands, would be able, for the machines piled high around his life, to see the sky—to be sure there was a sky. It is then his privilege, looking up at this horizon of steel and iron and running belts, to read in a Paper Book the Literary Definition of what this heaven is, that spreads itself above him, and above the world, walled in forever with its irrevocable roar of wheels.

"No inspiring emotions," says the Literary Definition, "ideas or conceptions can possibly be connected with machinery—or ever will be."

What is to become of a world roofed in with machines for the rest of its natural life, and of the people who will have to live under the roof of machines, the Literary Definition does not say. It is not the way of Literary Definitions. For a time at least we feel assured that we, who are the makers of definitions, are poetically and personally safe. Can we not live behind the ramparts of our books? We take comfort with the medallions of poets and the shelves that sing around us. We sit by our library fires, the last nook of poetry. Beside our gates the great crowding chimneys lift themselves. Beneath our windows herds of human beings, flocking through the din, in the dark of the morning and the dark of the night, go marching to their fate. We have done what we could. Have we not defined poetry? Is it nothing to have laid the boundary line of Beauty? The huge, hurrying, helpless world in its belts and spindles—the people who are going to be obliged to live in it when the present tense has spoiled it a little more—all this—the great strenuous problem—the defense of beauty, the saving of its past, the forging of its future, the welding of it with life—all these? Pull down the blinds, Jeems. Shut out the noises of the street. A little longer the low singing to ourselves. Then darkness. The wheels and the din above our graves shall be as the passing of Silence.

Is it true, that, in a few years more, if a man wants the society of his kind, he will have to look down through a hatchway? Or that, if he wants to be happy, he will have to stand on it and look away? I do not know. I only know how it is now.

They stay not in their hold
These stokers,
Stooping to hell
To feed a ship.
Below the ocean floors,
Before their awful doors
Bathed in flame,
I hear their human lives
Drip—drip.

Through the lolling aisles of comrades
In and out of sleep,
Troops of faces
To and fro of happy feet,
They haunt my eyes.
Their murky faces beckon me
From the spaces of the coolness of the seas;
Their fitful bodies sway against the skies.

III.

It does not make very much difference to the machines whether there is poetry in them or not. It is a mere abstract question to the machines.

It is not an abstract question to the people who are under the machines. Men who are under things want to know what the things are for, and they want to know what they are under them for. It is a very, live, concrete, practical question whether there is, or can be, poetry in machinery or not. The fate of society turns upon it.

There seems to be nothing that men can care for, whether in this world or the next, or that they can do, or have, or hope to have, which is not bound up, in our modern age, with machinery. With the fate of machinery it stands or falls. Modern religion is a machine. If the characteristic vital power and spirit of the modern age is organization, and it cannot organize in its religion, there is little to be hoped for in religion. Modern education is a machine. If the principle of machinery is a wrong and inherently uninspired principle—if because a machine is a machine no great meaning can be expressed by it, and no great result accomplished by it—there is little to be hoped for in modern education.

Modern government is a machine. The more modern a government is, the more the machine in it is emphasized. Modern trade is a machine. It is made up of (1) corporations—huge machines employing machines, and (2) of trusts—huge machines that control machines that employ machines. Modern charity is a machine for getting people to help each other. Modern society is a machine for getting them to enjoy each other. Modern literature is a machine for supplying ideas. Modern journalism is a machine for distributing them; and modern art is a machine for supplying the few, very few, things that are left that other machines cannot supply.

Both in its best and worst features the characteristic, inevitable thing that looms up in modern life over us and around us, for better or worse, is the Machine. We may whine poetry at it, or not. It makes little difference to the Machine. We may not see what it is for. It has come to stay. It is going to stay until we do see what it is for. We cannot move it. We cannot go around it. We cannot destroy it. We are born in the Machine. A man cannot move the place he is born in. We breathe the Machine. A man cannot go around what he breathes, any more than he can go around himself. He cannot destroy what he breathes, even by destroying himself. If there cannot be poetry in machinery—that it, if there is no beautiful and glorious in-

terpretation of machinery for our modern life—there cannot be poetry in anything in modern life. Either the Machine is the door of the future, or it stands and mocks at us where the door ought to be. If we who have made machines cannot make our machines mean something, we ourselves are meaningless, the great blue-and-gold machine above our lives is meaningless, the winds that blow down upon us from it are empty winds, and the lights that lure us in it are pictures of darkness. There is one question that confronts and undergirds our whole modern civilization. All other questions are a part of it. Can a Machine Age have a soul?

If we can find a great hope and a great meaning for the machine-idea in its simplest form—for machinery itself—that is, the machines of steel and flame that minister to us—it will be possible to find a great hope for our other machines. If we cannot use the machines we have already mastered, to hope with, the less we hope from our other machines—our spirit-machines—the machines we have not mastered, the better. In taking the stand that there is poetry in machinery, that inspiring ideas and emotions can be and will be connected with machinery, we are taking a stand for the continued existence of modern religion—(in all reverence) the God-machine; for modern education—the man-machine; for modern government—the crowd-machine; for modern art—the machine in which the crowd lives.

If inspiring ideas cannot be connected with a machine simply because it is a machine, there is not going to be anything left in this modern world to connect inspiring ideas with.

Johnstown haunts me—the very memory of it. Flame and vapor and shadow—like some huge, dim face of Labor, it lifts itself dumbly and looks at me. I suppose, to some it is but a wreath of rusty vapor, a mist of old iron, sparks floating from a chimney, while a train sweeps past. But to me, with its spires of smoke and its towers of fire, it is as if a great door had been opened and I had watched a god, down in the wonder of real things—in the act of making an earth. I am filled with childhood—and a kind of strange, happy terror. I struggle to wonder my way out. Thousands of railways—after this—bind Johnstown to me, miles of high, narrow, steel-built streets—the whole world lifting itself mightily up, rolling itself along, turning itself over on a great steel pivot, down in Pennsylvania—for its days and nights. I am whirled away from it as from a vision. I am as one who has seen men lifting their souls up in a great flame and laying down floors on a star. I have stood and watched, in the melting-down place, the making and the welding place of the bones of the earth.

It is the object of this present writing to search out a world—a world a man can live in. If he cannot live in this one, let him know it and make one. If he can, let him face it. If the word YES cannot be written across the world once more—written across this year of the world in the roar of its vast machines—we want to know it. We cannot quite see the word YES—sometimes huddled behind our machines. But we hear it sometimes. We know we hear it. It is stammered to us by the machines themselves.

IV.

When, standing in the midst of the huge machine-shop of our modern life, we are informed by the Professor of Poetic that Machinery—the thing we do our living with—is inevitably connected with ideas practical and utilitarian—at best intellectual—that “it will always be practically impossible to make poetry out of it, to make it appeal to the imagination,” we refer the question to the real world, to the real spirit we know exists in the real world.

Expectancy is the creed of the twentieth century.

Expectancy, which was the property of poets in the centuries that are now gone by, is the property today of all who are born upon the earth.

The man who is not able to draw a distinction between the works of John Milton and the plays of Shakespeare, but who expects something of the age he lives in, comes nearer to being a true poet than any writer of verses can ever expect to be, who does not expect anything of this same age he lives in—not even verses. Expectancy is the practice of poetry. It is poetry caught in the act. Though the whole world be lifting its voice, and saying in the same breath that poetry is dead, this same world is living in the presence of more poetry, and of more kinds of poetry, than men have known on the earth before, even in the daring of their dreams.

Pessimism has always been either literary—the result of not being in the real world enough—or genuine and provincial—the result of not being in enough of the real world.

If we look about in this present day for a suitable and worthy expectancy to make an age out of, or even a poem out of, where shall we look for it? In the Literary Definition? the Historical Argument? the Minor Poet?

The poet of the new movement shall not be discovered talking with the Doctors, or defining art in the schools, nor shall he be seen at first by peerers in books. The passer-by shall see him, perhaps, through the door of a foundry at night, a lurid figure there, bent with labor, and humbled with labor, but with the Fire

from the Heart of the Earth playing upon his face. His hands—innocent of the ink of poets, of the mere outsides of things—shall be beautiful with the grasp of the Thing called Life—with the grim, silent, patient creating of life. He shall be seen living with retorts around him, loomed over by machines—shadowed by weariness—to the men about him half comrade, half monk—going in and out among them silently, with some secret glory in his heart.

If literary men—so-called—knew the men who live with machines—who are putting their lives into them—inventors, engineers and brakemen, as well as they know Shakespeare and Milton and the Club, there would be no difficulty about finding a great meaning—i. e., a great hope or great poetry—in machinery. The real problem that stands in the way of poetry in machinery is not literary, nor aesthetic. It is sociological. It is in getting people to notice that an engineer is a gentleman and a poet.

Northampton, Mass.

BY THE HOSPITAL.

By *NORA MAY FRENCH*

WHO goes to meet the windy night
With unseen comrades shouting by,
Who grips a bough in swift delight
To let it dip and loose and fly;

Who runs for rest that running gives,
Runs till his throbbing muscles speak;
Who bends to feel how keenly lives
The joyous grass beneath his cheek—

With sudden tears his eyes shall fill,
With quick-drawn breath he sees them plain—
Those bodies that must lie so still,
So tired—in the House of Pain.

Los Angeles.



RELÁMPAGO.

By DARWIN GISH.

JUAN is such a common name among the Mission Indians. And perhaps that was the very reason that the little black-eyed son of old Tomás was called Juan, because there was nothing about him that was uncommon. His hair was jet-black and straight and coarse, his skin was brown as a well cured tobacco leaf, and his little legs were bowed out in a way that made him look very ridiculous. He lived way up in Tuna cañon, on the Rincon Reservation, in a little hut built partly of adobe bricks and partly of brush. Besides himself there were just his father and mother and two horses. A little way from the house were a patch of watermelons and a smaller patch of corn, and up on the hillside was a little mound of earth, where Juan's sister lay, and where his mother went sometimes just to sit and look out across the mesa.

But Juan was too young to care much about the mound on the hillside, although he avoided going there at night. And besides, his mind was completely filled with one object, and that was a horse.

Of the two horses that Tomás had, one was a sorry, ill-favored creature, whose hip-bones seemed about to protrude through the skin of his back, and whose neck seemed a half too long for the rest of his body. The other was the handsomest and fleetest horse on the whole reservation, that in honor of his qualities had been called Relámpago. To this horse, when his mother was busy over her washing, and his father was busy pulling weeds in the corn, little Juan would go, and put his arm around "Lampy's" neck, and his little cheek against "Lampy's" soft nose, and stay there just as long as the patient horse would hold still.

For Juan was very lonely sometimes—days when his father was cross and his mother was up on the hillside—and today he was especially lonely, for tomorrow his father and mother and his beloved Lampy were going to the Fiesta at Pauma and he would be at home alone for three days. And Juan went out and lay down on the ground beside Lampy, who was lying down, too, and put his head on the horse's neck, and wished that he could die. For he wanted to go to the Fiesta so much. He knew there would be much music, and mass in the church, and best of all Relámpago was going to run in the horse-race and Juan knew he would win. And, oh, he wanted to see it so much! He could fancy how it would look, with his father leaning over Lampy's neck and Lampy's nose straight out in the air, and all the other

horses coming way behind down the road. And he was so sad that he cried till he went to sleep.

The next morning at daybreak there was a stir around the little house in Tuna Cañon. Tomás put a saddle upon Relámpago and tied a blanket on the other horse, and just as it was getting light in the east, Tomás and his wife rode away, telling Juan to mind the house and be a good boy until they returned, never seeming to see the tears that pressed themselves from behind Juan's eyelids.

After his father and mother had gone, Juan laid down on the ground and cried as if his heart would break, and then he crawled up the hillside, where he could look out across the mesa. Away to the south he could see his father and mother, and the dust raised by the horses' hoofs seemed hardly to move, the air was so still.

As he looked, the sobs began to rise again in his throat, and the little house looked so forsaken and lonely that he could stand it no longer, but, hatless and barefooted, he ran down the road, calling to his father at the top of his voice. He ran clear out of the cañon and on to the mesa before his pace slackened and his breath failed him. After the first impulse had spent itself, he sat down by the side of the road and pondered what he should do. He felt sure he could find his way to Pauma, for he had been there once in a wagon, about a year ago, and he would get there in time for the race, which was all he wanted; and then his father would not be very angry after he had once got there.

His determination once reached, he wasted no time, but trudged steadily along the road. The sun was just coming up over the mountains, the rabbits ran out into the road to look at him, then dodged back into the sagebrush, and the quail started from their feeding at his approach, and, with much noise and ado, flew away till he had passed.

Soon it began to get very warm. There was no air stirring, and the summer sun beat mercilessly down upon the brown, dusty road, which became very warm even to Juan's accustomed feet. Once he thought he heard someone behind him, and, frightened at being so far away from home, he hid himself in the brush. But no one came; so he crawled out again and resumed his journey.

All day he trudged along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, with dogged determination to reach Pauma in time for the race. During the heat of the day there was an awful stillness on the mesa, no song of birds, no flutter of wings, no movement among the bushes nor in the air. The heat waves rose straight from the ground and made him dizzy; here and there a horned

toad or a lizard scampered out into the road ahead of him, and in the sky a great buzzard circled round and round without moving a feather, seeming to float asleep on the waves of the air.

But as the sun neared the horizon and the shadows began to lengthen across the road, then the mesa seemed filled with life. Squirrels ran back and forth, tossing their tails in the air; rabbits galloped away at his approach, making a noise in the brush; quail ran ahead of him for rods, then, quick as a flash, disappeared; doves called to each other across the road.

Juan was so tired that he could hardly move his feet any longer, and he thought he was as hungry as it was possible for any one to be. Then he began to be afraid and the tears made little muddy rivulets down his cheeks. Soon he came to the place where a road branched off to go into the mountains, and he knew there was an old house near there where nobody lived any more. He was so small that he couldn't see over the brush, but he hunted around till he found it. There was an old well there, where Juan got a drink, and then he crawled into the hut. A man had been killed in that hut a year or so ago, and his spirit always came back at night; but Juan didn't know of that, so he lay down on a pile of leaves in a corner, and, almost before he had straightened out on his bed, he was fast asleep.

It seemed but a moment to him till he heard men's voices. The men themselves were outside at first, but soon he heard them come into the hut. He rubbed his eyes, but all was so dark that he could not even distinguish their outlines. One man spoke in Spanish and one in English, but Juan understood only the Spanish.

"Nonsense!" one man was saying, "They will pass us here, and tomorrow we can take the road into the mountains."

What the other one answered, Juan could not tell.

"But," rejoined the first, "although he is the best horse in seven counties on the road, I should not trust him on the trail at night."

"_ _ _ _ _"

"If you are such a coward as that," said the Spaniard in disgust, "what did you kill him for, anyway?"

"_ _ _ _ _"

"Cheated at cards? The devil he did! You were afraid he would beat you in the race tomorrow."

Then they chuckled over something Juan couldn't understand, and then he heard them drinking out of a bottle, and they swore a little; then one began to snore, and both breathed so hard that Juan knew they were fast asleep. All the time he had been too frightened to move, but now he knew he must get out of there in

some way. He didn't know what he should do, or where he should go; but, although he had not understood all their conversation, he felt that they were unpleasant company.

Hark! What was that?

It was a horse's call, a whinny so soft and low that a shiver ran up Juan's back and his heart stopped beating and his head swam. But he listened, and again came the whinny.

Who but Relámpago could call like that!

Juan's little nerves tingled and his hands clinched. If that were Relámpago, then it must be his father they had killed, and the fierce Indian blood surged through Juan's veins, and he wished for a knife to kill these men with. But Relámpago called again, and Juan found in the corner where he lay, that a piece of the wall had been broken out and filled with brush. So he pushed away the brush, and was soon out in the moonlight. His instinct led him straight to the place where the horse was tied, and Juan saw that his body was wet and steaming and that he had hardly yet stopped panting.

After sobbing awhile against Lampy's nose, Juan's courage came back to him and he dried his tears and began to think. He saw that there was another horse over in the shadow of the trees, and he went over and coaxed the horse to put his head down so he could take off the halter. Then he went back to Lampy, and, untying the rope that held him, he led him to a tree that had fallen down, and climbing on to the tree, and wrapping his hands in the horse's mane, he pulled himself up till he was firmly seated. There he felt safe.

Carefully Relámpago picked his way through the brush into the road, then he started away on a swinging gallop. Juan didn't know which way they were going, and he didn't greatly care; for he had his beloved Lampy and he was very happy. Nevertheless, there was a lump came up in his throat and he put his head over on the horse's neck and cried and cried. But Lampy only shook his head, and stretched his legs out further and further, and the click, click of his hoofs on the road became faster and faster. And the wind blew past Juan's face and dried his tears.

How long they galloped thus Juan did not know, but at last he saw lights in the distance and heard men's voices shouting, and he tried to turn Lampy's head out of the road. But the good horse only neighed and held close to the road, until at last he stopped right before the houses of Pauma, and the men and women all came out and shouted and cheered as they lifted Juan down, and his mother took him in her arms and kissed him and hugged him so tightly that Juan was frightened. Then there was more cheering and Relámpago was hugged and petted, too.

At last Tomás came out, with his arm in a sling and a big bandage around his chest. And he patted Juan with his other hand and called him "muchacho bueno."

The next day Tomás was ill from his wound, and as he could not ride in the race, he said he guessed Juan could ride well enough, and all the men crowded around and said Juan should ride. But the boy's heart was beating so that he could hardly stand, to think that he should ride in a horse-race, so that the men had to help him to Lampy's back.

Then all his strength came back, his little black eyes shone like diamonds, his hair blew out in the wind, and he held his head prouder than any king that ever reigned. And when the pistol-shot announced the start, he leaned over Lampy's neck and talked to him, calling him all the pet names he had invented for him during the long days in Tuna cañon. What did Relámpago need of a spur? He doubled himself up, and was off on the start like a shot from a catapult. His nostrils were round and distended, his eyes rolled ominously, the bit was loose in his mouth, and his head pointed straight out. What long, swinging leaps he took! How his legs reached out and out before they touched the ground! There was a mist in Juan's eyes and a hum in his ears as he flew past the houses, but when they reached the finish, he and his Lampy were alone. There was no one in front of them, no one beside them even, and as Juan drew rein and realized that he had won the race, he sat up and whooped and howled like the little Indian that he was.

And thus it happened that in the excess of his joy, Tomás gave Relámpago to Juan, then and there before the multitude; and so, also, it happened that Juan rode in, and won, every horse-race run for many years in the valley of San Luis Rey.

San Francisco.

COMRADE-SWEETHEART.

By TRACY ROBINSON.

LIKE the glow in the morning sky,
Or the fair rose-tender hue
At the hour when night is nigh,
Are my thoughts of you.

Like the sea-waves when storms forbear,
And with kisses they woo the land,
Or the softer embraces of air
By the sun made bland;

Mingled bird-songs and palms and flowers,
With the ocean and mountain view,
You fulfilled all the happy hours,
Comrade-Sweetheart true.

Colon, Panama.

CHAMISAL JOE'S SCAPE-GOAT.

By G. BRITTAIN LYTTLE.



THE WINTER of 1867-8 was an ideal one for Southern California. The rainfall had been abundant, coming for the most part in warm, gentle showers, but with occasional downpours, which replenished the natural reservoirs of the uplands and wreathed the higher peaks of the Coast Range with glittering snow. For San Luis Obispo, the typical old Mission pueblo, ten miles inland, among the hills at the foot of the "grade" on the coast-line stageroad, where it crosses to the eastern slope of Santa Lucia mountains, the season had been especially propitious. Scattered far and wide over the Pacific Coast were hundreds of the pioneer knights of sluice-box and rocker, who had seen or heard of those flambeaux of snow on the Coast Range. They knew from experience or tradition, that in such seasons the "dry diggings" about Cholame, El Paso de Robles, La Panza and other points on the eastern slope of Santa Lucia would yield princely "pay," while the water should last to work them. So thither they flocked by thousands, including all that flotsam and jetsam of adventurous humanity characteristic of a stampede to "new placer ground." Suddenly the placid city of the Sainted Bishop had found itself the distributing center of a prosperous gold-mining section and its adobe structures the nucleus of a populous city of shanties and tents. While the sluice-boxes continued to flow, her "horn of plenty" overflowed.

On a particularly stormy evening, in the latter part of February, word came uptown that the heavy downpours of the afternoon and earlier part of the evening had produced a freshet in the creek which flows through the city, threatening the destruction of the "Latin Quarter," along the creek-bottoms just below town. The Fire Department speedily put a large corps of able-bodied young Obispeños in the field to render such relief as was possible to the menaced district. About midnight they returned, reporting that the high-water mark had been reached, the storm having abated and the danger passed. No property had been destroyed except a few shanties which had stood along the creek bank. The only loss of life reported was that of an infant child that had been swept, cradle and all, into the stream from one of the adobe huts in the quarter indicated. The "cuna" in which the little one had been set afloat in the freshet had been fashioned from the water-tight basket-work of the Indian women of the old Mission, much used by all classes in those days. There was little doubt that the the child had been carried out, in its frail bark, to

the Pacific. The Fire Department relief-corps had but just returned from battling the flood, when the northbound stagecoach, due at San Luis Obispo at midnight, clattered in furiously, behind schedule time, and abruptly reined in at the drugstore instead of at the postoffice. Quickly the news spread that the "shot-gun messenger"—the special guard usually carried on the stage-coaches during "flush times," for the better protection of the shipments of specie, often in large amounts, by the local express companies—had been wounded, probably fatally. A lone-hand stage-robber had held up the stage near a bridge just beyond the city limits, within the hour, had "got" the guard, and had taken the treasure box which held about \$25,000 in gold-dust and coin. The audacious free-booter could have been no other than "Chamisal Joe," a noted member of the "hold-up" guild, who was supposed to have his stronghold in the chamisal fastnesses of the Santa Lucia mountains, somewhere north of the city.

The wildest reports of the "hold-up" were immediately afloat, eclipsing the alarm of the hour previous at the menacing flood. It was a time for action. The entire adult male population of the place was speedily summoned by an unprecedented clangor of the Mission bells, and forthwith organized into an imposing "posse committatus," under the leadership of Sheriff Oaks himself, to mount guard at all the bridges, roads and by-ways over which the stage-robber might attempt to pass toward his stronghold north of the city. A constable, who had happened to be aboard the stage as a passenger, reported later that after the robber, by a shrewd stratagem at the bridge, had drawn the fire of the shot-gun messenger and afterward laid him low with a club and taken the strong-box, disappearing in the darkness, he, the constable, and another passenger had reloaded the messenger's shot-gun and taken several shots at the outlaw.

All night the excitement continued. Placards were posted everywhere, giving the description of Chamisal Joe, and announcing ten thousand dollars as a reward for his arrest, dead or alive, and the recovery of the stolen treasure. By daybreak the city was thronged with farmers and miners who, attracted by the reward offered, had come in to assist in capturing the highwayman. At peep of dawn hundreds had departed for the bridge at the scene of the robbery, for the purpose of "picking up the trail" of the audacious marauder. At a fence, over which the robber had climbed, blood-stains were found, showing that the constable had probably wounded him, and it was believed that with the wound and the burden of booty he would be speedily overtaken.

The robber's trail, followed by two picked Indian trailers, supported by hundreds of others desirous of being "in at the round-

up," led in an almost direct line to the shoals a mile or two below the city, where the bed of the creek spreads out in a broad channel, interspersed with islets of boulders and willow thickets, affording a crossing for an active man at any stage of the water. Here the treasure-box had been opened, broken into fragments and tossed into the water, where some of the pieces, together with wrappers of packages of coin, had lodged in the willows. The treasure had here been transferred, doubtless, to the robber's knapsack. Blood-stains on the package-wrappers and pieces of the boxes indicated that the constable's shots had taken effect.

At this point all traces of the robber's subsequent movements seemed to have been obliterated. During the earlier hours of the morning hundreds of people had gone along both banks of the creek to look for the body of the lost babe, or some trace of it; and, just before the appearance of the posse at the shoals, had discovered the empty cradle lodged among the rocks. They had abandoned further search, dispersing in all directions—thus entirely effacing the foot-prints of the highwayman.

It was now decided to place a cordon of police about the city and its suburbs, and, to make sure that the wily road-agent had not already passed northward, scores of outriders were detached to scour the foot-hills in that direction.

All the forenoon, and far into the afternoon, the search along the wooded banks of the stream, up to the city, and then within from house to house, continued. The outriders began to straggle in by twos and threes, but not the slightest indication of the robber's whereabouts, nor any recognizable trace of him, had been obtained. Many believed that he had been drowned near the shoals in attempting to ford the creek.

That evening a party of outriders returned late from the search and were dining together at the Galindo House, a popular hostelry of the period presided over by Don Andrés Galindo and his better-half, Doña Quiteria, locally celebrated for the excellent flavor of her coffee and chocolate. District Attorney Jasper Turner and Deputy Sheriff John Savitz, were of the party of outriders who now, with the whetted appetites of a long jaunt on horse-back with other of their fellow townsmen, were enjoying the meal, over their coffee. They began to discuss, with the zest of participants, the chief topic of the moment—the chase after Chamisal Joe. Presently Mr. Savitz, addressing Mr. Turner, said:

"If the pedestrian whose trail we last cut, bearing up toward the mountain, had not been leading that goat after him I should have inclined strongly to hold my first belief that it was Chamisal Joe."

At the first mention of some one leading a goat Doña Quiteria was all attention, and no sooner had the officer ceased speaking than she inquired, with evident personal interest, "Did I understand you to say a pedestrian leading a goat?"

"Yes, ma'am. A large and obviously well-favored goat, for the sharp hoofs of the quadruped at every short step, had sunk deeply into the soft earth, almost completely effacing the tracks of the pedestrian."

"Por todos los santos!" exclaimed the lady, almost gasping; "I'll warrant that was our 'Old Spot!' Only last evening she was tethered with our little flock out just beyond the corporation limits, and early this morning she had disappeared. It was just our luck to lose the flower of all the flock of milkers!"

This frank delivery of the hostess's frugal mind excited no little merriment, especially among her lady guests at table in the dining-room. When it had subsided sufficiently for him to have the attention of the officers, Don Andrés made diligent inquiry as to the precise locality where they had last observed the trail of a pedestrian leading the goat, and the subject was presently drooped.

The next afternoon Don Andrés dashed up to the Sheriff's office on a foaming steed and reported that, indubitablemente, he had struck Chamisal Joe's trail—and he was right!

He had followed up the goat-trail, and found that at about day-break of the day previous a stranger had left his property at a mountaineer's cottage, less than a dozen miles from the city, and, along with it, an infant child which he had found, attracted by its wailing, in a cradle lodged among the rocks at the shoals of the creek below the city. He had crossed at this point about midnight to avoid the constabulary, who had been after him (he said) on account of a duel he had had at Arroyo Grande. He had brought the goat along to feed the babe—which he supposed some unnatural parents had set adrift in the swollen stream to avoid scandal or incumbrance—until he should find some habitation at which to leave it, as he dared not approach any house near the city lest he be refused and an alarm raised. The stranger had left a purse of one thousand dollars with the mountaineer for the babe.

"He had his face bandaged and carried his right arm in a sling," concluded the excited inn-keeper. As the Sheriff, but a little before Don Andres' arrival, had received notice that at about twelve o'clock the previous night a stranger had boarded a north-bound steamer, touching at El Morro Landing for dairy products, and departed unmolested, the warehouse-keeper never having dreamt that the afflicted individual with his "right arm in a sling and face bandaged" could be the desperate Chamisal Joe for whose apprehension such large rewards had been offered, he only smiled at the publican's report.

LUGO.

By B. S. WIDNER.

ANTONIO VIDAL swung himself up over the wheel of the swaying coach, as it luffed around the half-way station, heading to the west. He had thrown his coat first, but it fell back to be caught by its owner, before he toppled into the seat beside the driver. Antonio did not know that Nick had reserved it for a favored patron, but he would have taken it, quite as likely, if he had, after the fashion of some well-meaning beast, which crawls into the most comfortable place apparent and stays there until ordered, or kicked, out.

Nick regarded the intruder indulgently, throwing down a box that disputed the space on the seat. "Well, hello, Antone! Where did yo' come from?" he asked, with luke-warm interest. "I didn't see yo' about Barney's. Yo' don't make yo'self so abundant these days, anyhow. What's the matter?"

Antonio's somber, swarthy face did not lighten at the good-natured efforts of the driver.

"No," he replied, "I stay always with the sheep now. I have no longer wish to see man. I come today only for chile—Ah, that grinding one, he would keep me out of salt, too, if it cost him; but that we must have, lest the sheep grow sick."

Antonio used the flowing vowels of the Latin races, but their music lost quality in the roughness of his throat.

Nick Rich studied the cloudy face beside him before replying: "There's a big difference, I suppose, 'tween the things yo' folks eat, and what—the rest of us wants."

"White folks" had been on the lips of the driver; he had substituted "rest of us," partly from good nature, seeing the man beside him was unhappy, and partly because the Mexican commanded a certain respect. The carriage of the head was impressive, at least from bulk. The bones of the skull and face were ox-like, so broad and flat were they. The thick-muscle neck gave a suitable setting to the huge head, but below the shoulders, the body did not continue the first intention. His frame was short, even tapering off to clumsily foreshortened feet. But in spite of these faults of his lower anatomy, Antonio Vidal sat high, and Nick Rich accorded him, on the stage, a degree of deference that would not have been called out on the ground.

Antonio gloomed at the straining stage-chains before he replied: "The thin-blooded Americans don't care for chile—for

pepper. It is much they lose and never know it. Perhaps if they, too, would taste of its fire, there might grow warm blood for them also." A quiver of resentment flowed out in the words.

Nick knew full well the shade of contempt accorded the "gringo" by the former owners of these lands, and it was a source of anxiety in the driver's mind, as to whether "his folks" really were cold-hearted and lacking in common humanities. Being an honest soul, he felt small and silent in the face of the accusation; and while he declared it false behind his teeth, he found his own silence condemning, and sought subconsciously an occasion which should brace his convictions.

Nick spat out over the brake-handle, thus clearing the deck for action, but his was not the voice which made answer. It was Walsh Lunt, a puny consumptive who journeyed back and forth on the stage, just to kill time. Perhaps in retaliation, for certainly Time was killing him. His voice was only a husky whisper, but Nick and Antonio heard plainly enough.

"Down at Lick's, José, that vaquero, cavorted his pretty brown mare into one coat of foam—every inch of her. Just tickled her with the quirt. Hot blood that—for the mare at least."

Antonio stared stolidly straight ahead, at the looping chains. One of them had slipped its hook, and Nick alighted to catch the swaying ring and slip it into place. In passing back to his seat he crossed in front of the horses. One of the leaders, a big dappled gray, with wide-apart, light eyes, nipped her master by the sleeve. That weather-worn stager halted and put a hand into the pocket of his duster.

"You've a very good way of joggin' one's memory, Nell," he said, pulling out a small potato, which he broke in two, then gave the mare both pieces. "Can't choke yo'self this time," he decided, giving a pat to the animal before clambering back to his perch. He tumbled into his place and gathered up the lines, in a better humor. This was a sufficient refutation of the charge of the ascetic shepherd. The sleek sides and the gentle temper of the beasts in his care spoke better than he could for the blood of his kindred.

When the stage was again under way, the driver turned to the Mexican beside him:

"What yo' got against us folks, anyhow, Antone?" he demanded. "We hain't never done yo' no harm, ever I heard of, and yo' don't look like the sort that's goin' to take up any other feller's quarrel. What's disgruntled yo' so, this last year, anyhow?"

Antonio shifted sideways in his seat, and threw a leg over the brake-rod. Like his class, he spoke without the trouble to re-

late the ideas. If he himself felt the pertinency, the listener must get his own bearings in the sentence.

"I come eighteen miles up and eighteen miles down, and pay two, three dollars gold, all to get a little meat and one string of chile. That man buys donkeys, because they will eat weeds, and roots, they say even the tins of can, which a horse will die rather than feed upon."

"Yo' don't say," demanded Nick, finding an active cause for sympathy, "that Barclay don't let yo' have meat, with mutton-legs by the tons on all sides of yo'!"

"Eat one of my sheep?" Antonio's voice was even rougher than usual. He was thinking of the lambs he had watched and tended, of the ewes with their tender eyes, of the wethers that had huddled against his knees when in pain, and of the rams that would sport under his hands like dogs. "He will want me to eat Lugo next," he muttered. "Bah! the man of no heart!"

Nick was ruminating upon what the sensation would be to eat a steak from Nell's flank. Yet Barclay was a friend of his, so he worded an excuse.

"Well, I guess it's a fact that one lot o' folks don't understand another. Now Barclay's never tended sheep, and as they're raised fer mutton, how's he to suppose yo'd feel set against eatin' of em? And as he never learned the burnin' necessity fer that tophety red pepper, how's he to guess yo'd pay such a blamed sight to get it?"

Antonio felt the necessity of heavier testimony. "He shot Lugo's mate," and the voice heavy and somber at best, dropped to its lowest level and stayed there.

"Because she chased the ewes," declared the consumptive.

"No, no, she did not! It was her little puppy. Playing. It leaped and ran about the mesa, and the foolish sheep who never see that before, climbed high up to look down on the little muchacho. Then that white nigger-man run up and shoot. That only break the leg of the little plaything, so he hit it again on the shoulder, and at last dash a stone to end it. After two days, because Juana whine night and day for her baby, he shoot her, too, to get rid of the noise. Her howling make him feel very bad," with biting sarcasm.

There was not a voice raised to defend the accused. The stage rumbled forward with business-like assurance. A full mile was covered before Antonio spoke again, less angrily now, but even more somberly than before:

"I ask him to shoot Lugo and me, too, and have done with it. Some mercy would have been in that. Still—he at once went away—that was best for us all."

The shepherd felt the sympathy in the continued silence and was able to finish.

"Lugo after this kept with me like a brother. He has not been a dog since that sorrow."

Nick Rich glanced furtively back at Walsh Lunt, who gave him a suggestive shake of the head. Both remembered herders who had lost their minds from the monotony and hardships of their calling. After some moments, Nick spoke:

"Barclay considers him the best sheep dog in the country. He says he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him."

Antonio Vidal thrust his heavy jaw down into his chest with aggressive silence. Herein lay the crown of offense against his master. Yet it was a cause in which no other man would side with him. Lugo, the dog which Antonio loved as only Spaniard or Arab can love a dog or mare—Lugo, who had been co-worker, defender, companion—this brother of the dreary desert was slave to another master, subject to sale, transfer or death itself, at the will of a man who struck, even to death, in the merest flash of temper. What might not happen any day? Antonio gnashed his teeth. Had he not offered everything at his command to gain legal possession of the dog?

Antonio ground his jaws together a second time. The sound was dangerous.

"If you hate Barclay that much, what do you stay with him for? You're a good hand and could have a dozen other places."

"Go—and leave Lugo behind, to take the kicks of any white nigger that should come there!"

The speaker's voice rumbled in accord with the heavy vehicle. The stage drew up at the next halting place, and an unusual number of passengers crowded on. The accession kept the driver so busy that any personal talk became impossible.

The afternoon melted on, for it was already summer, and the California sun blazed upon the beanfields, the cactus-heaps, and the sagebrush. It burned out at last, and an evening star beamed its signal of coolness and rest just as Nick pulled up beside a lonely elder-bush, in the heart of apparent desolation, with the laconic suggestion, "Here you are, Antone."

The shepherd clambered across the driver's feet and around the brake-bar, in order to alight on the side by the bush. He uttered no farewell word, and it was only when the consumptive, leaning over the side, called, "Good-bye, Pepper!" after him that the big, dark face lifted itself toward the waiting crew. Even then Antonio did not speak or smile, but the hand-waving spirit of the call reached the bone-bound brain—for a gentler look came into the eyes of the desert-dweller, as he turned away towards his

solitude. Before the unwieldy coach could be brought again under motion, Vidal had faded away into the uncertainties of the twilight.

The herder climbed a gloaming hillside, gazing expectantly up the beaten path. The dog did not come to meet him, and Antonio, to whom such a journey into the world was a momentous event, felt slighted. Reaching the night platform and finding a scattered fold of sheep below broken into huddling bands, he became angry on the instant.

"Does the dog loaf, because I am away and all left to him?" But a nearer study of the condition of the flock brought the keeper into action with a dash. "One cannot corral sheep and fight coyotes at the same time."

The shepherding instinct with Antonio was strong. He turned and talked soothingly to the timid creatures, which, in their moment of fear, looked to him like so many anxious children. Then he hurried over the sheltering crest, searching out the cause of disturbance.

As he reached the top of the first earth-wave, an unusual object fixed his attention. Clear on the face of the dawning moonshine—although daylight still held the land—was silhouetted the figure of a horseman, black against the star-yellow light. Vidal gaped only one second, then started forward more rapidly. There was but one rider who came into this wilderness and he was the owner of the sheep. There was an ominous stillness about the figure on the mesa. Antonio felt a clutch in his bones like the grip of trouble from an unseen foe. His worry over the huddled sheep was swallowed up in the present anxiety.

As he scrambled over the intervening depressions and up the final crest, where the mesa stretched before him like a lake, he saw that Barclay's gaze was rivetted on a spot just in front of the point of his own arrival, and that neither horse nor rider had moved a hair. The first sweep of Antonio's eye went too far afield, and his gaze had to return almost to his own feet before he saw Lugo, scarcely an arm's-length away, straddled across the body of a dead sheep, whose dingy wool showed a peculiar jagged tear. The dog's breast was tinged with red, and his lips gave traces of a sanguinary feast. Even as Antonio's vision fell upon this incredibly horrid sight, Barclay's revolver cracked, a bullet sung piercingly by, and seared the dog's thigh in a long surface-wound. Lugo's yelp of pain pierced to Antonio's brain, and he sprang forward with a sound of defiance, not unlike the cry of the dog. The wounded animal leaped over the steep lift, and raced away across the barren plain.

Vidal battled with himself and fate before his employer, with

the naked abandon of an animal. Barclay dismounted and came calmly towards his servant, who hung before him in cataleptic misery. The master's steady, critical gaze brought the herder to himself and his curses sooner than words could have done.

"Soul of Devils, to what have you brought us?" he accused. "Week in and week out with no meat!" Barclay remembered that the game, on account of this year's drought, had left the mesa.

The shepherd anticipated the word of defence he would have uttered.

"Mutton!" he sneered. "Bring up a dog on mutton and then expect him not to smell his food through the wool!" His arms which had been waving wildly dropped to his side. "You would kill him. Me, too, likely. It was close to a man to shoot that far."

"Otherwise I should not have missed the brute. Look at that ewe!" The gaping throat and bloody breast showed tragically clear in the light of night and day combined.

"You have made a fool of that collie, Vidal," said the master. "You pampered and mollicoddled till he is ruined. I wouldn't have taken any money for him."

"You will sell him now?" a sudden inspiration coming to Antonio's aid. "We'll stop this beez-e-ness, he and I. Way over the Sierras we will travel to where there are no sheep."

Poor Antonio was simple. He had blocked his wish by frankness and humility.

His hide is worth to me ten times what you could pay," was the answer. If Lugo had been the best sheepdog about, Antonio was more than his match as a herder. Barclay took little interest in the Mexican's bluster. That was racial. So the sound of the hot words rolled past him like the tumbleweed over the plain. The master paced back towards his horse. Antonio called after him blaspheming curses and warnings. Among them, mixed almost beyond recognition, was an appeal to spare the dog's life, with a promise to keep him tied. Barclay recognized the limitations.

"Go back to the corral, you lunatic, and leave the dog to me," he commanded.

Antonio's fury widened into a measure of caution. He pushed down the incline ten feet at a slide.

At the corral he found that an attempt to round up the sheep had been made, according to the evening custom, and, although nervous, the flock remained in order. But their dumb keeper was nowhere in sight. There was only a little streak of blood by the platform. Antonio looked over to the big package of meat,

bought more for the dog than for himself. The paper wrappings were undisturbed. Then a wail went up from the cavernous throat.

"Oh, Lugo! Lugo!" and big, sunblackened hands stretched themselves out into the moonlit summer night.

When Barclay appeared, the Mexican was sullenly quiet. Even a dog has to be caught before it can be hung, and night compelled an armistice.

After he had eaten some supper, the master gave a final word. "Lugo will hide for hours, perhaps all tomorrow. It is too hot to travel by day, so I have decided to go right on to the Ringe place. I'll bring you back Shag. She is a dog with a fine record."

Simple Antonio kept silent in his friend's interest.

Barclay made ready for the further trip. He hated the smell of the sheep, and was glad of a reason, founded on business, which took him from their proximity. Being a man of action and decision, Antonio was handing him the last bag as early as ten o'clock.

"I shall be back Friday morning," he said, from the saddle, giving a last twist to the water jug. "In the meantime get hold of that dog. You can put him out of the way yourself, if you want to save worry; but if you let him kill another sheep while I'm gone—you'll pay market price for it—that's all."

A prod started the horse forward, and Antonio was circled out of the shadow and into the full moonlight, as the two swept past. The separation widened to yards, when the herder shouted a halt and ran forward into the shadow again.

"Meista Barclay," he said. This first word was his struggle-ground with the English language; he resorted to it only in supreme emergency. "You save my wage for me. Only a little have I used in over one year. I give all to you for the dog, and my name to a paper, what you like—I pay every cent."

"Vidal," irritably exclaimed the man addressed, "It is said below that you are getting touched. It's either that or you are a fool. Who would buy a sheep-killing dog at any price? My business reputation in this section is worth more than twenty dogs. I wouldn't have it said that I took advantage of anybody in such a fashion. Get back and do what you ought to like a man. A month and you won't know the difference."

Another clip, and the shelter of the shadow swung past again. Antonio went back and in time lay down on the raised platform, but it was hours before he fell asleep, and even in his dreams he traveled with loneliness and misery.

It was in the grey of the earliest dawn that the herder was awakened by whispering slides of cushioned paws on the boards

beside him. Antonio raised his head and looked long and mournfully at the one companion of his lonely life. The dog's head hung low, and he returned the gaze with broken lifts of asking eyes. Was it forgiveness he was seeking, or sympathy in his sufferings?

Antonio dropped his head back upon his arm, and Lugo, with a broken breath, like a human sigh, went lamely and sorely down among the still restless sheep.

All that next interminable day these two kept apart. Both went diligently about the accustomed work, more painstaking even than usual; but the man never spoke to the dog who walked on the opposite side of the of the flock, and the dog made no advance even at meal time. The meat that Antonio had traveled so far to secure was drying into jerked beef, for neither the man nor the beast had any appetite for it. All day, as Antonio looked across the sea of grey wool to the brown coat on the further side, he was revolving this argument:

"No one but me would be so careful. Would wait and wait to give the shot that would make no pain, and that would warn with no fright. It is I who must find a way—I of the warm heart—the Spanish blood. Will I let the cruelty of the snake torture by inches . . . He will return Friday—not yet."

But that night the shepherd was overtaken by a new dread.

"That man is ever ahead of time. He will come in this night or before. If I wait too long, I may not find the chance. To get near Lugo unawares, ah, that is difficult ever—always."

So Antonio lay down on his couch, not to sleep, but to mourn and to watch; for he was filled constantly with the dread of what might happen on account of leaving the dog loose. Besides, the sheep were still nervous, perhaps with yesterday's fright; and the dog, himself, limpingly anxious. Once Antonio fell asleep, to wake in a tremor. Had he not heard the wail of some creature? He started up, but there was only silence for his waking ear. He could not sleep again, and occasionally raised upon his elbow to get a sight of the dog. Lugo was so motionless, he might have been dead. By such a ruse, would he calm the sheep. Perhaps, too, he was exhausted with his long vigil and his wounds. So vivid was the moonlight that the red gash on the hip showed even at a distance. After a period cut from eternity, Antonio slid stealthily from his couch, and crawled down the platform. There was a hint of metal beneath his arm. The dry seeds of the foxtail and burr-clover pricked his wrists, while cactus needles pierced his fingers. But the hide of the man was as tough as his feelings were tender. Antonio twisted along the ground by fractions of inches lest his motion or shadow should

startle the sheep. With the caution of a spy in an enemy's camp, he drew his gun into place and fingered the trigger. To draw it back without noise was impossible. He must shoot on the second. One fierce prod to his balking will, and his eye held steady sight upon the tawny spot beneath the ear. . . . Suddenly his thumb slipped off the metal as if it had been greased, and he felt two dumbly-patient, woe-filled eyes controlling his own. The reproach in them shook the weapon out of his hand, and the would-be slayer lay convicted and ashamed before the face of a brute.

Friday was passing. All night Thursday Antonio had thought: "He comes tomorrow—tonight, maybe. He is near—the man whose veins are filled with business." In the morning, each coil of wind-dust seemed to proclaim, "He is here!" and to the muscle-melting afternoon he asserted, "He must do it—I cannot!"

Night fell again and the master did not come. A convincing sense of relief grew upon Antonio. But such satisfaction was short-lived, for scarcely had the evening star opened court in the heavens, when he missed Lugo. All these days of apartness and reproach the collie had been urgently diligent. Why should he fail so suddenly?

The shepherd counted the flock. None were missing. Lugo must have taken himself away upon his own business. The herder became alarmed. Was the blood-drunk upon him again? Was the guard and caretaker by day transformed into an ambushed enemy at night? Where would he lie in wait for his prey?

Like a sentinel Antonio paced the watches from star-rise to sunrise, constantly alert and determined. The keeper felt that he had never known the flock to be so unreasonable. Did they resent the change?

It was only after broad daylight that the shepherd dared leave his flock and make some detour in search of the missing Lugo. An instinct of the son of the desert led him, not to the shelf-land as before, but away to the west, where a little cañon laid a moistened finger on the hot lips of a burning land. He passed the cottonwoods and climbed to the thicket-clambering end of the water-trail. There, where the first spring sheeted over its earth-bowl, he came upon the stark form of Lugo, stretched upon the dry side of a clay bank, and, bending over the dog, was the master. At the shepherd's approach, Barclay rose and pointed to a jagged wound on the brown breast—the very mate to the gash which brought death to the sheep.

Antonio stared at this witness of fact, until its conviction was burned into his sluggish brain. Then, like a match struck in a dark cave, he saw the truth, and the injustice, all in one quivering flash.

"Mother of Saints!" he cried; "I would have murdered the innocent! He was lapping to heal the poor ewe. I was away, and this the only medicine he knew."

Barclay nodded in the affirmative, and Antonio began beating the broad bones of his head. His grief was so evident, that Barclay was moved to a brusque effort of consolation.

"There, Vidal, don't be a fool! After all he was only a dog."

Antonio was too grief-stricken to reply, but back in the source of all speech, where so much may be said that can never be uttered, where even the stammerer is eloquent, he was saying:

"Is a dog, then, so little! Lugo had no hours for play. His nights were all watchfulness, his duties never done. He did not falter even when under foul blame. He had no revenge for undeserved wounds. Yet he was only a dog! Oh, you of the silver feelings, would that you would call me—me, too, a dog!"

Grievous as was the judgment of this dusty Daniel, there was yet more of it. Back in the secrets of Nature, where even the motives of dumb beasts are treasured, lay a fact that Antonio but dimly fathomed.

Lugo, single handed since the death of his mate, crippled and wounded, condemned and forsaken, had gone out to serve as a decoy in keeping the ranging beast of the mountains from his helpless charges.

Vidal stooped and laid a hand upon the bruised thigh, then instantly withdrew it. He had felt a quiver of the flesh under his fingers. Lugo was not quite dead!

Barclay, the alert, the indefatigably energetic, a man to whom the hopelessness of a case was but a stimulant to greater effort, turned to the exigency before him, with that absorption in the present necessity which characterized his nature.

A flask of liquor from his own pocket, salt from Antonio's, with water from the spring, and the muscular energy of trained hands, were almost instantly at work.

With the independence of such a nature, he accepted no help from the herder, who stood impotently watching the wirelike muscles in the white wrists below. He recalled some words of the master uttered months ago when they had been tending a sick wether: "Many a man and beast are let slip out of life, through the laziness of the tenders."

Finally Barclay attempted a form of artificial respiration, such as he might have used with a victim of drowning, and Vidal, when he saw with amazement the sunken lungs rise and fill, felt as if witnessing a miracle. A sudden large overthrow of prejudice in his bone-locked brain permitted for the first time a due appreciation of skill and determination. If he could have worded the thought within him he would have said:

"Sometimes there is a softness of the heart, but almost better there is mercy of the head—and, Mother of Christ, did I not threaten to send him a white ghost through Hell!"

When the dog's breath became feebly regular, the master arose; stood silently watching awhile; then, as if satisfied with the result of his efforts, he said, turning up the edge of the brown wool with the toe of his boot:

"If you can pull him through, Vidal, he is yours."

Antonio was in a state of abject humility towards the universe at large, but it was an hour later when he was laying the sick animal (now weakly striving to lick his hand) upon his own pallet, that he was partly able to express his apology:

"I am not yet a lunatic—no. But a fool—yes, that it is!"

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THE Caballeria collection of books and paintings taken (about 1834) from the old Franciscan Missions of Southern California was turned over to the Southwest Society June 20th. The books, which were part of the Mission libraries, are now permanently installed in the Los Angeles Public Library. There is a certain historic fitness in this heritage from the first libraries in California to the most competent one in California today. The thirty-four paintings are the property of the Southwest Society in trust for the free public museum it will establish in Los Angeles. Many of the most ancient canvases need to be

reinforced—and so do many of the old frames. Thanks mostly to the cumulative generosity of Father Caballeria—who had already made large pecuniary sacrifices in order to keep this collection in Southern California—there is a fund of \$130 available for these purposes of repair. The paintings will be catalogued and photographed—and an illustrated article showing something of the great historic value of this collection will be printed in an early number of this magazine. As soon as the paintings are put in shape, and pending the erection of a museum, they will be exhibited in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

As the years go by, the public will more and more appreciate the good fortune which has kept this really priceless collection in the locality where it eminently belongs. It would be a treasure to any museum; but its proper place is here in the chief city of the area to which it historically belongs.

And as we sit up to take notice of the worth of the collection, we shall not diminish in appreciation of the men and women whose public spirit has "paid the freight." The direct revenues of the Southwest Society—as of all affiliated societies of the Archaeological Institute of America—are devoted exclusively to scientific ends. The Caballeria Collection was purchased with a special fund raised by subscription—the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce co-operating by a joint committee with the Southwest Society in securing these moneys. The list of subscribers to this fund is as follows:

Los Angeles Public Library	\$250.00
A Member of the Landmarks Club	200.00
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Since last month's issue, the work of the Southwest Society has been presented to five appreciative audiences in Los Angeles and Ventura counties; 50 new folk-song records have been added to the Society's archives; several very valuable photographic collections have been pledged; and the following new members have been secured—making the present membership of the Society 11 life members, and 98 annual members:

Life Member—Santa Clara College.
 Pasadena Public Library, Pasadena, Cal.
 H. S. McKee, Los Angeles.
 W. C. Bluett, Los Angeles.
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 U. S. Senator Thos. R. Bard, Hueneme, Cal.
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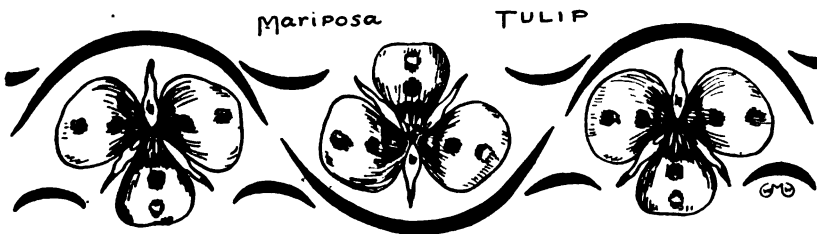
THE OAKLAND FERRY.

THE arch of heaven is clear and far—
 Where silver linked the pleiads are.
 About the shore, in one bright ring,
 Large earthly stars are glittering.

Enfolded in the fragrant dark,
 Silent, we hear the engine mark—
 As with the pulse of rhythmic oars—
 The liquid miles between the shores.

Comes the slim splendor of the tower—
 Gold disk that tells the golden hour;
 Then voices, bells, and all gay things
 That make a city's murmurings.

Beyond the beauty of the night,
 White restful stars; the salt sea's might!
 Dearest of all to us who roam
 This late fond hour—of coming home!



MY FIRST MURDER.

By BURNETTE G. HASKELL.



IN 1887 I was a homestead settler on 160 acres of mountain land on the North Fork of the Kaweah River, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Abandoning my law business in San Francisco, I had sacrificed my belongings for cash, taken my wife and child, and, without experience, had gone down into the wilderness to rough it and make a home.

The location chosen was so singularly beautiful that the recollection of it even now comes hauntingly back. I yearn for its pains and pleasures once again. We called our place Arcady. The roaring North Fork swept by our door. Wild mock-orange crowned the bluff with blossoms of snow, smothered in cologne. The scarlet manzanita speckled the hillside with drops and goutts of blood. The purple wild-grapes hung in bunches—in clusters—in battalions. The meadows were yellow with topaz poppy and amethyst with the mountain tulip and fleur-de-lis. Quail, squirrel, bear and deer came to our doors, and the river was alive with rainbow trout. And for music there was the melody of the meadow and mountain larks—the sweetest music upon the earth.

I built a rough frame house and enclosed some ground; cut my own fuel and fencing from the standing oak. The good wife washed and baked and canned and stewed and sewed new patches on my pants. And so it went on for some few years.

It is a mistake to suppose that country life is idyllic. One must eat. Squirrels have a vicious habit of hunting their holes after they are shot and dying there; deer are never in evidence when you have a gun; quail fly and fish will not take the fly. And so, it is bacon and beans and beans and bacon, day after day, and month after month, until you feel like a porker in Ventura county, the great bean patch of earth. There is no butcher, no baker, no butter-man, no milk-man; and it is twenty-eight miles to the nearest town, when sugar and coffee and flour are out. You can walk there if you have no horse, and pack your grub in on your back.

So when our alfalfa was growing and Green's sweet-potato vines promised forage, we got old Barnard's cow and calf. And then we did live—butter and milk and cream whenever the old wretch did not kick over the pail at my milking.

But there came a time when grass ran short—the rains were late—the cow and calf were hungry. Then there was no recourse but to fell an oak every other day and gather from its upper branches the mass of mistletoe. That is good food for cattle—it has saved the lives of scores in the days of drought when we were waiting for the blessed rain.

Our meat was mostly bacon bought at the Visalia store, but once in a while we had fresh pork. And this was the way that came about:

Most of the farmers round about ran pigs over the range, which fed on acorns and succulent roots. The range was an extensive one, and it was hard work for the owners to keep track of their increase. So arose by custom what was called "the law of the hills," executed by a statutory temporary judge called "the Judge of the Plains"—there being no regular authorities nearer than Visalia. By this law of custom, whoever owned pig or pigs of his own in the cañon had the right to shoot any unbranded or wild pig that he found running loose, upon the supposition that it might be one of his increase. In brief, wild pigs were common property to those who had a stock of their own. But if one owned no pigs and shot an unbranded one, he was guilty of larceny. I knew men convicted for that in my time down there. So I bought me a pig—a lady pig—and she shortly had a litter of a dozen. She was the most intelligent beast I ever saw. When I went in swimming, she would insist upon wading in after me. And she followed me around at my work.

Well, having a porker of my own, I shot many a "wild" pig, always preserving the ears for the inspection of any of the neighbors who might chance to call. A pig dies easily, and it is no trouble at all to butcher it. A Winchester bullet planted between its eyes drops it without a struggle. I hate things that struggle and will not die at once. But a pig is accommodating this way; there are no kicks nor convulsions.

Our ranch was a ranch in but a small way. Given irrigation, and the apple, orange, fig and pomegranate blossomed and bourgeoned side by side. The water was there—in the river. But to get it up to the land required ditches, flumes and pump, and above all labor. But we did the best we could for five heart-breaking, but happy, years.

Finally there came a time when the winter floods filled the cañon with a seething, roaring torrent, sweeping boulders, bridges and tree-trunks along like mere froth. A giant tree from the forest was match-wood when it reached our place, after pounding against the granite battlements of East Branch, Advance and Monopoly Rock. Of course, my flume and ditch and water-wheel all went out with the resistless sweep. And there I was! The valley below was inundated, making it impossible to get to Visalia. Besides, I had no money.

Well, we drank acorn coffee. It is not exactly bad. We had garden-truck enough—but, oh, we longed for meat.

The cow was going dry, and the heifer was growing big. It was a daily temptation to slaughter. We were so hungry! And yet, poor little "Bossy" was such a pet. It followed us around; it came at our call; it ate sugar from my wife's hand; it licked the face of my little boy; it gambolled and kicked up its heels when called from the alfalfa patch. Its great, liquid, brown eyes were tender, almost human, when its head was rubbed against one as you scratched its neck. Decidedly, no! We would hunt wild pigs instead of eating veal.

But the calf got bigger. We got hungrier. It was finally a question of subsistence—sell or kill; and the selling price up there was very small.

Finally I decided. I had never butchered a calf before, and so I went to Taylor and asked him how to do it. He told me every detail. Fresh meat was a necessity; we had to have it; and it was up to me to furnish it.

There was a little barn made of logs that I had built near the house. Here was to be the scene of action. At the last moment my wife said "no," and my boy begged me with tears and sobs not to kill "poor little Bossy." But the necessity seemed imperative. I decided to do it in the early morning between four and five o'clock.

Mind you, for a whole year this calf had been our pet, had fed from our hands, had come at our call; and yet—there was no food in the house. It had to be!

A sunrise at Arcady is a glimpse of the golden glories of Heaven. The Gates of the Morning there are panelled with rose and emerald and swung between cloud-pillars of pure sapphire streaked with pearl. The call of the quail, the deep undertone of the river, the sweet soprano of the larks in the mesquite, the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the bracing breeze from the Giant Forest above—these must be experienced; they cannot be described. And on such a morning I stealthily left my wife and boy asleep and crept out to commit that assassination. But Nature smiled and the larks were piping all unawares.

Taylor told me that the killing would be easy. All I had to do was to tie the animal in the barn, take a four-pound sledge and hit it fairly on the forehead between the eyes. Then trice it up by the hind legs with block and tackle, cut the throat and let it bleed; no pain, no trouble, no struggle whatever.

I took with me into the barn besides the sledge and butcher knife, my Winchester, and I am glad indeed now that I did. "Bossy" was tied in the stall; the tackle was rove; through the window came lances of golden sunlight and the air was vibrant with the music of awaking bird and insect life. I was nervous and the sharp cry of the cicada I mistook for a moment for the rattle of the crotalus and jumped aside. Reassured in an instant I fed "Bossy" a lump of sugar and scratched its neck for the last time.

* * * * *

I cannot even after these years tell comfortably of the gory scene that followed—of the poor trusting creature struggling up to lick my hand as the blood spurted from its crushed-in forehead, and, when I tried to escape, still staggering towards the form which he had known only as that of a friend. The merciful .44-60's of the Winchester ended its sufferings—and then came the blood-letting. God! what a scarlet torrent poured out, blotting every sweetness from the earth!

I could endure no more. I staggered out of that hellish shambles into the sunlight and the spicy morning breeze, where all the heaven was echoing to the song of the meadow lark.

EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

VII.

THE winter of 1845-6 was now here. Frémont when he visited Monterey to see Thomas O. Larkin, who was the American Consul, was made acquainted with José Castro, who was commander in chief, as before stated, of the Mexican military forces in California. The usual military courtesies were exchanged. Frémont asked and obtained permission to camp, with his men, in the San Joaquin Valley, where they could live on game and be distant from the settlement, and thus create no apprehension or disturbances among the people. He also asked leave of Castro, when Spring should open, to extend his explorations southward as far as the Colorado River. Hence the surprise of Castro when Frémont, in March or April, appeared with his whole force of about 60 men, well armed, in the Salinas Valley. Castro had not understood the permission to mean coming with armed forces into the settlement, and he confronted Frémont with such military force as he had, perhaps two or three hundred men, before which Frémont retreated, and barricaded himself on the Gavilan Mountain. After remaining several days, Castro in the meantime making no attack, but remaining plainly in sight, and evidently increasing his forces, Frémont beat a hasty retreat in the night, and got into the San Joaquin Valley, and thence in great haste to and by Sutter's Fort, up the Sacramento Valley along the way to Oregon.

After he had been gone about three weeks a bearer of dispatches to Frémont came from Washington through Mexico, and via the Sandwich Islands to Monterey in California, thence to the Bay of San Francisco, and the Sacramento river, enquiring as to Frémont's whereabouts. This bearer of dispatches was Lieut. A. A. Gillespie, of the United States Marine service. He had committed the dispatches to memory, and destroyed them before entering Mexico, and re-wrote them on the way to the Sandwich Islands, that being the nearest practicable route, at the time, to reach the coast of California.

I was the first man met by Gillespie. When I ascended the Sacramento river his first inquiry was for Frémont. No one knew the purpose of his visit. Sutter furnished him with means to overtake Frémont, which he did at Klamath Lake, in the Modoc country, and Frémont immediately returned to the Sacramento valley. Of course he had not yet forgotten the circumstance of Castro's having confronted him in the Salinas Valley, and caused him to change all his plans and beat a hasty retreat toward Oregon.

Frémont reached Butte Mountains, now in Sutter county, and encamped. Hunters and settlers in the valley immediately flocked to his camp to see what was up. It so happened at the time that a band of horses, belonging, in part, to the Mexican forces, had been collected on the north of the Bay of San Francisco, and, in charge of Lieut. Arce, of the Mexican service, was on the way to Castro, going from Sonoma by way of Sacramento to the Santa Clara Valley. Here was an opportunity for Frémont to have revenge on Castro. He sent and seized these horses, which was an act of war and precipitated at once hostilities upon this coast. Frémont, it is presumed, did this upon the strength of his dispatches, the purport of which, so far as we have been able to learn, was that war was imminent between the United States and Mexico. Before Frémont knew this, however, his first act had actually precipitated the war, which he was obliged to follow up by sending and capturing Sonoma, and taking the leading men, viz: General Vallejo, Jacob P. Leese, and Victor Prudon, prisoners, and bringing them to Sacramento and Sutter's Fort, and raiding generally all the settlers on the north of the Bay of San Francisco, with all the forces at his command. It was more than a month after the first blow was struck before Frémont, or any one on the coast, actually knew that war existed between the United States and Mexico.

Commodore Sloat had heard at Mazatlan, through Mexican sources, that war existed, and presuming it to be so, he sailed to Monterey and raised the

American flag. The British man-of-war, *Collingwood*, touched at Monterey just after the American flag had been raised, and her commander said, if he had reached Monterey first, he should have raised the British flag.

While Frémont and all his men were scouring the country on the Sonoma side of the Bay, I went to Sonoma with Lieutenant Bartlett, of the United States Navy, who came to Sutter's Fort to learn what Frémont meant by the war which he was carrying on, and there met Frémont soon after he was returning to San Rafael. It also is a matter of history that Commodore Sloat simultaneously, with his artillery at Monterey, heard what Frémont had done on the north of San Francisco Bay, and was influenced in his action by supposing that Frémont had later advices from Washington than himself. As it happened, and in due time was known to all, war in Mexico had already been declared.

Previously, however, to the coming of the intelligence, and while I was still at Sonoma, the war which Frémont waged was, as Frémont well knew, premature and without authority, but as it had been begun, to carry it on was a necessity, and to find an excuse for it was an obligation. Hence, we were all called together by Frémont at Sonoma, on the 4th or 5th of July, 1846, to consider what, under the circumstances, was to be done. We all felt that we could not go back. Frémont was willing to help all he could, provided it could be done under the pretext of defending American residents here in California against pretended threats of expulsion by the Mexican authorities. A committee was appointed to report a plan to a meeting at a later hour on the same day. That committee consisted of Wm. B. Ide, who had been assigned to be the leader, before Frémont's arrival at Sonoma, of the forces which took and held Sonoma. Mr. Ide was enthusiastic for proclaiming the country independent of Mexico, and every day he put something on paper and posted it on the flag-staff at Sonoma, which papers were known at the time as Ide's proclamations.

While waiting for Frémont to come, a man by the name of Wm. Todd thought it necessary, whether in earnest or not I do not know, to raise a banner, so he painted upon a piece of cotton cloth, with red paint, the representation of a grizzly bear, and raised it to the top of the Mexican flag-staff. The Mexicans, when they looked at it, called it "coche," that is to say "pig," supposing the figure to be meant for a pig; and that famous, and now well-known, bear flag was one of the incidents connected with the movement now, but not then, known as the Bear Flag Movement.

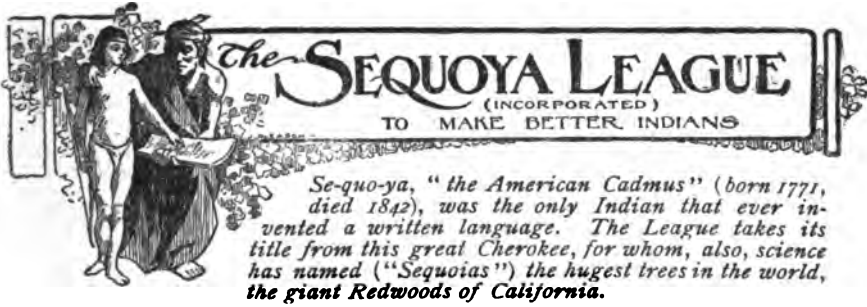
I said a committee was appointed, and that Ide was one; P. B. Reading was another, and I was the third member. We met, consulted and disagreed as to what was to be done. Ide wanted all his long proclamations made a part of the report. Reading wanted something less, and finally we three agreed to report separately, and asked Lieutenant Gillespie to select without knowing whose the reports were. He selected my report, which was unanimously adopted, and signed by Frémont, Gillespie, all of Frémont's men (the exploring party), and also Americans and others at Sonoma, who were willing to join in gaining and maintaining the independence of California. Frémont, with all his forces, started next day for Sacramento, and a few days later was on his way to Monterey to meet Commodore Sloat, and co-operate with the naval forces at that point. At noon, on the day after he left Sacramento, some men who had joined us, and who were not present at Sonoma, here signed the plan of organization adopted at Sonoma. This was the last time I saw that paper.

As soon as we reached Monterey and knew for a certainty that Commodore Stockton was to command the naval forces on the Coast, and that war between Mexico and the United States was a certainty, there was no further need of pretending to make war in defense of the American settlers. The organization of a battalion of mounted riflemen, under Frémont, was begun, and immediate steps were taken to hold California in the name of the United States.

The remainder of this difficulty is a matter of common history, and I took little further part in it.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Some of Gen. Bidwell's opinions concerning Gen. Frémont seem to *OUT WEST* not justified by the records. But since they are the frank expression of an honest man who took part in the event, they are given place in these pages.—Ed.



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THE Los Angeles Council of the Sequoia League so auspiciously launched in May, is growing apace. Public sentiment is with the work it is to do; and good citizens seem glad to back it substantially. This Council ought to have a thousand members before New Years; if it secures them, it can secure reforms that will be worth while. It takes numbers to carry weight with any government. The Indian Bureau—now honestly administered—needs public interest and public assistance in its work, quite as badly as the Indians need these things to be given. Washington is Far, Busy and—Eastern. It needs light from the West. And while the Bureau is human enough to detest imbecile meddlers, it does welcome the honest, competent and practical assistance of good citizens. There is a truly appalling amount of reform needed in the condition of the Indian reservations of Southern California. When public opinion—organized, informed and emphatic—demands these reforms, they will

be made. The Department has no Yellow-berry Bush to pick appropriations from. Its moneys come from Congress; and Congress doesn't vote money for justice or humanity or the will of God—but only for the sufficiently audible roar of a sufficient number of voters. Public sentiment in California has already saved the Warner's Ranch Indians from being turned out upon the desert; the same public opinion can now secure decent lands for the 2,000 other Mission Indians who are today worse off than those of Warner's Ranch ever were. And this Council of the Sequoia League is here to organize that public sentiment.

The League's late pamphlet will be sent on application. Membership dues are \$2 per year; life-membership is \$50. All contributions are acknowledged in this magazine.

For a good many years the Indians of the Volcan reservation (officially known as Santa Ysabel No. 1), have been subjected to a little more than the usual government neglect. Their reservation of 29,000 acres—which, of course, to the map-made minds of Washington is enough for any Californian community—has less than 100 acres arable. There is no jest in the remark I have often made, that if I could carry this reservation and its people East, not a man of the Indian Department would remain in office one week—unless some underling too stupid to be sensitive. The decent people who are in the majority of the United States, after one look at those real conditions, would give their verdict upon Washington methods in a tone there would be no mistaking. An incidental humor of the case—for there is humor in such a tragedy; the humor of official idiocy—is that more than two years ago an official commission of this government procured the money to relieve this distress, and made adequate recommendations for the application of said money. To any one who has followed the history of Indian affairs for any week in the last 100 years, it is probably needless to say that these conditions remain today as they were two years ago; as they were twenty years ago; as they have been ever since the United States took charge of these unhappy people, who were reasonably well off under Mexican rule—bad as that was in California.

Entirely aside from the disgraceful character of the entire reservation for many years, the government has for years permitted a scrub squatter to hold a location in the midst of the Indian lands; to run his cognate hogs over their little corn-patches, to bully and brow-beat and rob them. This man (named Paine), and his son-in-law, (one Morietti), have been as much a curse to the Indians of Santa Ysabel, No. 1, as they are a libel on manhood. For years enough to have reformed the whole Indian Service, the Department has been aware of this cumulative out-

rage. Report after report has been forwarded. In the fullness of time—for it doesn't hurt a hundred Indians to suffer, so long as the Department clerk can cash his pay checks—the onomatopoeic invader is arrived at. On top of years of urgency, by Dr. L. C. Wright (the former agent of all the Southern California Indians,) Mr. Shell, the new, hard-headed and clear-sighted agent, who has been set in charge of the southern Mission reservations, has succeeded in procuring action. Last month the money was forthcoming to pay the thief for quitting his plunder. At this writing it is supposed that he has vacated—the program calling for his pecuniary eviction about the middle of June.

We are so Easy that it is difficult for most of us to comprehend what it would be to have an arch-enemy fortified in the middle of our living-room; but we can remotely guess. This has been for years the case of the Volcan Indians. The excision of this individual Paine is accomplished, thank God. If by any similar surgery the Volcan Indians may secure enough tillable land to enable them to refrain from starvation, we may be as grateful for the passing of the clot from the Department brain as for the amputation of the dolorous squatter from the centre of Santa Ysabel Number One.

Just in passing, it may be well to recall that these Indians a generation ago occupied the whole of the valley which was offered to the Warner's Ranch Commission, by the owners, for \$50,000; that the Indians never passed title to these lands; and that the Gentle American not only chased them out of the fertile valley (still dotted with the ruins of their old homes, and church, and grave-yard), but has by progressive surveys crowded them several times further up the impossible mountain, which is now a perfect token of the American Government's justice to its wards.

The following contributions of \$2.00 each to the work of this Council, are hereby acknowledged: Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, J. D. Bicknell, W. C. Batcheller, Mrs. T. W. Brown, Mrs. Jos. De Frain, Miss Cora Foy, J. T. Fitzgerald, Col. W. H. Holabird, W. S. Heineman, Dr. Jno. R. Haynes, Wm. J. Hunsaker, Miss Katherine Kurtz, Chas. F. Lummis, Mrs. Eve Lummis, Mrs. C. A. Moody, Prof. J. B. Millard, Mrs. Jno. S. Mitchell, Dr. J. H. Martindale, Jno. S. Mitchell, M. H. Merriman, Mrs. Elsie A. Martin, Miss Mary P. Putnam, Force Parker, Wm. Pridham, Idah M. Strowbridge, Wayland H. Smith, A. E. Sexton, J. S. Slauson, Mrs. Geo. A. Tate, Wm. J. Variel, Mrs. J. W. Van Benthuyssen, Mrs. Geo. Wilshire, W. D. Woolwine, Dr. Wm. Le Moyne Wills, Los Angeles; Dr. J. H. McBride, Mrs. Eva A. McBride, Miss Antoinette A. Williams, Miss Jennie E. Williams, Pasadena; Miss Jennie Collier, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, South Pasadena; E. A. Burbank, Rockford, Ill.; J. E. Haverstick, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. W. Harbaugh, Colton, Cal.; Tracy R. Kellay, San Francisco; Mrs. Susie P. Miller, Sawtelle, Cal.; Jno. Muir, Martinez, Cal.; Mrs. Helen J. Mason, Berkeley, Cal.



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On the 17th of September of this year the centennial of the Mission of Santa Ynez will be celebrated. This fine old edifice is rapidly crumbling—as are nearly all the old Missions of California. This is a disgrace to the intelligence and public spirit of the State which allows its noblest monuments to perish of neglect. Santa Ynez is outside the geographic scope of the Landmarks Club, and is properly within the area of the new organization in the North. But its preservation concerns all California. The rector is making a strenuous effort to repair these venerable buildings in time for the celebration of its completed century. This is a cause to which any American may properly contribute. Contributions may be sent to Rev. Thomas F. King, Santa Ynez, Cal.

The house-wife who has not as yet added to her economics the Landmarks Club's Cook Book does not know what she is missing. This unique volume has passed successfully the test of the severest domestic critics. It is the most distinctively Californian cook book ever issued, and one of the best cook books of any kind. Price, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$7,157.85.

Additional receipts—Landmarks Club Cook Book, net, \$71.28; Miss Elizabeth W. Johnson, West New Brighton, N. Y., \$25 (life membership); M. C. Healion, San Diego, Cal., \$5; Mrs. John Beckwith, Los Angeles, \$1.



War used to be some fun. There was not only the excitement of getting hurt yourself, but the sincere gratification of personally hurting the other fellow. It has been degenerating, indeed, even since the invention of gun-powder—for an ambushed assassin can pull the trigger as handily as any cavalier; wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old.

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OF THE
DEAD.

It hurts to be hurt, but it hurts a little worse not to Have Company. Certainly, there are still gorgeous fighters; but their day is passing, even if they know it not. For a generation or two, the most animated of us may be able to go on killing and being killed by Long Distance; we have the habit, and it is slow to be broken off. But this sort of disconnected and remote conflict cannot permanently appeal even to the young blood.

Since the greatest war of modern history—in which human men did come to the deadlock; in which they killed and were killed, and their eyes were red, even as the earth was—the gentle art of war has become so telepathic that Mars himself wouldn't know it if he met it on the field.

Nor is the fighter the only one affected. As the witty "Argonaut" remarks, even the war correspondent is become as antiquated as smoky powder. Not forty years ago he was still a real thing—when Whitelaw Reid, and Murat Halstead, and Albert Richardson and their peers toiled in the van of armies, and wrote in the stress of battle, and were national figures. Today the war correspondent is a gentleman who has some literary vogue in peaceful magazines; who serves to be photographed in rampageous costumes with an unaccustomed field-glass, a six-shooter wrong side out on his anatomy, and proper leggings for the paucity of his underpinning. He is half-toned in the pages of his fortunate purchaser before he goes; he goes and the censor swallows him; he cables hotel gossip from five hundred miles behind the front, and his all-inspiring resemblance never appears again in the pages which frontispiced him before he started.

War always was the thing that Sherman said of it; now that our war correspondents have succumbed to its awful mortality, it is Sherman plus a Monkey's Cage.

THE FOOL
AND HIS
CAMP-FIRE.

In general it is a relief that the preachers have ceased from their preachment as to a certain locality "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." This is a raw world, but perhaps we should be no better for being roasted—though that is unquestionably the only method by which a good many people could ever secure the verdict of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

But at about this time of the calendar in California it is inevitable to wish we might prescribe a homeopathic treatment for that vast class of persons who seem to be practicing for stokers in their ultimate residence—the average civilized "camper." There are many classes of idiots in this sad world; but perhaps none so gibbering as the people who don't know how to play with fire.

It is one of the bitterest commentaries on what we are pleased to term civilization that ninety per cent. of those who can pass through a pink tea without flinching, are no more to be trusted with a fire outside their iron, tied-down cook-stove than a three-year old child with a gross of matches. These fruits of culture, who know when to respond in church, and which fork to eat fish withal—when by some miracle of adventure they fare forth to the mountains, are more dangerous to Nature and to the State than a whole asylum of raving maniacs with a train-load of dynamite. Enough human nature survives in them so that they can light a fire—if they have plenty of matches and the tinder is dry—but so much human nature has been civilized out of them that they don't know what to do next.

In summer the mountains of California are a powder magazine. Enter fifty thousand fools with their torches. Result: every year fifty million dollars worth of injury to the community. The only pity is that the mountains burn like our modern high explosives. If they were common gun-powder and would blow up with the irremedial incompetents that kindled them, it wouldn't be so bad. As it is, the idiots escape, and only a few thousand acres of the watershed, upon which the life of California depends, is burned and parched and hardened and destroyed for that water storage which saves us from being a desert.

The time will come when we shall patrol all our mountains; when the forestry regulations will be enforced; when we shall punish the sort of public enemy who now by virtue of professional imbecility damages the whole community in a day more than his whole life-span of three score years and ten ever benefits it. But until the millenium, the people who are fit to be trusted with a match out-of-doors should feel not only their individual responsibility, but their patriotic public duty to look after, admonish, and bring to punishment the unretrieved dummies that burn up

the only thing their poor wits can ever, on God's earth, set fire to.

To the human weed, the great Gardener gives a few years of watering; He doubtless knows why. To the forest tree of California a thousand, two thousand, five thousand years of God Almighty's care are not too much for God Almighty to give. Maybe this is because He knows no better; but maybe it is because He knows what is worth while. There are others not so wise who believe that these stupendous trees are worth more than that sort of pig-weed humanity that kills them off—not by intention, not for a reason, not even for the aesthetic joy that Nero had with a red light for his violin—but simply because they are fools so forgotten of Heaven that they cannot even master the responsibilities which attach to their little red-headed splinter of pine.

If the sort of thing goes on much longer, which has gone on for ten years—or ever since California began to be infested with lovable people, who were picked too soon—it will be in order for California to appoint a commission which shall arrest every prospective camper, trice him up, give him a few hundred lashes for luck, and then remit him to his journey, with the warning "Go and sin no more."

God knows if any calamity, or procession of calamities, can ever jar the serenity of a self-complacent nation.

THEIR BLOOD
ON ALL
OUR HEADS.

What He knows, we shall sometime know; for the procession will continue so long as we are complacent. The Chicago theatre holocaust, the New York steamer horror—these are neither accidents nor incidents, but the logical fruit of the very thing that we rise upon our tiptoes to crow about. Ever since Mother Earth began to scratch herself for the ticklesome crawlers upon her face that deem themselves her lords, some of them have been careless; but carelessness was never in the world's history a tribal trait—nor ever became public until civilization. In the races which became civilized first, but which we look down upon, the tendency of the individual to unshoulder his responsibility is checked by communal opinion and communal law. In the United States we make laws against carelessness, but offer a premium for their violation. There was never any country in the world where so many people were killed, maimed, beggared, orphaned by the murderous laziness of those that are paid to take care. There was never a country in the world's history where so many, even in proportion, were massacred in times of peace. There never has been a nation, tribe or village in which so large a percentage of inoffensive men, women and children were butchered, not even for the comparable excuse of a Roman holiday—but simply because those whose moral, legal and paid business it is

to avert disaster, were too many kinds of scrub to keep their hands from constructive murder.

At this writing 905 bodies have been recovered of victims of the "Gen. Slocum"—mostly women and children—murdered by an incompetent captain, a scoundrel of a steamboat inspector—and by the average American irresponsibility. It is the most appalling disaster, numerically, that has ever befallen in America in times of peace. It out-Herod's even the Iroquois Theater with its modest 700 victims.

We have our proverbial opinion of the person who cannot take a hint without a kick; but what of a nation, that, after a million hints, suffers in silence a thousand kicks? By what ship-subsidy have we imported all the careless theatre managers, steamboat managers, railroad managers to the United States? Or may it possibly be that someone is to blame for their flourishing here?

Now, in poor little benighted Mexico they never have very serious railroad accidents. If a train runs over one man, or bumps into another train—why, engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman and crew altogether, are clapped into the calaboose. Down in Mexico, accidents in which paid mechanics and officials kill people, are not "the will of God." Somebody is to Blame for them; and those who are presumably to blame do not get out of prison until they prove that they were not It in the specific case. If the "General Slocum" horror had happened in Mexico—as it could not possibly happen—it would be unhealthful for steamboat captains, harbor commissioners, inspectors, and other officials, who procure Sunday School picnics to pay them twenty-five cents per head for the privilege of being butchered. It is gratifying to learn that in the acute civilization of New York several of these vulgar assassins have been indicted: it would be pleasanter, even to a humane person, if those responsible for this incomparable slaughter might fare as they would in ruder lands. In Mexico somebody would be stood in front of an adobe wall and judicially remedied with lead. But perhaps women and children and Sunday School picnics are not entitled to have that protection from civilized people which the uncivilized races always give.

DECAPITATION
AS A MEANS
OF GRACE.

It is a hard thing to say of an honest man that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it."

But sometimes it is the only thing to be said, unless you are a Polite Liar.

Colonel Pratt of the Carlisle School is probably as honest a man as lives. For more than a generation he has given his life (generously, if at a very comfortable salary, indeed) to Indian education. For a generation has **been** Indian Education, As She is Spoke in the United States; and his Carlisle School is the

very head and front of our offending in this line. An honest man, an earnest man, of so powerful a personality that he swayed Congresses, and philanthropic associations and whole communities, all equally ignorant of the theme—half the street-contracts in Hades (at least the Indian quarter of it), have been paved by this well-intentioned buffalo.

Colonel Pratt was a soldier—and to him, after more than thirty years' experience, Indians are still mere raw recruits to be licked into the drill. To this day he does not know that they are human; that they are fathers and mothers, daughters and sons, and brothers; he doesn't know that they have the feelings that belong to these relationships. His one concept of them is as "standing timber" that can be carved into prize pupils—largely consumptive pupils, whose heads Colonel Pratt has enriched while he stole their lungs. Of the Indian as a human being; as one who lives, and loves, and suffers, as do we all, the faintest germ of an idea has never entered the head of this upright, masterful man, who for more than half of his entire life has made his living trying to teach unhumanness to the human beings Chance brought for grist to his mill. The salary which Colonel Pratt has received every year for thirty-five years, for making 50,000 Indians unhappy, would make 100,000 Indians content.

And now, thank God, this magnificent force is disconnected from its chance to wreak hardship. We shall still have border ruffians, and soft-boiled philanthropists, and common American greed, to scatter devastation among our wards; but the greatest oppressor the aborigines of America had anywhere, in any time, encountered—he will no longer oppress them. He has been ousted from control of the Carlisle School. With him there goes out—at least we have a right to hope so—the idea that any human being owes nothing to his People but his blood—and that paid-up. It may be hoped now that the new head of Carlisle shall learn as much about Indians as the deadly Spaniards had learned 300 years ago—namely, that the only way to elevate a race is to elevate the family, and not to disrupt it.

It is not an easy thing to say about a man whose honor has never been called in question, of a man whose official life for more than half the Scriptural span of man has been given to unselfish philanthropy—that while his official life is without official stain, his official death is the greatest good fortune that ever befell the cause to which he thought he was devoted. God absolve Pratt for what he did, and credit him only with what he meant to do.

The first census of the Philippine Islands, conducted under the august auspices of Uncle Sam, presents no particular novelty as

to the total population, but the (to many) astounding official information that less than ten per cent. of the Filipinos are uncivilized. There are people, of course, to whom nothing makes any difference; but there are also Americans who will wriggle a little in their minds at this uncomfortable discovery. These are the "savages" that we were to "civilize" (by rabbit hunts, reconcentrado camps, and other devices of imperialism). If they weren't savages, how did they come on the other side of the world, and with a complexion more brunette than ours? Being savages, what else could be the duty of the only nation God ever sat up nights to make, except to civilize them willy-nilly?

And now comes our own inconsistent Government and informs us laymen, who have more or less to consider its propaganda of civilization, and calmly and statistically informs us that as small a proportion of the Filipinos are savages as is the case with more than a few of the States in the Union.

The death of United States Senator Matt. S. Quay, recalls again what a Muss of Mortality we are. Quay was, alas, a typical American; and yet, to the average American, he was as unlike ourselves as the most cloven-footed Adversary that mankind has ever imagined. To the vast mass of superficially educated citizens, whose classics are the newspapers, Quay was a dreadful figure. They could not understand his mental darkness. To the three per cent. of his country men who are as scholarly as he was, he was no less a puzzle. Here was a very human man, a staunch friend, valued by men immeasurably nobler, a real classical scholar, an expert in other literary accomplishments—who still did not know enough to be honest. For forty years, or such a matter, he has played the American game of politics, according to the Devil's Hoyle—"any way, so you win." After such a career, it is a sorry thing, but true, that the best service he ever did his country was to die.

There are a good many things that are recalled by this Senatorial Asterisk; but perhaps the most characteristic is the reflection how near the millenium would come if the bosses might be as honest as we expect our grocer to be; and if the American people might care as much for their minds as do some of the corruptest bosses. For it takes, to run a republic, not only Honesty but Brains.

There are few who can play on "the harp of a thousand strings" of words as does Gerald Stanley Lee. Under his touch the vague syllables become an organ. Music and sarcasm are not often conjoined; yet there is no reason why they may not be. And if there had been a reason, it would withdraw gracefully before the presence of so exquisite a satire as Mr. Lee's contribution to this number, "The Voice of the Machines". It would be hard to diagraph more exactly the mania of the day.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



It is reasonably certain that no nominee for the Presidency has had less need of a "campaign biography" to inform the people as to what manner of man he really was, than has Theodore Roosevelt. It is quite as true—and for much the same reasons—that no candidate has ever offered to the biographer more tempting, picturesque and varied material with which to work. For Mr. Roosevelt's activities, almost from the day he left the university, have been of the kind to catch and hold the public eye—not by reason of any ostentatious or spectacular display, but because he has been steadily and vigorously engaged upon the public service. It has chanced—or rather, he being what he is, it was inevitable—that the Public Service should mean for him one long fight for civic righteousness. From the time when, twenty-two years ago, the youngest member of the New York Legislature literally compelled that body, against its own wishes and in spite of the utmost efforts of his own party leaders, to investigate a judge whom he believed to be corrupt, right down to now, when at last a President of the United States grips Trust and Labor Union with impartial hand, he has commonly been on the "unpopular" side—with the politicians. Just as commonly has his side proved to be the really popular one, when the people who are not politicians had learned what he was fighting for. All these years he has fought in the open, at close quarters and with whatever adversary offered himself—the more powerful the better. All these years he has spoken his thought in such direct unequivocal fashion that it could not be misunderstood—and has then acted according to his speech. The result is that the Nation as a whole knows him infinitely better than most cities know their candidates for Mayor.

Neither of the books which give occasion for these remarks—*Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*, by Jacob A. Riis (The Outlook Co., N. Y.; \$2 net), and *The Man Roosevelt*, by Francis E. Leupp (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; \$1.25 net)—can fairly be called a campaign biography; though their appearance is timely for that purpose and neither author blinks the issue of the approaching contest. Indeed, neither book attempts to be a full and orderly biography; rather, each man has set down such facts within his personal knowledge concerning his long-time friend and associate as shall give an adequate picture of the man he knows and honors.

Naturally the books differ widely, according to the temperament, habit of thought and point of view of their authors. Mr. Riis, whose enthusiasm has made possible his splendid service to his adopted home, is frankly a hero-worshipper, and is proud of it. He very early declares himself to be speaking of Mr. Roosevelt "largely to the young whose splendid knight he is, himself yet a young man, filled with the high courage and brave ideals that make youth the golden age of the great deeds forever." And this note is maintained throughout the volume. There will be—there have appeared already—some to curl a contemptuous lip at this "most useful citizen of New York," who, having found his ideal of manhood, dares proclaim it. He can well afford to let them sneer; he, with his ideals and his enthusiasm, has the better part.

Mr. Leupp, on the other hand, after his thirty years connection, editorially

and as correspondent, with the most judiciously critical newspaper in the country, could adopt no other note than the critical. His criticism is always friendly, almost invariably warmly approving. He devotes considerable space to explaining occurrences which have been misunderstood or misrepresented, and, in so doing, tells some interesting facts which have not been public property before. If Mr. Riis often reminds one of a bard chanting the praises of an honored chieftain, Mr. Leupp resembles more the observant recorder, setting down the facts in such fashion as to favor the friendliest interpretation. The pictures resulting from these different modes of treatment are in all essentials identical. Each shows a clean, strong, resolute, fearless man, keen-visioned for the right and regardless of personal advantage when the right is at stake. And that is just the truth about Theodore Roosevelt.

It is almost unnecessary to add that either of these books—or, by preference, both of them—will pay handsome dividends on the time invested in reading them.

WISDOM

IN

MOTLEY

It is almost impossible to treat *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* seriously—quite impossible to dismiss it as a mere fantastic skit. Perhaps it may be best described as a social satire (using "social" in the larger sense), in which Gilbert Chesterton, essayist, critic, and lover of paradoxes, takes the uttermost advantage of the privileges of the Licensed Jester. Yet beneath all its topsy-turvydom, there appears to be a sober and definite meaning. At the end of the book, indeed, the grotesque gamboling fades into the background, to give place to such philosophizing as this:

Men are rejoicing from age to age in something fresher than progress—in the fact that with every baby a new sun and new moon are made. If our ancient humanity were a single man, it might perhaps be that he would break down under the memory of so many loyalties, under the burden of so many diverse heroisms, under the load and terror of all the goodness of men. But it has pleased God so to isolate the individual soul that it can only learn of all other souls by hearsay, and to each one goodness and happiness come with the youth and violence of lightning, as momentary and as pure. And the doom of failure that lies on all human systems does not in real fact affect them any more than the worms of the inevitable grave affect a child's children's game in a meadow.

This is not a book upon which dull or matter-of-fact minds may adventure with any prospect of extracting joy. But the alert and curious will find in it material for stimulating mental gymnastics. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

"OUT OF

THE MOUTHS

OF BABES."

In *The Crossing*, Winston Churchill has made a serious and careful attempt to depict "the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself." For a swift summary of the action, I cannot improve on the author's own, in the "Afterword:"

The lonely mountain cabin; the seigniorial life of the tide-water; the foothills and mountains which the Scotch-Irish have marked for their own to this day; the Wilderness Trail; the wonderland of Kentucky, and the cruel fighting there against the most relentless of foes; George Rogers Clark and his momentous campaign which gave to the Republic Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the transition period—the coming of the settler after the pioneer; Louisiana, St. Louis and New Orleans—to cover this ground, to picture the passions and politics of the time, to bring the counter influence of the French Revolution as near as possible to reality.

This note being already mainly quoted, it may well enough end with a memorandum which I find in the handwriting of my Junior Volunteer Assistant. So far as it goes, this 14-year-old opinion is entirely competent. "A

strong story of the Revolutionary times. It is told in an easy way, and holds your attention to the end." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Each new book by Lafcadio Hearn brings a fresh delight to the elect circle of his admirers. *Kwaidan*, his latest, consists mainly of weird tales taken from old Japanese books and transformed by the alchemy of Mr. Hearn's genius from mere grotesque legends into something universal. The secret of this author's power and charm could hardly be better stated in a single sentence than in the following, taken from an essay by Paul Elmore More in the *Atlantic*, and quoted in the preface to this volume:

SOME
JAPANESE
LEGENDS

To the religious instinct of India—Buddhism in particular—which history has engrafted on the aesthetic sense of Japan, Mr. Hearn brings the interpreting sense of occidental science; and these three traditions are fused by the peculiar sympathies of his mind into one rich and novel compound—a compound so rare as to have introduced into literature a psychological sensation unknown before.

Japan and the Japanese are in everybody's mouth these days. To any who really wish to understand, so far as may be, the real heart of the Island Nation, no better advice can be given than to read *all* of Mr. Hearn's books. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

For their combination of sustained power, artistic finish, sincere and earnest purpose, and vital interpretation of life and character, the novels of Maarten Maartens are to be counted among the very best of contemporary fiction. I should not like to name *Dorothea*, just published, as the best of his work up to this time, without re-reading *God's Fool*, *My Lady Nobody*, and one or two others. But it is good enough. It is the story of a pure girl, forced into close contact with phases of life of which she had before known only vaguely, and of her awakening from unforgiving innocence to "a wider womanhood of longing and yearning, a tenderness of pity and pardon, the consciousness that love has many forms and that human hearts are weak." D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

LEARNING
LIFE'S
LESSONS

On the night of their first meeting, the young laird of Stair knew that for him there was "but one woman in the world, Marian Ingarrach, an Irish Gipsy-girl, with a beauty beyond the natural, and a voice of music like the sounding of an old harp." That same night he told her so.

A GIRL
WORTH
KNOWING

"Ah," she said at length, "you are the one who is worth all that a woman has to give, and the blood of all the lawless folk of which I come speaks for you, Jock Stair! For ye woo as a man should woo; and I'm won as a woman should be won, because she has no will left to choose."

And she turned her face towards mine.

"I'm just yours for the asking, Jock."

From this union, at the cost of her mother's life, comes the daughter whose story Elinor Macartney Lane has told in *Nancy Stair*. It is a delightful novel, and Nancy is a rarely vivid and fascinating personality. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Substitute for the cigar-divan of Theophilus Godall (known in palmier days as Prince Florizel of Bohemia), in Rupert Street, Soho, "Coffee John's place" on Clay Street, San Francisco; for the three young gentlemen who set out from the divan in search of adventure, three choice selections from such scum of the earth as is tossed up on the "Barbary Coast"; and for the hundred pounds with which Stevenson equipped each of his fortune-hunters,

a ten-cent "stake" apiece from Coffee John. There you have the opening situation of *The Picaroons*, which frankly declares itself for a romance of roguery. Naturally the subsequent proceedings of the two sets of adventurers differed widely. Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin have worked out their "San Francisco Night's Entertainment" with enthusiasm and ingenuity, and have hit the mark at which they aimed. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The *Fieldbook of Wild Birds and Their Music*, just completed by F. Schuyler Mathews, is one of the meatiest of "nature books." It is offered as "a description of the character and music of birds, intended to assist in the identification of species common in the Eastern United States," and it would be thoroughly serviceable for that purpose. The verbal descriptions are good, and the illustrations—reproductions of water-color and pen-and-ink studies—are exceptionally fine. But far the greater interest and value of the book rests in its full transcription of bird-songs into musical notation, which has not been attempted before, I believe, on any such scale. Every bird-lover, and most musicians, will want it. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$2 net, in cloth; \$2.50 net, in full flexible leather; postage, 15 cents.

By the Good Sainte Anne is avowedly a "summer novel," and will serve its purpose of light entertainment as well as another. A peculiarly British tourist falls at the feet of a sprightly American girl in Quebec, with a sprained ankle and a badly bumped head. In giving him the necessary assistance, "her quick eye caught the fact that few of her friends at home could match the quality of the stocking within. Then her glance roved to his necktie, and she smiled approvingly to herself." This was a good beginning, and the ending was satisfactory. Anna Chapin Ray is the author. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

The young, beautiful, wealthy, and most American widow whom Anne Warner selects as heroine for *A Woman's Will* goes abroad for a summer absolutely determined that there shall be no second husband for her. Early in the trip she meets a tall, very dark gentleman, with melancholy eyes and a chin which she, chancing to "be a connoisseur in chins, looked upon with deep approval." He is German, entitled to the "von," a great musician, and a prompt, persistent and passionate wooer. How the lady is persuaded to change her mind is told with more than the usual cleverness. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Judged as a novel, Andy Adams's *A Texas Matchmaker* would have to be rated as of no particular consequence; but as a record of life on "the range," in the days when cattle-kings held their sway, it is exceedingly interesting and of permanent value. All the backbone of the book is evidently drawn from the author's own experience during the years when he was earning his living as a cowboy, with small thought of publishers and their ways, and no idea that he was gathering material which would give him a literary reputation. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

The documents included in Vol. XIV of *The Philippine Islands* cover the period from 1605 to 1609, and are of exceptional variety and interest. Among them is a decree of Philip III, dated 1606, instructing that a port be established in the Bay of Monterey, discovered by Sebastian Vizcaino some three

years before. This was to serve as a calling-place for vessels sailing from the Philippines to Mexico. Two years later this decree was suspended on account of the supposedly greater advantages of two imaginary islands, named *Rica de Oro* and *Rica de Plata*. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

The third volume of *Early Western Travels* contains André Michaux's Journal of his Travels into Kentucky, 1793-6, and the Travels to the West of the Alleghany Mountains of his son, Francois André Michaux, 1801-3. Botany was the subject of the first interest to both these travelers, but they were shrewdly observant on other matters. The volume concludes with a reprint of the Journal of a Tour Northwest of Allegheny Mountains, 1803, by Thaddeus Mason Harris, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

Frank B. Sanborn, the last surviving member of that glorious "Concord group" which included Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, William Ellery Channing, A. Bronson Alcott and Louisa Alcott, contributes to the "American Commonwealth Series" *New Hampshire*. My acquaintance with the field covered is so slight as to give me no basis for judging the accuracy of this work except its own flavor. This marks it for the careful and scholarly work of a genuine student of history. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.10 net.

To the "Historic Lives Series" is now added a biography of James Oglethorpe, founder and first Governor of Georgia. Georgia is that one of the Original Thirteen which had its origin most nearly in unmixed philanthropy, and Oglethorpe's name deserves higher honor than many others which are writ larger in the records. The author, Harriet C. Cooper, has dedicated the book to "the Children of Georgia," but elders of the rest of the States will find it profitable reading. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 net; postage, 10 cents.

Nature's Comedian, by W. E. Norris, is the story of a successful actor-manager, who, at the instigation of a wealthy and ambitious young woman of position, abandons his career to stand for Parliament. Just beaten in the contest, he returns to the stage and, by aid of a play written by his clerical brother, is soon more prosperous than ever, until his career ends, literally, in a blaze of glory. The book is designed for, and will entertain, the habitual novel-reader. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress describes itself as "supposed to be selections from . . . a genuine country newspaper, edited with aggressive horse-sense and the homely fearlessness of one who naked-eyedly sees things in their unclothed reality and speaks with the strenuous tongue of untrammelled conviction." It contains a good many true things smartly said, and is about as useful for a mental diet as a pack of firecrackers would be to cook by. P. O. Box 1765, Boston. \$1.25 net.

The Merry Anne (according to Samuel Merwin's tale bearing that title) was the one lumber schooner on Lake Michigan that always appeared freshly painted. How the cheerful sky-blue boat became involved in "Whiskey Jim's" illegal traffic; how her captain fell under the suspicion of the revenue officials; the chase after the real law-breakers, and the satisfactory unraveling of the troubles furnish material for a brisk and entertaining story. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Aladdin & Co. is an excellent addition to the growing list of novels whose interest centres mainly on "business." The business in this case is the "booming" of a Western city according to plans deliberately formed beforehand. The boom is successful even beyond the dreams of its projectors, and the final crash is disastrous in proportion. The story is very lifelike—indeed, at many points it may be compared to a composite photograph. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Clifton Johnson's *Old Time Schools and Schoolbooks* is thoroughly interesting and amusing. The illustrations—more than 250—are mostly reproductions from old schoolbooks, and would be sufficiently mirth-provoking even without the accompanying quotations; together they are irresistible. The book is of definite historical value, in addition to being entertaining. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00 net.

The *Book of School and College Sports*, by Ralph Henry Barbour, treats, fully and expertly, football, baseball, field and track athletics, lacrosse, ice hockey, and lawn tennis. Rules, records, hints and suggestions, diagrams, and good illustrations form a book of interest and value to those for whom it is intended. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75 net; postage, 15 cents.

The Court of Sacharissa is conscientiously humorous from the first paragraph to the last. Evidently its authors—Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Meakin—have spent much pains upon it, and it is perhaps unkind to wonder whether it is really twice as funny by reason of the division of labor, or only half as funny. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Were it not verified by the historic record, the story of the "Children's Crusade" would be as incredible as the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Mrs. Sheppard Stevens has chosen this unique result of fanaticism as the basis for her romance, *The Sign of Triumph*. The tale is both interesting and instructive. L. C. Holt & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Little Mitchell is the story of a baby squirrel, his travels from his mountain home in North Carolina to Boston, and his curious doings there. It is intended for the children, and will interest any of them in whose way it falls. Bruce Horsfall adds a good deal to the book with his illustrations. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror*, Egerton Castle's *The Pride of Jennico*, and Winston Churchill's *The Crisis* are recent additions to the "Paper Novel Series." The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents each.

Seven pleasant and informed tales of college life make up *Wellesley Stories*, by Grace Louise Cook. E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

HOLLYWOOD, THE CITY OF HOMES.



WHEN Frémont raised the Bear Flag at Monterey his southern campaign was anticipated by the few Mexican soldiers who had their headquarters in Los Angeles. The pueblo then was merely a few adobe huts clustered about the Old Mission and the Plaza. There was one cut through the Santa Monica mountains through which they expected the intrepid American—Cahuenga Pass. There is a tradition that a battle was fought in the plot of foothill land just south of the pass and within a few years men's bones and ancient weapons have been dug up from the cañons which penetrate the hills from this historic spot, on which now is located Hollywood, the city of beautiful homes. At any rate, the place of the Mexican surrender has been identified just across the mountains in the San Fernando valley.

The foothill country was counted almost worthless. A few cattle grazed here, and later much of it was devoted to sheep raising, while grain was cultivated a little lower in the Cahuenga valley.

Spanish land grants embraced a portion of the region in the old La Brae Rancho and the Lick tract, but when the United States obtained the title to California, much that is now Hollywood became government land. In 1879 it was partly cleared, a few farms were located, and shallow wells were made for domestic purposes, but the subterranean water-flow was not guessed at. This was the first forecast of the value of the land, although no one thought of irrigating it.

The region is now known in Southern California and to tourists as a beautiful little city in a matchless climate, where winter is a shadow wiped out by sunshine and summer heat is swept away by ocean breezes. Its reputation is assured among the well informed. The broad piazza of one of the most beautiful resorts in Southern California was ornamented with a group of society buds who gathered about a young woman whose cheek bore the insignia of the outdoor girl, while her dress had all the marks of the ultra-fashionable.

She was investigating Los Angeles county real estate. Spread before her were pamphlets galore, any one of which could have been selected as a work of art for its beautiful illustrations, and each one of them had in turn entranced her as she read the glowing descriptions.

She had been surprised, the girls declared, when they caught her in her studious attention to the alluring baits for the buyer, yet it was quite out of the question to prove that she had not planned the whole affair, else why, oh why, should she have chosen the front piazza upon which to indulge her fancy? The bevy surrounded her promptly and after their exclamations, she remarked simply:

"I am looking into some of the suburban towns of beautiful homes. Of course none of you have the least idea why."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the chorus, with varied inflections.

"And really, I'm thinking of Hollywood as my future residence."

"It's close to the Country Club," said one girl.

"You can see the Ocean from there," remarked a second.

This article and the illustrations have been furnished to OUR WEST by the Hollywood Board of Trade. The photographs are the work of Mr. E. R. Walker.

"The most beautiful flowers in the world—"

"The roads are lovely for automobiling—"

"Girls, I confess I go there just to eat. The trip gives me an appetite and there is such a lovely hotel."

"I have a friend there, a member of the Ebell Club."

"Why, it's just a little way from Los Angeles. There's the loveliest woman of my acquaintance who says she is going to take her children there to rear them as soon as the new High School is completed—away from the polluting influences of a city, and all that, you know."

They all knew one girl, since married to an easterner, who made a fad of descriptive bits in her conversation. She said she could never say anything ringing enough of Hollywood.

Entering the city five miles northwest of Los Angeles, the velvety softness of the air is immediately evident to the senses, the whole place is filled with the perfume of flowers which grow here so luxuriantly that the artist Paul

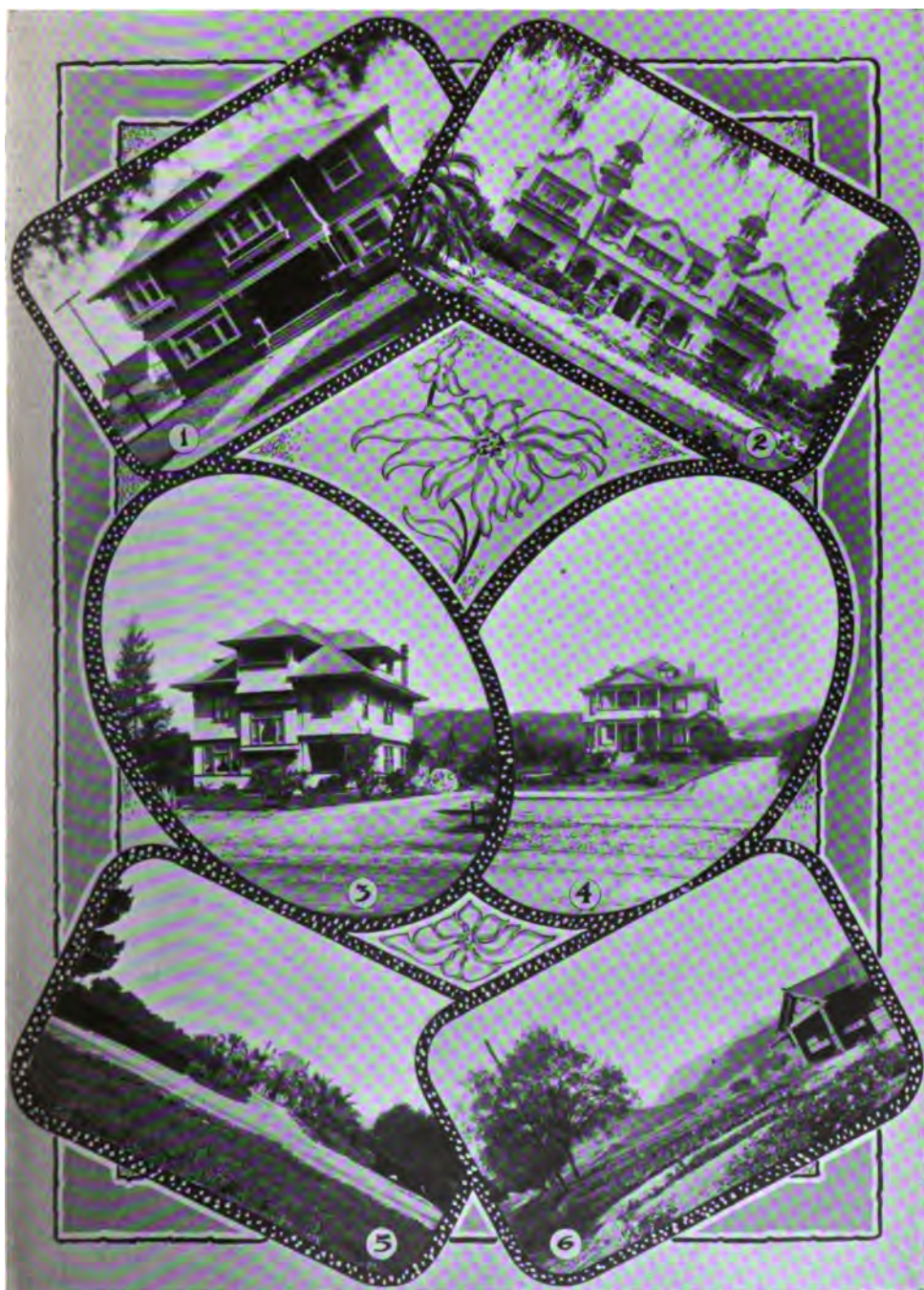


LOOKING NORTH ON WILCOX AVENUE.

de Longpré, the famous painter of flowers, has cast his lot—and a beautiful mission home—among the favorite haunts of his famous subjects.

The town rests upon the breast of the Santa Monica mountains, rising from the Cahuenga valley, and the beautiful homes set against the hills on the north afford a clear view of the breakers at Playa del Rey, just fifteen miles away. They rise, a white line on the horizon, seen across lemon groves and fragrant strawberry beds—across fields of grain intercepted by the tall fingers of the Eucalyptus trees which the ranchers in this expanse have set to mark and shade their homes and roadways.

Yet it is hardly possible that the residents spend a great deal of time gazing from their spacious verandas toward the ocean. There is a car service that takes them to the beach in forty minutes, and these homes themselves are most engrossing in their loveliness. But it was the view—the ocean—the flowers—that the girl used to work into her little elocutionary efforts, and she was so enthusiastic about Hollywood that her sentences seemed absolutely spontaneous. She visited there frequently and became enrolled with the Monday Afternoon Card Club, which she declared was the most select circle she had ever entered.



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. B. F. Small. 2. Paul de Longpré. 3. E. C. Hampton. 4. Mrs. Annah E. Lander. 5. E. F. Bogardus.
 6. Cahuenga Pass from the Grounds of Mrs. Philo J. Beveridge, showing Mt. Whittier and Mt. Weid.

The delight of her hostess was the garden. She was an amateur gardener of considerable skill, and enjoyed raising vegetables as much as flowers. Gardening was better exercise than gold, she explained to her friends, and advanced her education so much more. Sweet peas also were her fad, and following the example of some of her neighbors who had wonderful yards of roses, she sold the blossoms in Los Angeles at a fair price. But this story has nothing to do with the bride, nor with her friends. It is to be all of Hollywood.

"Hollywood" and "Homes" have an alliterative effect that is quite in keeping with their association. It is essentially a city of homes, for many of the residents have their business interests in Los Angeles—unless they are in real estate. This is a profitable pursuit just at present, and likely to be for some time to come. When the town was first laid out in 1887, the fancy of the founder was for drives and boulevards. He planted the peppers, with their graceful foliage and brilliant berries. His successors in civic love have been as great philanthropists, and have added to the roadways



BANANAS ON LAUGHLIN HILL.

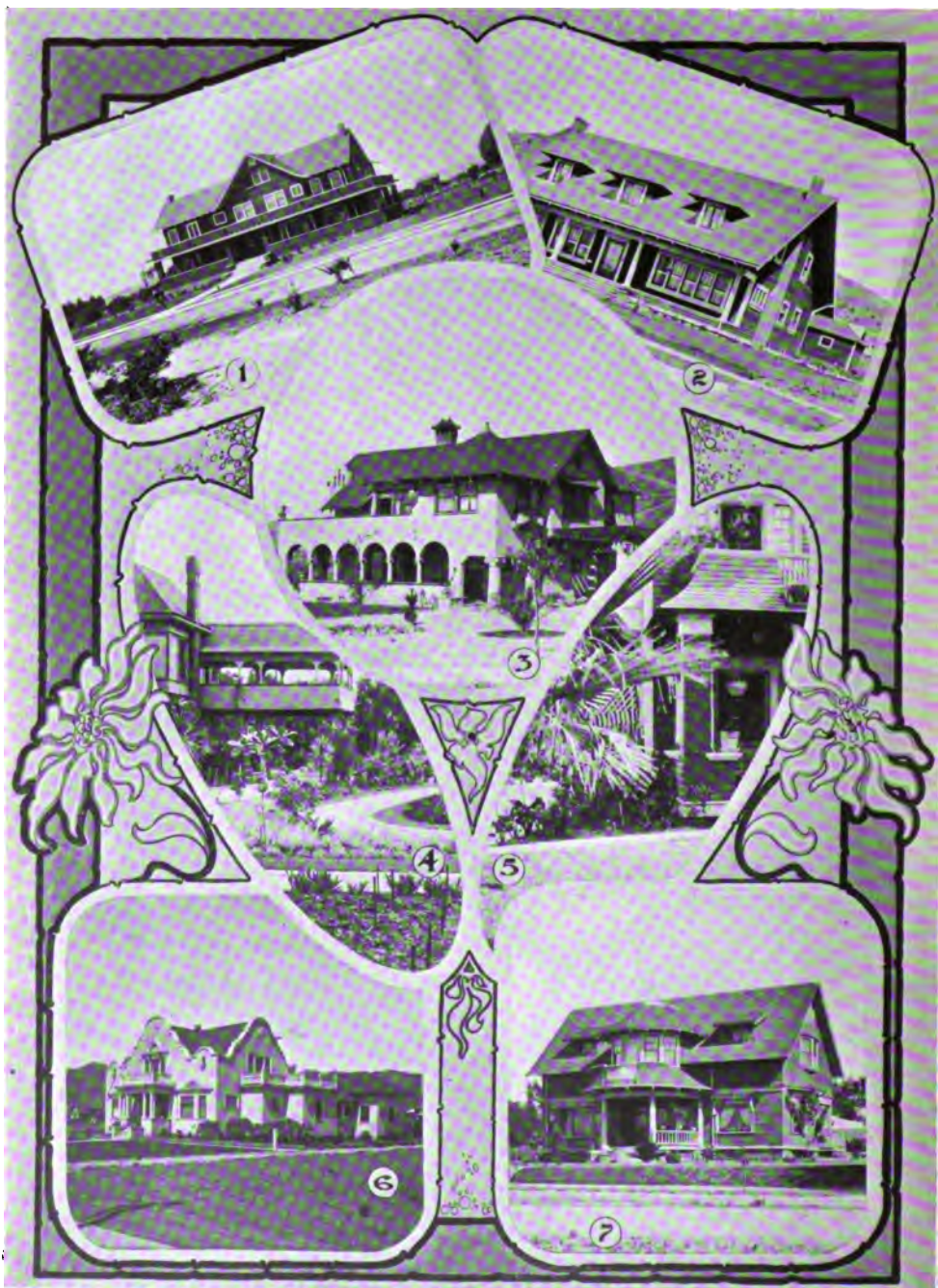
rows and rows of acacias, grevillas, and the Australian flame-tree, as well as many miles more of the graceful pepper. Expensive palms are not spared to ornament the city's public places, and some of the earliest work has been to build drives to the naturally beautiful and historical points of interest in Hollywood and vicinity.

Nowhere has there been niggard expenditure. There is not a shabby home in the town. Notably beautiful are the homes in the old Mission style, which are found here in perfection. How did the Padres strike things just right to blend their buildings with the clear air and distant horizon, the dim hills and clustering flowers? There seems never an angle too sharp, nor a curve too pronounced to be perfectly beautiful. Their materials and resources must have been limited, yet their buildings were a grand achievement, which California has adopted as her own distinctive type, and which show up most beautifully in Hollywood. Then there are homes in the English style, to which the vines cling affectionately and typically, and clear-cut American homes with the broad piazzas blended tastefully with the architectural style. Some homes have the pillars reaching



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. Mrs. Caroline Lamb. 2. Geo. H. Barnes. 3. Fred S. Bynon, Prospect Ave. 4. David Amman.
5. J. B. Brokaw. 6. J. C. W. Wright. 7. H. Goodwin.



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. R P. McJohnston. 2. Mrs. J. M. Erdman. 3. L. J. Beynon. 4. A Glimpse of H. J. Whitley's Place.
5. C. A. Boyle. 6. Andrew Groh. 7. Olaf Johnson.



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. Ex. Gov. Jno. L. Beveridge. 2. I. N. Large. 3. Wm. J. Bliesner, Architect. 4. E. W. Elliott.
5. Mrs. H. L. Henry. 6. W. H. Hoegge. 7. O. P. Dennis Architect.



LOOKING NORTH FROM HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

to the roof of the porch in the severe style of the homesteads of the old South.

Hollywood was incorporated as a city of the sixth class six months ago. It had many city improvements previous to that time, and with so much • unity has the community acted that it has won a name as a model city government. There is no indebtedness hanging over the city except for schools. The town will be bonded for \$50,000 for two beautiful grammar school buildings, and a fine Union High School is now being planned. Each building will be a model of its kind.

"We're building for the next five years," say Hollywood authorities. For some time the grammar schools have been crowded, as the city could not meet the growing population, but the school organizations have been pros-



PANORAMIC VIEW LOOKING NORTHWARD,



SHOWING RESIDENCE OF A. G. BARTLETT.

pering under most excellent instruction from well-paid teachers. Even the principal of the school is surprised that his High School baseball team are of such refined rearing that never so much as a word of profanity has been overheard by teachers or by-standers. It speaks wonders for the high class of the population, and the girls are universally gentle and refined. The girls have a basket-ball team, and the High School baseball team has proved itself the champion of the Cahuenga valley. The grammar schools have a Girls' Club and a Boys' Club, which are of intense interest to the young students.

The new grammar school buildings are now under way and will be completed September 1. According to their plans they will have four classrooms on each floor, the stairways will be broad, the rooms thoroughly well



SHOWING BONNIE BRIER AND OCEAN VIEW TRACTS.

lighted and ventilated, and all offices conveniently located in the building. Both grammar schools are in variations of the Mission style and placed on large grounds. The High School will be a more expensive building and will be in Ionic style. There is every modern device in school architecture, including sound-proof floors, gas and electric lighting appliances, and the interior will be daintily tinted in restful shades.

The Episcopal Church is a beautiful building in Old English style and its interior is handsomely finished and furnished. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is just completing its new Church building, which is a Mission-style edifice of plaster; the Roman Catholics' new Church building will soon be ready for occupancy. It is of graceful and appropriate lines and is constructed with shingled exterior. There is a Baptist Church organization



A BAMBOO PLANT. (Country Home of Dr. Allan Gardner.)

and also a Presbyterian. The Christian Church has its own building. Hollywood is so close to Los Angeles that many church people have continued their membership in the churches of that city.

The Board of Trade of Hollywood is as admirable as its corporate authorities; for every man in the city has joined it, dutifully pays his dues and applauds the actions of its officers, which are always for the benefit of the corporation. Recently a Civic Improvement League has been organized as an auxiliary in which the women may prove their interest in Hollywood. This supplements the card clubs, which are amusement clubs merely, and gives a wider opportunity for the women in departmental club-life if they choose to enjoy it. Many of the fashionables of Los Angeles live in Hollywood and keep up with the city's society and that of their home. Very many homes have dancing parlors and all have capacity for quite elaborate functions, which are frequently given.



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. P. B. Chase. 2. W. T. Glassell. 3. C. C. Hall. 4. Sanford Rich, Mayor.
5. G. F. Stevenson. 6. Ripley S. Lyon.

A cattle country—a truck-garden community—a model community of beautiful homes—this has been Hollywood's development since 1879, when the truck-gardeners first found their way in and began to supply the markets of Los Angeles. As Hollywood comprises a strip of land about two miles wide and four miles long, agricultural pursuits are still followed here very profitably. There is a munificent supply of water for irrigating purposes, which is piped from the San Fernando valley, 500 feet higher. The rates for domestic water are about the same as in Los Angeles, and the irrigating water is had very reasonably. Electricity and telephone service are some of the conveniences enjoyed here. The cars are instituting a schedule which will place Hollywood within twenty minutes of Los Angeles.

The soil of this section is a rich sandy loam formed of disintegrated granite washed down from the hills. It is easy to work, and not only affords a most alluring opportunity to the amateur gardener and florist, but is a source of profit to those who cultivate the soil for the money there is in it.

Hollywood has perhaps the only pine-apple gardens in the state conducted



LEMON GROVE OF DANIEL PENMAN, SUNSET BOULEVARD.

at a profit. Figs, lemons, olives, and all sorts of vegetables and fruits that grow anywhere, grow very much better in Hollywood than anywhere else. In many fields in the valley, strawberries are picked every week in the year. Flowers, too, find these gentle slopes their natural abiding place, and, wild and cultivated, they grow almost unsolicited. The Poinsettia leads the glorified hosts in their brilliant march of the months. Even for Southern California, Hollywood's flowers are most remarkable.

The climate is delightful every month in the year. In the summer cooling breezes from the ocean spring up about ten o'clock in the morning and continue through the day. In the winter the gentle air from the mountains and the deserts beyond keeps the temperature moderate and even.

The real pride and joy of Hollywood, however, are her magnificent drives and boulevards, miles in extent, and an endless chain of loveliness. The main Hollywood Boulevard winds its way from the city by the way of Bellevue avenue. This one drive has cost in building over a quarter of a million dollars, is now complete, and is the most expensive pleasure-way yet constructed in Southern California. Hollywood Boulevard can also be



HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

1. J. C. Newitt. 2. Henry C. Draves. 3. C. E. Bireley. 4. Otto Classen. 5. Wm. A. Fruhling.

reached from the business center of Los Angeles through the Third street tunnel, Figueroa and Lake Shore drive.

This magnificent roadway leads directly into the heart of Hollywood along Prospect avenue or Sunset Boulevard. By turning one block north at Vermont avenue one can drive along shaded and beautiful Franklin avenue, and turn aside from it to enjoy the view from Laughlin's Hill. One winds up to the top through a veritable jungle of bloom, where roses grow to trees and geraniums and heliotrope are large shrubs which are a great surprise to the eastern visitor.

There is a splendid drive leading to Cahuenga Pass, through which the old stage line penetrated to Santa Barbara long before the days of railroads. The grades over the pass are heavy, but the roadway is broad and even, and the trip should not be missed by anyone. On two hills are observatory buildings,



HOTEL HOLLYWOOD.

and just now there is under contemplation an incline-railroad to the top of Mount Hollywood, the keenest-pointed and highest of the mountains just back of the town. A beautiful drive leads to "The Outpost"—the oldest adobe house in the valley, now the country home of Gen. H. G. Otis. Laurel Cañon is a show-place, as a frostless nook in which the rank ferns spring; and there are several others well worth a visit of the sight seer. The return to Los Angeles can be made by way of Western or Vermont avenues; Western avenue brings one into that city at the Pico street corner of the Country Club grounds, and Vermont opens into beautiful Wilshire Boulevard and Westlake Park.

With the completion of the new boulevard the car service has been brought up to a fifteen-minute headway, and the car ride furnishes an enjoyable recreation. Many handsome residences are now building and a look into the near future reveals Hollywood as a city of magnificent homes, with a population of six or eight thousand home-loving people.



SOME HOLLYWOOD SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

1. West End School, Dennis & Farwell, Architects.
2. St. Stephen's Church, Episcopal.
3. Memorial Methodist Church.
4. Lemona Ave. Grammar School, Geo. F. Costerisan, Architect.
5. Hollywood Union High School, Burnham & Bliesner, Architects.



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOLLYWOOD GARDEN OF PAUL DE LONGPRE, LOVER AND PAINTER OF FLOWERS.



Photo by E. S. Curtis. (Copyright.)

THE COLUMBIA GLACIER.
(From Harriman Alaska Expedition, by permission of E. H. Harriman.)

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



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AUGUST, 1904.

FOX FARMING IN ALASKA.

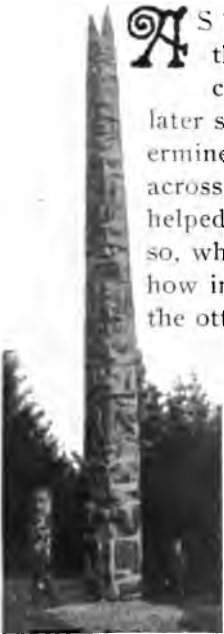
By EDMOND S. MEANY.

AS THE buffalo aided in the exploration and settlement of the vast western prairies of America; as the beaver caused the trapper to blaze trails for other hunters and later settlers in the northern and western river valleys; as the ermine led the bands of Cossacks in their subjugating march across the wild steppes of Siberia; as the llama and alpaca helped in the development of the prehistoric culture of Peru, so, when the final history of Alaska is written, it will be seen how important have been the contributions made by the seal, the otter and the fox. The history of the fur-seal and the sea-

otter is familiar to most readers, but there are many things about the Alaskan fox that are not so well known. Vitus Bering discovered Alaska on July 18th, 1741, at 60 degrees north latitude, and, in honor of the saint of that day (Elijah), he named the great snow-crowned mountain "St. Elias." Though sick and exhausted, he struggled to get back to the Bay of Avatcha, Kamchatka Peninsula, but the crew went into winter quarters on a little granite island in latitude 55 degrees

north, and longitude 166 degrees east, on November 5th. Here swarms of foxes were seen, so innocent of danger that many were killed with clubs. Huts were built of drift wood and the frozen bodies of foxes laid up in weird masonry. On

Except where other credit is given, the photographs from which this article has been illustrated were taken by Prof. Meany.



TOTEM POLE
AT SITKA, ALASKA.

December 8th, Bering died and was buried on the little island that still bears his grave and his name. To further honor their great Danish captain the Russians have called the group of islands in the vicinity "Komandorski." Surgeon G. W. Stellar rescued that great undertaking from failure in the world's history. He saved records and brought to civilization the first information of the fine fur-bearing animals found in that region.

This expedition was speedily followed by others and soon the "promyshleniki," the free-booting advance-guard of the Cossacks,



AMONG THE FOX ISLANDS, PRINCE WILLIAM'S SOUND.

pushed out to that wonderful chain of islands in crazy little boxes of boats, hunting the fur-bearers. The islands were called the "Fox Islands," because of the great numbers of those animals found there. This name is an index of the lode-stone that drew the Russians out upon the island chain, and later caused them to use those islands as stepping-stones across the ocean to Russian America. Thus the fox cannot be overlooked in the early history of the Aleutian Islands, or of Alaska as a whole.

Foxes were an attractive prey because they were so numerous and so easily captured; but one fur-seal was worth many foxes and one sea-otter was worth many fur-seals. The search became keener for the more precious animals. Hunters saw the herds of fur-seals swimming past their Fox Islands in the early

spring, and later in the year the herds would swim back, accompanied by many young ones, or pups. Somewhere to the northward was surely the home, or breeding ground, of the seal. The native Aleuts had a tradition, embalmed in a song, to the effect that a young chieftain of Unimak had once been cast away on an island, or group of islands, which they called "Amik." This song was remembered, and when game began to grow scarce on the Fox Islands the hunters became anxious to find Amik.

In 1786, Master Gerassim Pribiloff, who had been trading among the other islands with small profit, joined in the search



SHORE OF A FOX ISLAND.

for Amik. He saw indications of land, but the fog and bad weather caused him to beat about for three weeks before he found an island, in the first days of June. He named the island "St. George," after his vessel. He sent provisions and hunters ashore and then hurried back to the other islands, telling doleful stories to throw others off his track. The new island literally swarmed with sea-otter, fur-seals and foxes. They also captured many walrus on the ice and small islands. On June 29th, the hunters discovered another island, thirty miles to the northward. They named it "St. Peter and St. Paul," after the saints of that day. The island is now known as St. Paul and the group is named Pribiloff, after the discoverer. The catch of the first year was

something enormous. Shelikoff, in a letter to Delaroff, dated Okotsk, 1789, says the year's work yielded from those islands 40,000 fur-seal and 2,000 sea-otter skins. No mention is made of the number of fox skins obtained, but it must also have been large.

Ivan Petroff is authority for the statistics showing that the Russian-American Company purchased blue-fox skins from the Pribiloff islands, between the years 1842 and 1860, to the total number of 34,767. In later years the catch of foxes on those islands has decreased, yet the North American Commercial Com-



WILD FLOWERS NEAR COLUMBIA GLACIER.

pany reports that between the years 1890 and 1897, a total of 3,784 blue-fox skins were obtained.

This same blue-fox is the variety selected for the experiments in fox farming. The enterprise is rather unique and has been in operation only about ten years. It is an effort to preserve the harvest of furs, which is made possible by the existence of numerous Alaskan islands unpeopled by either natives or whites. At the same time these islands are free from the natural enemies of the fox. Little or no effort is therefore needed to protect the young foxes from other animals.

The word "farming," though in common use to describe this work, is hardly appropriate, unless the accompanying word "fox" is made to carry enough atmosphere of wilderness to rob the

"farming" of all idea of culture. A fox-farm is simply a wild island seized upon by some enterprising white man, who proceeds to make it an undisturbed home for families of foxes. He feeds these foxes with considerable care, and at a proper time he selects the best ones to be killed for their furs.

Feeding the foxes prevents their migration to other islands, or to the main land, in search of fresh hunting fields. The foxes have shown that they are good swimmers by leaving islands where they have been disturbed or poorly fed, and migrating to larger islands or to neighboring points of the main land. Feeding the foxes also seems to encourage the rearing of large litters



Photo by E. E. Ainsworth.

AN ICEBERG "CALVED" FROM THE MAIN GLACIER.

of young ones. The foxes become accustomed to the man who feeds them, and readily familiarize themselves with the specially constructed feeding-houses. These houses are sometimes provided with floors swung on pivots, which are clamped tight during the whole year until the date selected for trapping, when, by pulling out a few plugs, the feed-house is transformed into a fine trap.

This scheme is not universally followed. Some of the farmers set out numerous small box-traps, so as to catch as many as possible before the alarm is spread from burrow to burrow. The house-trap is not as successful as would appear, for another reason. The blue fox is a mating creature and the pairs rear their

separate families. It often happens that a strong family will take possession of the feed-house and drive the weaker ones away. Paddling by one of these islands at night, I heard what were probably the arguments in one of these cases of ejection. There was much heated fox-talk; and finally hearing a note of triumph in the barking, I felt as though I could almost see, in the distant haze of night, the vanquished fox sneaking off with his brood to a new feeding place. These unneighborly qualities make it necessary for the men to multiply the feeding places as fast as their crop of fox families increases. This knowledge



FEEDING HOUSE FOR FOXES ON BLIGH'S ISLAND.

he must gain by constant watchfulness. One farmer, more methodical than the others, said that he caught up all his young foxes each year to take account of stock. The others laugh at his scheme, saying it is just the way to drive the foxes away: for no animal is more sensitive over such familiarities, and they also become more difficult to catch after each new experience. Every up-to-date dictionary defines the word "foxy" as crafty or tricky. It is best not to try to fondle or count such creatures while they are yet alive. Every effort to tame or to domesticate these blue foxes has failed. Little ones have been caught and taken into cabins where they ate food greedily enough; but they would snap and snarl at every attempt to pet them. At the first

chance they would escape to the secluded burrows of their mates under the spruce trees. When the full-grown fox is in the trap, he is inspected, and, if found to be in prime fur, he is taken out with specially contrived wooden tongs and killed in the most expeditious way. The carcass is then destroyed or buried; for, whatever other meanness is chargeable to the fox, he can not be called a cannibal.

The fox is not so very particular about his food, but he will not eat the flesh of his own kind. It is also claimed that he will not eat the flesh of birds of prey. In his native state he appar-



THE BEST HOME AMONG THE FOX FARMERS.

ently delights most to eat birds and birds' eggs. Scientists have observed that he eats large quantities of insects, especially beetles; and the old fable, familiar to every child, of the fox and grapes, is legendary evidence of what every vineyardist knows—that a fox will eat fruit.

The food provided by the fox farmer for his queer live-stock consists wholly of fish. Every summer the streams of Alaska abound with salmon. The hump-back and the dog-salmon are not considered first-class for packing or canning, but they are caught by thousands for fox food. The entrails are removed and the fish are hung up for a couple of days to let the water dry out. Then they are packed away in tanks or barrels as tight

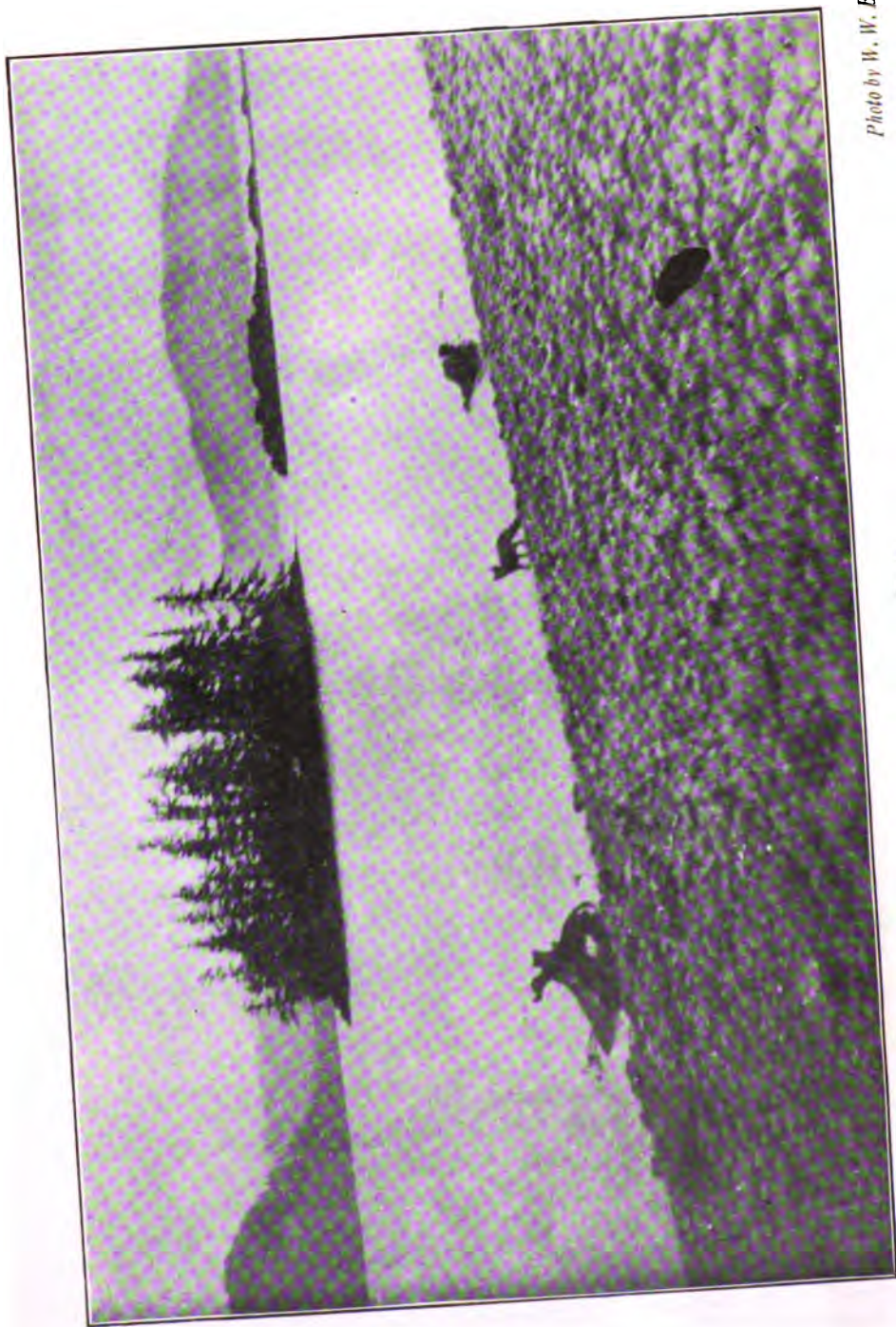


Photo by W. W. Beck

A BLUE FOX AT HOME.

as may be, with oil poured in to fill up the crevices and to "float" the top of the vessel. It is said by those who handle them that the contents of those barrels would not make good perfumery, but it makes good fox-food; for the fox loves greasy food and does not object to meat that is a little "high." The oil used to preserve this food is the most difficult part to obtain, the hair-seal being one of the principal sources of supply. The Alaskan Indians, by the way, use this oil in place of butter. Three fox farmers were fortunate enough, one recent summer, to find a huge whale which had but recently died. From the blubber of this creature they got more than enough oil to last all three of them for a year. But the most steady and reliable supply of oil comes from the liver of the dog-fish. These fishes are caught in large numbers by long set lines. So, for a short time in the summer, the fox farmer has a busy season preparing oil and catching salmon for his winter supply of fox food.

The center of this Alaskan industry at present seems to be on the islands in Prince William Sound. During a recent trip to that region I had the pleasure of visiting two of these fox farmers at their interesting island homes and of interviewing two others who had come to town on errands.

William J. Busby is a Londoner who came to Alaska in 1887 and has been on Prince William Sound since 1897. He has a fox island not far from Ellamar, and has a fine home with a successful garden of fresh vegetables and a luxuriant growth of native salmon-berry bushes near the house. I speak with enthusiasm about the salmon-berries, for the short-cake, jelly, jam and ripe berries set before us during my visit surpassed anything I have ever tasted in the fruit line at any place in the world.

Preston C. Cloudman is a native of Bristol, New Hampshire, who has been in Alaska for twenty-three years. He has been on Prince William Sound since 1891. His island is near Busby's. They are partners and have been in the fox-farming business for six years. They hope soon to begin realizing on their crop. Cloudman's garden and home are even more attractive than Busby's. He has more ground under cultivation and has the finest of spring water running through a tank in his kitchen.

James Beetles has his farm on Smith's island. Last winter he secured seventy-five good fox furs. He enjoys the distinction of owning and operating a fine little steamer which he uses in connection with his fox-farm and other fur business.

Axel Lind has a fox island near the Aleut village of Kinickluk. He estimates that he has 300 foxes on his farm. As he was a fellow passenger on the steamship returning from the north, I had an opportunity of learning some of the interesting phases of

the wild life of that region. Lind, as a young fellow of twenty-six, was the Alaska Commercial Company's agent at Nuchek. For a large part of the year he saw no white folks, and had but few associates even among the natives. He was often restless and lonesome. One old Aleut was his special friend who often helped him about the store. Twice this veteran Aleut hunter had to scold his white friend. Once the young man went out alone to hunt. The sea was choppy and in his small boat he could not get good aim. He clambered up on a small iceberg to get better footing and thus secured his seal. But the old Aleut showed him the great risk he had taken, by pointing to a melting berg



CORMAN & BUSBY, FOX FARMERS.

which presently lost one little corner; the great mass, thus unbalanced, turned over and over with a whirl and splash that would have been probable death for anyone riding on it at the time. The other occasion for a scolding was when the young man told his friend about a hand-to-hand fight with a sea-lion. He had shot the brute through the neck and paddled close enough to throw his harpoon into the neck close to the bullet wound. In the struggle that followed, the hunter got the monster's head up close to his boat's side and proceeded to strike the head with his ax. These blows seemed to arouse the wounded creature. He made a feeble effort to climb into the boat and

then sank and swam away with a speed that increased so steadily that the hunter let go of the harpoon line. He said the lion had escaped; but when the old Aleut told him how dangerous these animals were when cornered, the young man rightly concluded that he was the one who had escaped.

Lind's friends hinted that he was going to "the States" to procure a wife. At any rate he was carrying to some friend three beautiful blue-fox furs from his farm. At my request he brought them on deck to be photographed. Without intending to do



FOX-FARMER LIND, WITH A SAMPLE OF HIS PRODUCT.
(Gen. A. W. Greely at left.)

so, I also caught in the same picture General A. W. Greely, Chief of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, who came up at the moment to see the furs of the genuine blue foxes.

One other interesting feature about Lind's work is that he travels about Prince William Sound in a very trim little sloop, which he built wholly by himself. He sought out the natural crooks for the "knees," and then cut down the spruce trees on his fox island, from which he whip-sawed the needed lumber. As I photographed the useful little craft and heard its story, I thought that here was evidence of Lind's Norse lineage brought to use at exactly the same latitude though on the other side of the globe.

Besides those mentioned above I gleaned information about the following islands and fox farmers: Glacier island, Peter Jackson; Fairmount island, William Byers; Little Naked island, Walter Storey, Olaf Carlson and Frederick Lillagreen; Big Naked island, James McPherson and Edward Elk; Long island, G. W. Fleming and Charles Olson; Dangerous island, Charles Crafting; Stamy's island, Thomas Stamy; Squirrel island, John L. Johnson; Green island, Cornelius Peterson and Louis Brown; Goose island, Louis Thurstonson and George Donaldson; James island, Prince of Wales Passage, Charles Sheffler; Dutch Group,



W. J. BUSBY AND WIFE AT THEIR FOX-ISLAND HOME.

Charles Goose. Duncan and Walmouth started a farm on Wooded island, at the entrance to Prince William Sound, and stocked it with black foxes, but it was abandoned as not promising success. William W. White, who for seven years has been prospecting and trapping in and around the Cook Inlet country, says that two brothers, Charles and William Anderson, stocked the Pearl islands, near Cape Elizabeth, at the entrance to Cook Inlet, with forty pairs of blue foxes, twelve years ago.

It is quite probable that this list of names may disclose the whereabouts of a number of men lost to their friends; for the fox farmer fairly buries himself from civilization.

The information about the fox farmers' toil and their lonely

lives on the island homes was interesting, but what of the harvest—the reward? The blue-fox skins sell for an average of twelve dollars each. Some of the very finest will bring thirty dollars apiece. The market is controlled in London and these men in the wilds of Alaska manage to learn each year the rates that prevailed in the London fur auctions. One of them told of the sale of a prime black-fox skin in London for twelve hundred dollars,



RUSSIAN CHURCH AT ALEUT VILLAGE OF TATITLUK.

and silver-gray foxes easily sold for one hundred and twenty-five dollars each.

"Then why do you not raise black and silver-gray foxes instead of the cheaper blue ones?"

"Oh, that has been tried and it has been found that you can raise blue foxes better than the other kinds."

On arriving at Seattle further light was sought on this subject from the fur dealers. One of the best informed among them said it was easily explained. The black fox, as well as the beautiful silver-gray, is only a "sport" from the common red fox. Only once in a while does a litter include one of these favored young ones. If you trap a pair of these valuable foxes and start to breed them, the progeny will have coats of fur little better than that of the coyote. But the blue fox breeds true each time, and the furs, though low in relative value, are more reliable.

These constant characteristics would lead one to expect the blue fox to be set aside in a species by itself, but such is not the case. The scientists say that it is exactly the same as the white or arctic fox (*Vulpes lagopus*). David Starr Jordan, in the Report on Fur-Seal Investigations for 1896 and 1897, says: "The blue fox and white fox are identical as species, both being found in the same litter, the white fox simply being an albinistic form of the other, its inner fur showing always some blueness or grayness."

Ivan Petroff in his report of 1883, says: "Of the arctic fox we



HARBOR OF KETCHIKAN, ALASKA. Photo by Lenora Denny.

find two varieties—one white and the other a bluish gray, commonly called 'blue fox' by the traders. . . . The blue fox exists now on several of the Aleutian islands, where it was found by the first discoverers in 1741."

In all works on natural history consulted on this subject the blue fox is given as a variety of the arctic or white fox species. In some of the books pictures are shown of the two varieties standing side by side.

Any one who has the opportunity will find great interest in a search for fox information in the books devoted to natural history.

Alfred Russel Wallace, in his book on the Geographical Dis-

tribution of Animals, says that there are seventeen species of foxes, distributed over all the great continents except South America and Australia.

Spencer F. Baird in "Mammals of North America," places the red fox, the cross and the silver or black fox, all in the same species, *Vulpes fulvus*; but he calls the cross for "variety **Decussatus**," and the silver or black fox he calls "variety **Argentatus**."

Richard Lydekker, in the Royal Natural History, Volume I, says: "That the red fox and the cross fox are undoubtedly a single species is conclusively proved by a statement of Audubon to the effect that both varieties may be found in a single litter of cubs."

The fox made famous by many generations of fox hunters in



MOUNT FAIRWEATHER.

Europe is known in science by the name of *Vulpes vulgaris*, sometimes given as *Vulpes vulpes*. The word *Vulpes* is the Latin name for fox, and is thus appropriately selected as the name of the genus. The common name among the French is **renard** and among the Scotch, **tod**.

The fox is an ancient or persistent form of animal life. Fossil remains of foxes have been found in England in formations older than that of the Mammoth period.

Most of the Alaskan fox farmers are desirous of selling out their wild possessions. As I looked over their comfortable homes and observed the independence of their life, I wondered at their discontent. It is probably because Alaska is in a constant ferment of excitement over mines. The fox farmer must stick to

his lonely island, and cannot join the numerous stampedes that swing past his home toward newly discovered gold fields. Some miners get rich in one season, while the fox man must plod and wait. This breeds discontent.

The loneliness of this kind of life has been written into a song by a Texan, T. P. Stamy, who has been a fox farmer since 1896. The song is a great favorite with the islanders, who delight to shout the lines to the tune of "Down Upon the Farm." The first two stanzas are as follows:

There is an island in this Sound
That my memory hovers 'round,
Like the veil of fog that's hanging o'er her bays;
And the storm clouds love to rest
On the mountain's silent crest,
Where I spend so many, many lonesome days.

There the solitude's unbroke,
Save by the raven's croak
Or the distant rumbling avalanche;
It's enough to make one weep
Or have nightmare in his sleep
To spend his time alone down on that ranch.

So long as the ladies wear those beautiful, long, fluffy, boas, the market for fox furs will be favorable. For the sake of those lonesome "farmers" on the islands of Prince William Sound, let us hope that the style will not change, unless it be to favor a garment that will use the silky fur of the blue fox.

University of Washington.



CAPE ST. ELIAS.

A CALIFORNIAN ARBOR DAY.

By L. CLARE DAVIS.



ABOUT the time the snows have hushed the eastern world to slumber, California has rubbed her eyes after a bit of a beauty sleep and is ready to go out of doors and frolic. True, the Sierra Nevadas lift snow-crowned heads to heaven; but their feet rest in a valley that is green with grass all winter, and where, by the first of March, thousands of acres of golden poppies riot over the plains. In this valley—the San Joaquin—and in the city of Stockton, the first Californian arbor-day was celebrated on the last day of January, in characteristic Californian style.

We know the decorous, conservative arbor-day of the East, when those who desire to go out and plant a few trees; but on this first Californian arbor-day, practically the whole town (of 21,000 people) turned out and planted ten miles of trees along the highways.

Not but that California has plenty of trees. Nature was in generous mood and had plenty of material on hand when she fashioned the golden state. The biggest trees in the world grow there; the mountains and foothills are covered with timber, but in the valleys and along the coast fewer trees grow.



PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN STAKING UP THE TREES.



PRIMARY STUDENTS SETTING OUT A MAGNOLIA.

The pioneers who sought wealth in California planted generously in the towns, and so nearly every town and city in the west has well-grown, handsome trees shading its streets. Grateful for this legacy, their successors of this generation have awakened to the need of preserving and adding to it, for the comfort of coming men, by planting trees along the roads leading from town.

Everybody was in sympathy with this sentiment, which crystallized in the formation of an arbor-club, of seven hundred members, including men, women and children, who contributed twenty-five cents each for the purchase of trees and the expense of planting and protecting them. The children were admitted



GRAMMAR GRADE SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS PLANTING ELM TREES.

as members at ten cents each. Contributions from the townspeople were generous. Everybody wanted to take a part in this new gala-day; all the business-houses and banks were closed, the public schools declared a holiday that the children and teachers might participate in the tree planting, and the roads leading from town were lined with carriages, automobiles, wagons and bicycles, and their merry occupants who were out to join in the mid-winter, out-door frolic.

The last of January had been selected as the best time for transplanting trees in Central California, it being remembered always that winter is the "growing time" in California.

Every lodge, club or other organized body in town, including the various women's clubs' had been invited to join the planting



PROTECTING THE YOUNG TREES BY WIRE NETTING.

and the fun, and all accepted. The ladies sent men out in advance to dig holes for the trees, but the planting was done by themselves, each woman having signed for a tree in advance. The Daughters of the American Revolution showed their revolutionary blood by planting a row of American elms along a section of roadway that was generally being planted to French elms.

The school children went out by classes under the direction of their respective teachers, each child digging a hole, planting and staking a tree with the enthusiasm and the pride of youth. The first tree planted was signalized by the singing of "Welcome to Arbor Day," "America," or some other suitable song. There was much friendly rivalry, each school being anxious for the



THE STAKE WAGON EN ROUTE.

honor of planting the first tree for the glory of its building. In some cases all the trees were tagged with the name of the school that planted it. The teachers all joined in the planting, afterward going about to encourage the efforts of their own and other pupils.

Every carriage, buggy, wagon or other vehicle in town was pressed into service. Delivery wagons ceased for that day their work of carrying groceries and green-goods, and were devoted to delivering trees, stakes, or picks and shovels, to the planters on three roads leading from town. A brass band was in attendance to add to the gaiety and accelerate the action of the diggers, who in many cases had hitherto handled nothing more strenuous than a tennis racket. Those who did not participate in the work rode or walked about to see what the others were

doing, and to encourage or to "josh" them. Vehicles rushed hither and thither, their occupants calling gayly to one another, and the very air was full of fun.

The Californian, even when most in earnest, is not disposed to take things too seriously. A good deal of amusement was occasioned by the local lodge of "Elks," who appeared for the day in linen dusters and old straw hats, or dressed in more or less faithful imitation of the early miners who, with pick and shovels, sought gold on the Pacific Coast. Instead of the traditional bacon and beans, these latter-day diggers had a well-stocked commissary department, where refreshment, both liquid and solid, was dispensed without money and without price to the hungry and the thirsty.

A good-natured tradesman dispensed hot sausages; another passed around rosy-cheeked apples and the whole affair took on the character of a jolly picnic. But the merriment in no way interfered with the work and at the end of the day's labor, 1042 trees had been planted, staked and protected from predatory animals.

From this arbor-day much enthusiasm has grown. Other towns have taken up the work and it is certain that this wholesale tree planting will continue in California, until every highway and byway shall be made to "blossom as the rose" or at least to form a comfortable, shaded avenue for the traveler who journeys that way.

Stockton, Cal.

AN ARIZONA CACTUS.

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

THE burning sun has scorched the rainless ground,
Where the volcano's progeny still lie;
And yet, beneath an unrelenting sky,
What creatures born to beauty may be found!
Just now we caught a bird's melodious sound
In unison blending with the pine's low sigh,
The while a daisy's all unenvious eye
Watched a near juniper with glory crowned.
But, chief of all, behold yon crimson flame
The sun has kindled on the stone's gray breast
Within the Cactus's exulting heart!
Beside thy light all others seem but tame—
Thou desert-torch, thou beauty's topmost crest,
No voice could sing how wonderful thou art.

San Francisco, Cal.

DUCK HUNTING, AS A WOMAN DUCK-HUNTER SEES IT.

By FANNY B. REESE.



HAUNTED with the newspapers' glowing reports of the success of the hunters this season, with my beloved retriever, Rufus, sitting disconsolately by my shot-gun locked in its case (as though he, too, were haunted by memories of the smell of the marsh and the cry of wild geese), and with the sad realization that I am a "stranger outside the gates" of the gun-club preservers, I am impelled to an attempt at solace in reminiscences.

Quail-hunting is, I believe, considered the finest of shot-gun sport, and there is undoubtedly great pleasure in it, if you have a good open country, with a good covey, and a good quail-dog. But my experience in hunting quail does not justify all that devotees to that sport claim for it. Generally, I have tramped for miles through corn-fields, with the great stalks slapping me in the face at every step, or through broad tracts of cockle-burrs, or over hot and dusty stubble-fields, to have my game either run just ahead of me for a mile, or take refuge in some briery bramble or willow tree.

To compare that unfruitful, exhausting effort to a comfortable "blind" out on a lake, the tules sheltering you from sight and sun, your dog—shivering with delight and anticipation—in hiding with you and a fair flight of ducks—I prefer the duck-hunt.

Every woman who shoots has at some time during her initial



efforts experienced qualms of conscience, not exactly over shooting, but over the opinions of others who do not shoot. They like to impress upon her that she is a degenerate and finds delight in taking life. There are so many arguments on both sides of the question of the moral right and wrong of hunting, that a woman of finer feeling must necessarily be swayed by both sides; but taken as a whole, in our present state of enlightenment, hunting is certainly able to hold its own in the discussion.

Until the principle that "to kill is wrong," regardless of the victim's high or low position in the scale of animal life, is universally accepted; until this great world renounces the gratification of its appetite by the slaughter of domestic animals—animals



that have been educated to a perfect confidence in man by the kindly treatment of their keeper who has fed, and tended them, nursed and petted them—only to find themselves delivered by him to the slaughterpens, where they stand gazing after him in an agony of fear, only to have him for the first time utterly disregard their cries of distress; and until this world abandons those theories that make every woman's drawing-room window a fly-paper slaughter-house, where the miserable victims after hours of torture tear themselves asunder before the unabashed eyes of the dainty woman who would cry out at seeing a dove dispatched in an instantaneous and humane manner—until that day comes, arguments against hunting will remain weak and futile.

As long as you can continue to rid yourself of your pests—to kill the moles and gophers that ruin your lawn, the garden-bugs and worms that devour your pet plants, and to make use of such

instruments of torture as the mouse-trap, do not lift your voice against the hunter, who, in the most humane manner known to man, decreases the farmers' pests—blackbirds, doves, quail ducks, geese and rabbits.

Ask a grain farmer what the hunting season means to him, and he will tell you that the season should be lengthened to protect the farmer, instead of being shortened to protect the game. Many an invitation have we received from the farmers to "come down and bring along some of your hunting friends as the blackbirds are picking up the wheat almost as fast as we sow it;" or "the doves are fairly ruining my Egyptian corn," or "we have acres of white geese every morning in our grain fields." And



this is to say nothing of that all-the-year-round pest of the farmer, the rabbit.

A cloudy, heavy day—a gun—a dog—a "blind"—a flight—where is greater sport? To sit there hidden, imitating the duck's note, for which my best ability is sufficient only to fill the circling mallard with mild curiosity; to see your incomparable dog watching the skies for a glimpse of game, and to note his strain of eye-search change to expectant, shivering eagerness when he finds on the horizon a tiny, swift-sailing speck, or sees an arrow-headed streak of birds coming your way; to sit there scenting the marshy, fishy, smelly air; to hear the keen note of a distant duck, the occasional slipper-slopper of an old mud-hen; to hear the glorious flight of the wild geese as they scream through the high heavens; and then, as your game comes near, to use your whole skill, aim, and geometrical precision to gauge the distance, speed

and direction of the bird, his approximate wheeling propensities, the carrying power of your gun, the velocity of your shot, the intersection of his line of flight and your line of shot, all in one rare indescribable flash of the brain; to translate that swift judgment into instant action and to see the bird whirl down, a well-earned tribute to your skill—that is sport!

The greater the perfection of workmanship in your gun and the greater the difficulties of position, time, speed, and angle, the keener the enjoyment; and while, of course, to see the game fall is the very acme of the enjoyment, at the same time, each shot—whether the result be success or failure—brings a pleasure. As in golf or billiards, a stroke brilliant in itself may not win a count, yet that does not detract from the beauty of its aim and



relation; a card-player may have a "hand" beautiful in itself, yet in the sequence of the game it may prove useless to him; a checker-player may make the initial move of a board-sweeping campaign, but his adversary's next move may prove his Waterloo; the fox may "get away," but the chase was well worth while. An unsuccessful shot adds to keen enjoyment a keen disappointment; yet every hunter will contend that "T'were better to have shot and missed than to have had no chance to shoot at all."

Down at a certain California lake renowned for its fine hunting, lives an old "market-hunter" named "Pat." He says he earns his living, if living it may be called, by hunting, and if there are two things that Pat knows he can do, one is to kill a duck and the other is to "thrain" a dog. Many's the day we have spent on that lake hunting with him, but never did we see him kill a duck,

As for his "dog-thrainin," he had always either just lost his own "foine dog as likely a fellow as ye want to see, and tinder wid de birds," and was now just breaking in a new dog which he had "only had out a wake;" or else Pat was dogless and, as he himself expressed it, "doin' me own raytravin." It was a well-known fact that for all Pat's record-breaking brags, his livelihood was accomplished by netting turtles, and by trapping birds rather than by shooting them.

Many of the hunters who had preceded us told great tales of Pat's filthy habits as a camp cook, into which service they had cajoled him. We took our cook with us, and when Pat made sure of that fact, he hung around camp offering to make himself useful



as a guide to the best shooting places. One day he grew confidential, after he had partaken of our well-cooked dinner, and told us that "most of thim town folks whin they come out here, thry to git me to do their cooking for me meals; but Oi've always a plinty to ate, and not loikin' to rayfuse 'im and be rude-loike, Oi always just let thim see me pale the prathies or wash oop the dishes, and thin they don't niver ask me to cook any more, for Oi'm tellin' ye, whin Oi've a moind to it, Oi kin be dirty enough." Whether or not Pat had a mind to it all the year round, I know not, but he certainly had the dirt; and after seeing him make camp-bread for himself one day, we agreed that the "town-folks" had done well and wisely to move their camp.

At the lake, in the season, there is always that ready "pilot" who can take you in a boat to where you can find "all manner of birds in no time," but who, after dragging you around for hours

with absolutely no success, will inform you that he knew all the time this was not the place to come to, and that he had told you so at the start, but that he can take you to a "daisy" place about 'steen miles away, where you can get the limit in an hour. He is wise enough to make the distance between you and the "daisy place" so great that you cannot go and return by train-time.

Then there is that bore who is "having bad luck today," due to his having some other fellow's gun out "for a try;" or his gun is dirty; or else he has just changed shells—it's anything except a lack of skill on his part.

And the fellow who echoes your shot and claims your bird, or when he misses and you bring the game down, he claims you shot his "cripple"! And last but not least, that most disgusting



of hunting-pests—the fellow who insists on jumping out of the blind about every two minutes "to have a look around and see what's coming." Even the dogs hate him for his lack of stability and for his false alarms; for the first requirement of hunting from a blind is "patience, sweet patience," and a firm belief that all things come to him who waits.

And at night-fall, to return to camp, tired, dirty, cold, wet and oh so hungry, and feast on browned ducks (baked in a Dutch oven), hot camp-bread and black coffee. The woman hunter finds her appetite apace with the others, and she will eat with great relish mixtures from rusty tin pans and cups, seasoned with the inevitable midges and bugs of camp-life, food that would disgust her did she find it on her own home table.

Afterward, to take off one's boots, substitute a flannel cap for the sun-hat, and crawl into a nest of blankets for a few hours'

sleep before setting out for the midnight flight of wild geese at the artesian well a mile or two away.

Not the least of the enjoyment to me is to see my dog work. An English retriever, keen-scented, quick-eyed, obedient and persevering, the mere sight of an empty shot-gun shell fills him with enthusiasm. Never has he refused a bird for us. Once, when a sharp wind was blowing and the water in the slough was icy cold, he hesitated a moment on the bank. My husband called him to "get in there," and in he went, out on the other side, breaking his way through a green, mossy growth and returning with a big mallard drake in his mouth. The poor dog moaned as he came up to us, dropped the duck at our feet, and began



rolling over and over in a spasm of pain. A man standing near informed us that the dog had gone through a bed of nettles on the opposite bank of the slough, and had it not been for Rufus's thick coat, and the generous amount of lard we used on him, he would no doubt have had lock-jaw. Now, when he hesitates, we investigate before urging him.

But to see that dog dive after a crippled duck, or bring in two or three big ducks at one trip, stopping in the middle of the distance to take a better hold on some active, wounded bird, and to see him come directly to us with his game regardless of how many invitations he may have from the other hunters to "drop it" or to "put it down," is really worth while. He is a courageous fellow, too, has had many desperate fights with the long-legged giant birds of the lake, and generally wins the fight, although quite often they peck at his eyes till when he comes in his face is dripping with blood.



Sometimes when here are several of us hunting together with only one dog, I have rebelled at my dog's having to do all the work, and have tied him up for a rest; but his grief is so genuine, his howls so disconsolate, and his efforts to choke himself so violent, that I am usually glad to let him loose again.

To the woman who expects to take her initial duck-hunt this season I should say, first, provide yourself with a comfortable hunaing suit; a big sun-hat faced with black, and with strings to tie it down; a tan eiderdown, close-fitting jacket, (this garment is really most essential, as the stretchy quality of the eiderdown admits of perfect freedom of the arms, and its warmth is welcome, too); a cotton covert-skirt, short and full, with bloomers of the same material—you are sure to get wet and muddy and should have a skirt that can be replaced with little cost or trouble; a pair of big, water-proof boots; a pair of men's gauntlet gloves; a "skeleton" vest to carry your shells in; and, last but not least, a man's corduroy hunting-jacket. A dressmaker has absolutely no idea of what is necessary for comfort in a shooting jacket, so the best plan is to buy a man's coat and be done with it. Take a bit of cold cream for the first day out your lips will chap; and be sure to put a few raisins and some stick candy in your coat pocket—they will help you over many a tiresome wait.

As for your gun, do not use one that is too heavy. True, it will not leave your shoulder as blue, but the extra weight tells on a woman when she has to carry it far. Be sure that your gun "drops" to fit you, or you may return with a blackened cheek. Get the best of shells, even if it is your first time out, for a poor load when one is out for pleasure is worse than none at all.

Wear a pad on your gunstock, and if after a hunt you must refrain for awhile from wearing thin shirtwaists on account of a discolored arm and shoulder, do not be disturbed; for, by-and-by, if you shoot, say 250 shells on a trip, you will like the shooting so much that you will not mind the bruise. And also, by-and-by, your arm will bruise less, unless you indulge in a bit of trap-shooting now and then.

You will find that feminine nerves grow steady with a shot-gun in hand—and it does not sound half so loud when you do the shooting yourself. A few days' hunting is equivalent to a "rest-cure."

A bit of advice—scorn to be behind time in anything when you are out with a hunting party; scorn to have to be helped over the rough places, for if you cannot climb (or fall) over by yourself, you should not be out with the party, and much less should you have the responsibility of carrying a gun when there are others in the neighborhood.

If you fall out of the boat or the blind into the lake, laugh with the rest of them whether you are mad or not; and be obliging enough not to take cold—at least not until you reach home—otherwise you will spoil your husband's enjoyment of the hunt.

Scorn to have anyone carry your gun or shells for you, and be ready to do whatever your husband suggests, even if it be to walk three miles on a very poor prospect of game, or to go back a mile or so for dinner when you are more tired than hungry.


Scorn to criticize the camp food, or your camp bed. It's your own fault if you slept cold; for you should have taken just twice the number of blankets that they said you would need. Forget all about your complexion; for if you develop into a companionable sportsman, your husband will forgive and forget the freckles.

Above all, be careful of your gun, and don't use it for a walking stick; and, if you have poor luck and find no game, be a man just for once, and scorn to say, "I told you so."

Los Angeles, Cal.

A SPANISH SERENADE.

By MABEL PORTER PITTS.

OME to thy window, love, let me behold thee;
 Night will be sweeter far, if thou but linger near.
 Soft sings the nightingale, sings near thy window,
 Telling his mate of love, passionate, sincere.
 Queen of my life, let me repeat his story,
 Close not thy heart; oh, do not turn away.—
 Bid me but hope—'twill fill the night with glory;
 Be thou my queen, let me, thy slave, obey.

Love is an ember that we should keep glowing;
 Do not destroy the spark from which the flame is fed;
 For naught shall give it life once it has perished,
 E'en lips like thine cannot revive it when 'tis dead.
 Then fill the time with joys for which I'm sighing;
 Close in thine arms my exile I'd forget.
 Give me thy lips, no sweets they hold denying,
 Lest in some sad tomorrow we regret.

There's not a flower but knows the love I cherish,
 There's not a breeze but whispers, dear, of thee.
 Come, pluck the rose of life, now, ere it perish;
 Share thou its rich perfume, this night, with me.

San Francisco, Cal.

ADORNED AS A BRIDE.

By DAVID ATKINS.



WHEN the steamer from Cape Nome to San Francisco put into Seattle on its way down the Coast, Myron Beal cast off his winter covering like some migratory bird. Corduroy, furs, and high rubber boots were exchanged for a broadcloth coat, and trousers of that peculiar lavender hue preferred by the festive miner. He also purchased for himself a heavy gold watch-chain, and while in the jeweler's, enquired diffidently about ladies' rings; for he had promised Amy that he would buy one for her as soon as he was rich. The clerk thoughtlessly asked the size, and he withdrew in confusion; he would have to wait till he reached San Francisco.

He had not told Amy of his luck—that was going to be her big surprise, and the reward for her faith and waiting. He had not yet ceased to wonder that she saw in him anything to admire.

His was the last steamer of the season out of Nome, and it carried the camp's dregs—saloon-keepers, gamblers, light women, and worse. But he had been so utterly alone during the three long years in the North that he regarded it as a show, in which he had no part but that of spectator; and he looked on all the gaiety with eyes half contemptuous, half afraid.

It was not till he left Seattle that his standpoint changed. On the first half of the voyage he had passed unnoticed, but at Seattle a reporter had got hold of his story, and his fellow passengers learned by the evening paper that his fortune ran into millions. This knowledge changed him at once from an insignificant figure to the center of attention. There was a new deference in men's attitude, and a new interest in the women's. At first the change alarmed him, and he drew further into his reserve. Then came a wild desire to put this new-found power to the test, before he felt again the restrictions of his old life.

These women who looked so at him—dare he joke with them lightly, as did his fellow miners? He urged his duty to Amy as an excuse; but still he knew he dared not; and his long faithfulness lost its virtue.

There was not enough sleeping room on the steamer for half the passengers, and at about nine o'clock the steward and his helpers rolled away the saloon tables, and made up beds for a

host of men on the floor. Thus, at this hour, every one was driven to the deck; and a spirit of comradeship, like that born of wreck and disaster, prevailed on board. Yet in spite of this freedom Myron Beal could not summon courage to seek the acquaintance of any of the passengers.

Patricia O'Neill, "the Irish Dancer and Vaudeville Star," was the belle of the ship. A splendidly proportioned woman, well-dressed, good-humored, and witty, she had the pick of the men about her in a swarm from morning to night, though these—the lawyers, merchants, and drummers—were differentiated from the miners only by a certain surface polish acquired from hotel life in the city. She reigned over them as a queen, and they appeared very willing subjects, even though, behind her back, they took pains to raise significant eyebrows.

Into the outskirts of this sophisticated crowd dipped at intervals a few awkward miners who resented the idea that any sphere was too good for them, and who chose to be uncomfortably dazzled rather than at ease in a lesser light. Observing this whole stellar system, with its complacent planets and veering comets, and feeling as far out of it as an astronomer, sat Myron Beal, lowering angrily. He need not have been without the society of women, if he had wanted it; but what was within his reach did not lure. He savagely desired the companionship, the obedience, of this one gay, laughing woman.

A ball was arranged for the night before they were due in San Francisco, as the sea was glass-like, and the moon full. During the afternoon, grips were ransacked for something suitable to wear, and at dinner it appeared that most of the women had come prepared for such a possibility. Their attire, strictly conventional, left nothing to question—but taste. As for the men, they agreed to make the best of it. A few had evening dress, and others appeared in tweed and tan shoes. The miners, many of them, considered themselves faultlessly arrayed in the black clothes which, in camp, are used alternately for funerals and dances; while a few of the unprepared boldly made their appearance in full Nome costume, declaring their intention of standing by the clothes that had seen them through the season.

Myron left the table early, and secured a seat at the head of the companion-way. He could not dance, and only the weight of the gold watch-chain on his stomach comforted him. As he sat there, the sun sank in the sea, and the light of the day changed imperceptibly to the softer light of the moon which rose full-orbed above the far coast-hills of California. Glowing horizon clouds took on a riper yellow, the sea a darker blue, and the pale sky slowly deepened, revealing one by one the brighter stars.

As Myron marked all this, and felt the throbbing of the insistent propeller, he realized that if he had been returning only moderately rich he would have been sitting now with no thought but of Amy and the ranch they had planned to work on when they could afford to get married. As it was, he was discontented and ravenous for recognition.

Bare-armed, queenly, beautiful beyond question, Patricia O'Neill appeared at the head of the companion-way, a silhouette of low color against the risen moon. As a waiting group of men started to greet her, Myron half rose from his seat.

Her appearance seemed to be the signal for the musicians. The chaos of the crowded decks quickened into order, and the whole motley throng arranged itself like the stars of heaven circling in unison. Only Myron Beal was out of it, jealous as Satan at creation.

The first waltz over, the crowd broke again into disorder; and as Myron sat there he heard a man ask his companion to sit out the next dance with him. This was his cue, and he took it. He rose from his seat, and pushed his way into the group around the professional dancer.

"Miss O'Neill," he said doggedly, "will you sit out the next dance with me?"

He stood flushed and determined, and the men moved away from him, smiling at each other, and over Myron's shoulders at Patricia O'Neill.

"Mr. Beal, I believe," she said, bowing slightly. "I shall be delighted. Say the next but one, though; the next is promised. I want to ask you quite a lot of questions." Then, as the band struck up, she turned to her partner, and they swung off together.

Myron returned to his seat, every vein throbbing with excitement. He saw that there had been some slight amusement at his cost; but he saw, too, that he had awakened resentment, and he was elated. The dance seemed interminable, and yet he was afraid to see it end.

He went forward to claim her. She made it all very easy for him, and settled with visible contentment into her seat.

"I would so much rather talk than dance, Mr. Beal, and I am very grateful to you for giving me this chance. You don't dance at all?"

"No, my early training that way was neglected, I guess," replied Myron, blushing.

"You don't disapprove?" she questioned archly. "You know I make my living by it."

"Oh, no! I don't disapprove for a second," he replied. "I've seen you dance in Nome, and you do it fine. I wish I could."

"Oh, it's very easy to learn," she returned; "and there are lots of men who can dance who can't do anything else. Now there was not one of that crowd back there had the sense to see that I was tired, and would be glad to sit and talk for awhile."

"Give me another dance later on, then," said Myron, boldly.

She smiled at him. "You don't miss your chances, anyhow, Mr. Beal. You deserve it, and I'll give it you. But not till the end, for there are others, you know. But it will be cold then for sitting out."

"Oh, I'll get some wraps," said Myron, gayly.

He was in a delirium of inconsequence. That he should have won her from out that crowd gave him a new opinion of his powers. He felt that he had not tasted life before—that he had walked blindly.

He passed the intervening time thinking of naught but their brief conversation. When his turn came 'round again, he went to claim her, and led her back. She chatted gayly as he wrapped her in his rugs, and he soon lost all feeling of restraint.

"Mr. Beal, you're cold yourself," she said suddenly, "and you've given me all the wraps. Now you've got to share them. All you men are just the same when you're with a woman. Do you think I'll be happy when your teeth are chattering?"

With timid fingers Myron took the portion of the wraps she offered and tucked it 'round his body. Her proximity as they sat together intoxicated him.

"You've had a long, hard season in Nome," she said sympathetically; "and now, I suppose, you're looking forward to some frolicking. You struck it rich, as they say, didn't you?"

"I had more than a season in Nome," he answered. "I've been there for three years. Yes, I did strike it pretty good the week we sailed, and I sold my claim to the syndicate, too, before I left, so I guess I've got enough to last for awhile. But I don't know about frolicking. I've never bothered much about society, and I thought of buying a ranch and going off. You see, it don't come natural for me to be smart like the crowd that is always hanging 'round you. I say what I think, and very often I don't say anything."

He felt the pressure of her shoulder against his own. He thought he could feel the beating of her heart, and he said earnestly, almost passionately: "You see, I'm one of the kind that likes a home, and a fireside to sit by. I guess I'm afraid of no one," he added, thinking of his bold bid for her companionship. "But then, you see, it isn't everyone I care for."

As though she felt that he was growing too confidential, she drew away from him with a perceptible movement. He was

instantly self-reproachful; but she showed no sign of offended dignity in her answer.

"I understand just how you feel. But then, I guess you're married, and that makes a big difference."

"No, I'm not married," he returned quickly.

"Then you shouldn't think of ranching. You'll find some woman who loves you, and who will make life in town a pleasure for you. There's no place like San Francisco to enjoy yourself in. Everyone's a good fellow, and easy to meet; and there's always something doing—suppers, theaters, racing. With all your money it would be a shame not to see something of life."

This so confirmed his desires that he took it for truth. As he pondered, he felt that her warm hand had slipped against his own beneath the wrap. Again he was thrilled with exquisite sensation, and as he questioned whether he should affect to notice, she sharply withdrew it.

She rose to go, and Myron walked with her to the companion-way.

"You should think over what I say, Mr. Beal. If you marry the right woman, there's no place like San Francisco."

If she had known his state of heart, she could not have uttered a sentence more sharp, more barbed. Was Amy the right woman? On the one hand there was ranch-life with her—and it had grown suddenly loathsome. On the other, with the right woman—and she stood revealed in his mind as Patricia O'Neill—suppers, theatres, races; all that life he had been afraid to taste.

They were due in San Francisco on the afternoon of the following day; and Myron saw little of his new acquaintance. When he succeeded in catching her eye, she nodded brightly, but it was in vain he sought opportunity to speak to her on the terms of the previous night.

As the steamer passed the last point of land that shut off the Bay of San Francisco, and the city of sunlit houses, ribbed with wide shadowed streets, opened out before his gaze, Patricia O'Neill came and stood by his side, and looked at the city without speaking for a moment.

"Are you glad to be home again?" she asked, still keeping her eyes on the view.

Myron turned to look at her profile. "I don't know," he answered, truthfully. "I suppose I would be, if I knew what I was going to do with myself."

"Oh, you'll find plenty to do," she replied, swinging 'round and facing him.

"I hope I'll see something of you," he returned reddening.

"You may call, if you like," she answered, looking down. "I'm

stopping at the Oriental. Good-bye for the present, then. I must get my baggage together and be off."

Myron lost sight of her in the crowd, and turned to look after his own baggage. The wharf was thronged with welcoming friends; but among them all Myron saw no one that he knew.

He boldly sent his own things to the Oriental, and then boarded a Mission-street car, with the intention of seeing Amy. In spite of all his mental turmoil, this was a duty he did not question.

He passed the dingy room in which he had lived alone in the days before he went North, when he had worked as a clerk in a down-town store, and a block further on he came to the house where Amy Mayne lived. It seemed more poverty-stricken and insignificant than ever, and he got off the car with a sense almost of shame.

She had written so often and so fully that he knew just how things were. There was no possibility of surprise for him; none of the allurements of uncertainty.

The garden gate was on one hinge, and standing open. The front door of the little house was also open, and through it he could hear the querulous voice of her mother. A smell of steam, of washing clothes, and a stale odor of dinner greeted his nostrils. It was all too vividly the mean past from which he had escaped to fail to irritate him.

He found his way in without knocking, as he had always done, and stepped noiselessly. He had planned this surprise when he made his lucky strike, and now, mechanically, he carried it out.

Without a sound he opened the door of the kitchen, which he knew at this time of the day was their living room, and found her on her knees, dirty and bedraggled, scrubbing the floor.

"Amy," he said gently.

She sprang to her feet with a cry.

"Myron, dear! Oh, Myron, you are back!"

He picked her up in his arms. She was very light, and he could feel her protruding bones. His year-long yearning for her lost its power. He held her coldly, and was unresponsive to her caresses, awkward as though he bore in his arms some strange overgrown child.

"Well, I hope you made some money," commented her mother, with a shrewd glance at his watch-chain.

"Enough to come down with," said Myron resentfully.

"Are you surprised to see me, Amy?" he asked, looking into the face of the girl as he put her down.

"Oh, I'm so glad I don't know," she replied, happily. "Myron, dear, let me put on my things and go for a walk with you. There's so much to talk about."

"I can't just now. I have some business to see to; but if I call for you tonight, will you go somewhere with me? Fix yourself up a bit—we may go to the theatre."

He kissed her again and went out. If she had been clean; if she had even the color and blood of some of the girls who passed him on the street, he might have felt differently; but she seemed old, and she had said nothing in the letters about the spectacles which made her look so foolish, and the thin hair and fading color. He knew that they had been very poor; but it was hard, he felt, that she was no longer even good-looking.

He sat thoughtful in the car. He had no generalizations about love to help him, but looked at the question of marriage in the simplest way. There were better women, and he could afford, with all his money, to be more ambitious than would be possible with Amy. Was he to feel bound by a promise of his youth, made in ignorance, made before he realized that there was any life outside that of the little church community with its "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"—commandments which out in the world he had come from were disregarded?

Nevertheless, he would take her to the theatre that night, as he had promised. Perhaps it would be made easy for him to break with her there; for it could not be done in the squalor of her home. He went to the office of the Orpheum, and bought two tickets for the dress circle. As he passed the entrance of the place, he saw Patricia O'Neill was billed as one of the stars. He stopped, wondering whether he should go, under the circumstances. Then he decided that fate might possibly arrange things a great deal better than he could.

After dinner he called at the house again for Amy, and found her ready and waiting. In the dim light she looked more presentable, and his heart warmed a little toward the poor, eager girl. She had a scrap of fur around her throat, and a gay-colored coat over a cotton shirt-waist. She wore eye-glasses now, instead of spectacles, and they gave her sharp face an air of dignity and refinement.

They got on the car, and were squeezed close together. He thought of the talk with Patricia O'Neill, when she sat by his side, and he could not help noticing the difference in his sensations; for he felt now only a perplexing pity for his companion.

In the full light of the theatre he saw how shabby she was, and as he led the way to their seats, he realized that more eyes than his own had marked the contrast between them.

He saw that her fur was moth-eaten; that her dress was ill-fitting and fastened together with pins; and when she removed her hat, he noticed again the thinness of her colorless hair.

Patricia O'Neill was a favorite, and had been expected to appear the previous night, so that a crowd of admirers who were waiting for her greeted her appearance with tremendous applause—applause that intoxicated Myron, who remembered how she had looked at him on the steamer.

If the shrinking girl at his side had seemed colorless before, she was now almost repugnant. He kept his eyes averted, though he could feel that she was looking shyly at him every few minutes.

Patricia O'Neill threw a kiss to the right, a kiss to the left, and a kiss directly to Myron Beal. Then, with the windy music of the harps, she broke into her seductive dancing—gently, at first, as the breaking of still blue water into ripples; then faster and faster, till her motion fired the mind, like the rhythmic beating of waves upon a rocky shore. The crowded house swayed with her; and as for Myron, he gave himself up to her charming, and to wild-colored dreams.

Her turn finished in thunders of applause, and she appeared time and time again, throwing kisses always directly to Myron, he felt. Then the next turn began, and he tried to force himself to the act of telling his change of heart to the girl at his side.

"Wasn't she beautiful, Myron?" she said, in a whisper.

He turned and looked at her happy upturned face. There was a bright color in her cheeks, and she slipped her hand into his, with none of the coquetry of Patricia O'Neill, but with no less effect. It was almost the hand of a skeleton, and his heart throbbed with pity. The last time he had held her hand, he had promised to buy a ring for her when he could afford it; and now, though he had all the money he wanted, her poor hand was bare.

The act went on without his attention. Sensitive to criticism, he heard, or fancied he heard, some slighting remark from behind. Then, suddenly, he felt a general turn toward the left. Following the gaze of the people round him he saw that Patricia O'Neill, gorgeously arrayed, had entered a box, and was gayly aware of the sensation she was causing.

He kept his eyes upon her, noting her splendid gown and her jeweled fingers, and contrasting her with Amy; and, as he watched, he saw her deliberately raise her opera glasses, and point them toward himself and his shabby companion. He flushed with mortification, but did not remove his eyes from her. He saw her scribble a note and give it to an attendant.

A few moments later he was tapped on the elbow, and handed the note, which he unfolded and read, conscious that the dancer was watching him. It asked him to come up and sit with her in the box, unless he was attending the fair lady by his side.

Myron flushed angrily, but whether his anger was directed to-

ward Amy or the woman who taunted him from the box he did not know himself. He looked again at his companion, who was eagerly following the movements of a conjurer. Conscious of his scrutiny, she turned to him, and gently pressed his hand.

Again he thought he heard a titter from the woman behind; again he was conscious of the dancer's eyes, and questioning smile.

He looked kindly down upon the girl, and the very motion of his muscles as he set himself to smile seemed to change the current of his thoughts, and open the floodgates of old memories and affections.

He threw his arm about her, resting it upon the back of her chair. This should be her adornment.

Sonora, Cal.

THE COWBOY'S SANCTUARY.

By A. B. BENNETT.

THE thing I like about them purple hills
Is this—no man has made them what they are
They Was, before they built this big hotel
They look out high beyond it, looking far.

And they have handsome shades you never see,
A smiling in the morning through the haze;
At noontime, like a lion when he sleeps;
At sundown, watch the west with wishful gaze.

No, Pardner, churches never catches me.
I've seen the starchy crowds drill out in town,
And shunned them looming steeples when I passed;
But here, like these, I pray as sun goes down.

I see them miles and miles of firelit clouds—
The cañons and the ridges standing clear—
Big swaths of purple shadows lit with rose,
And think of things so deep they fetch a tear.

Encenada, Lower Cal.

IRIS



A FOUNDER OF TEN TOWNS.

By DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA).



UPON a grassy plateau, overlooking the flats of the Owl River, was spread out Pezpéza's town. The edges of the table land were defined by the river's bed, and it was sufficiently high for the little inhabitants to command the valley up and down for a considerable distance. Shungéla paháh, or Fox Ridge, stretched upward on the horizon, and the rough country back of it formed many ravines and gulches for the solitary habitations of wolves and foxes.

No prettier site could be imagined for a town of the prairie-dog people, among whom there is no more enterprising frontiersman than Pezpéza. Although it was situated in plain sight of one of the large summer camps of the wild Sioux, the little people had been left unmolested. The wild men lived then in the midst of the greatest game region of the Dakotas, and, beside, they had always looked upon the little Mound-Builders as having once been real people like themselves.

All over the plateau, which was semi-circular in form, were scattered hundreds of mounds; and on that particular morning when the early Sioux hunter rode up upon his favorite pony, every house was alive with the inhabitants. Upon the mounds of the old deserted houses stood the faithful and good neighbor, Pezpéza ta áyanpahálah, "Pezpéza's herald," the owl; for if any house is left vacant, he immediately occupies it. Here and there upon a sun-baked mound lay coiled the other neighbor, Sintáy-hadah, the rattlesnake.

The herald had announced the coming of the wild horseman upon his hunting pony; therefore every prairie-dog had repaired to the top of the mound beside his dwelling. Some stood upon their hind legs that they might better see for themselves the approaching danger, and from this place of safety they all shrilly scolded the intruder; while the little herald, who had done his duty and once more fulfilled his unspoken contract with his hosts to be their scout and crier, perched calmly upon a chosen mound and made his observations.

In the middle of the town, upon a large mound, there stood an unusually large "dog." When the warning was given, he had slowly dragged himself outside. His short, thick fur was much yellower than that of the others, a sign of advancing age; and while the citizens were noisy in their protests, he alone was silent. It was Pezpéza, the founder of this town and of many another, the experienced traveler. His old friend, the faithful herald, who

had just given warning, perched not far away. These two had journeyed together and shared each other's hardships, but Pezpéza was the prime mover in it all, and there was none wiser than he among his people.

Pezpéza's biographer and interpreter tells thus of his wonderful frontier life and adventures.

Pezpéza was one of many children of an old couple who lived upon the Missouri River bottoms. He had learned while yet small that the little prairie owl was their very good neighbor and friend. He had repaired and occupied one of their abandoned houses. It was generally understood by the little Mound-Builders that this quiet, unassuming bird notifies them of approaching danger; and having no bad habits, the prairie-dogs had tacitly accepted him as a desirable and useful townsman. The owl, on his part, finds a more convenient home and better food in the towns than he could possibly find elsewhere, for there are plants peculiar to the situation which attract certain insects, mice and birds, and these in turn furnish food for the owls.

Their mutual neighbor, the rattlesnake, lay at times under a strong suspicion of treachery, and was not liked any too well by the other two. However, the canny and cold-hearted snake had proved his usefulness beyond any doubt, and was accepted under strict and well-understood conditions. He was like the negro in the South—he was permitted to dwell in the same town, but he must not associate with the other two upon equal terms. It is clear that the dog and the owl together could whip and terrorize the snake and force him to leave the premises at any time if they felt so disposed; but there is a sufficient reason for allowing him to remain. The wolf, coyote, fox, swift and badger, all enemies of the little Mound-Builders, will not linger long in the neighborhood of rattlesnakes, and this is equally true of the Indian hunter. The coyote and badger could easily lie flat behind the mound and spring upon the prairie-dog when he comes out of his hole. The Sioux boy could do the same with his horse-hair noose. But these wild hunters, with full knowledge of the deadly rattlesnake, dare not expose themselves in such a fashion. The snake, on his side, gets his food much easier there than anywhere else, since all kinds of small birds come there for seeds. Further, his greatest enemies are certain large birds, which do not fear his poison, but swoop down, seize him and eat him in mid-air. From this danger he is safer in a dog town than elsewhere, owing to the multitude of holes, which are ingeniously dug upward and off at one side from the main burrow, and are much better than the snake can provide for himself.

Pezpéza was like all the young people of his tribe. He loved play, but never played with the snake young people—on the con-

trary, he would stand at a safe distance and upbraid them until they retired from his premises. It was not so with the children of the little herald, the owl. In fact, he had played with them ever since he could remember, and the attachment between them became permanent. Wherever Pezpéza goes, the little owl always comes and sits near by upon some convenient mound. If any hawk is in sight, and if he should see it first, he would at once give the warning and Pezpéza would run for his house.

Every day some prairie-dog left the town in quest of a new home. The chief reason for this was over-population—hence, scarcity of food; for the ground does not yield a sufficient quantity for so many.

One morning as he was coming out of their house, Pezpéza found his father lying dead within the entrance. At first he would not go by, but at last he left the house as did the rest of the family. None returned to their old home. The mother and children built a new house on the edge of the town, dangerously near a creek, and the old homestead was after that owned by a large rattlesnake family, who had always loafed about the place. The new home was a good one and the new ground yielded an abundant crop, but they were harassed by the wolves and wildcats because they were near the creek and within easy approach.

Pezpéza was out feeding one morning with a brother when all at once the owl gave the warning. They both ran for the house and Pezpéza got in safe, but his brother was carried off by a wolf.

When he came out again, the place was not what it used to be to him. He had a desire to go somewhere else, and off he started without telling anyone. He followed an old buffalo trail which lay over the plain and up the Owl River.

The river wound about among the hills and between deeply cut banks, forming wide bottom lands, well timbered with cottonwoods. It was a warm day of blue haze in the early spring, and Pezpéza ran along in excellent spirits. Suddenly a warning screech came from behind, and he lay flat, immovable, upon the path. Ah, it is his friend the young herald, the owl playmate! The owl had seen his young friend run away over the prairie, so he flew to join him, giving no thought to his people or his own affairs.

The herald flew ahead and perched upon a convenient mound until his friend came up; then he went ahead again. Thus the two traveled over the plain until they came to a point where many buffalo skulls lay scattered over the ground. Here, some years before, the Indians had annihilated a herd of buffalo in a great hunt.

As usual the herald flew ahead and took up his position upon

a buffalo skull which lay nose downward. The skull was now bleached white, but the black horns were still attached to it. The herald sat between these horns.

Meanwhile Pezpéza was coming along the buffalo path at a fairly good speed. Again he heard the danger call and ran for the nearest skull to hide. He was glad to find that the thin bones of the nose were gone so that he could easily enter it. He was not any too quick in finding a refuge, for a large eagle swooped down with a rush and sat by the skull. Pezpéza had crouched in the inner cavity, and when he was discovered he made a great show of indignation and fight. But the eagle, having made a careful study of the position of his intended victim, finally flew away, and in due time Pezpéza proceeded on his journey.

He did not go far, but when he had found a level, grassy plateau, commanding all the approaches, he began without delay to dig a home for himself, for he is not safe a moment without a home. The herald sat a little way off upon a stray boulder, and occasionally he would fly out for a short distance and then return.

The sun hovered over Fox Ridge, and long columns of shadow were cast by the hills. Pezpéza, weary with his long journey and the work of digging a home at least deep enough for a night's occupancy, had laid himself away in it to sleep. The herald, as usual, constituted himself a night watch and perched upon the newly made mound. There he sat with his head sunk deep in his soft feathers.

No sooner had the sun set in the west than the full moon appeared in the east, but the owl still sat motionless. He did not move even when a grey wolf came trotting along the buffalo trail. When he came opposite the mound he stopped and held his muzzle low. At last he cautiously advanced, and when he was dangerously near, the owl flew away and the wolf rushed upon the mound and stood for a while peering into the hole.

It was now the herald's turn to annoy. It is true he cannot do anything more than bluff, but he is skilled in that. Especially at night, his gleaming eyes and the snapping of his bill, together with his pretentious swoop, make even the grey wolf nervous, and it was not long before the brute decided to go further.

The next morning, the enterprising town-builder earnestly went about completing his home; although one could see only the little mound and the cup-shaped entrance; all else was deep underground. Every day there were arrivals, singly or in couples, and now and then a whole family. Nearly all brought their heralds with them and these likewise came singly or in pairs. Immediately each couple would go to work to prepare a dwelling for themselves, for they are not safe without them, and besides they

seem to believe in independent homes. Thus in one moon the town became a respectably large one.

Shunkmánitoo, the wolf, had many times trotted over the plateau and seen either a lone buffalo bull grazing, or lying down chewing his cud, or an antelope standing cautiously in the middle that he might better see the approach of any danger. Now, after a few days' absence, he found a flourishing village, and one by no means devoid of interest and attraction.

Every bright day the little people played "catch-the-laugh." It is so called by the Indian people. When all were outside their houses, one would jump into the air and make a peculiar sound, half squeak and half growl. The nearest one would take it up, and so on throughout the village. All would rise on their hind feet and bob up and down, at the same time giving the peculiar cry. This performance they repeat whenever they are happy.

Pezpéza's town was now quite populous. But he was not the mayor; he did not get any credit for the founding of the town—at least as far as people could observe. The life and government seemed to be highly democratic. Usually the concentration of population produced a certain weed which provided abundance of food for them. But under some conditions it will not grow; and in that case, as soon as the native buffalo grass is eaten up, the town is threatened with a famine, and the inhabitants are compelled to seek food at a distance from their houses. This is quite opposed to the habit and safety of the helpless little people. Finally the only alternative will be the desertion of the town.

Thus it happened that Pezpéza, when the buffalo grass was all gone about his place, began to realize the necessity of finding a new home. The ground was not adapted to the crop that generally grew in a prairie-dog town. One morning he was compelled to go beyond the limits of the village to get his breakfast and all at once the thought of going off in search of a good town-site seized him strongly. He consulted no one, not even his best friend, the owl. He simply ran away up the river.

The buffalo trails were many and well beaten. He followed one of them, he knew not whither. The herald soon discovered his departure and again followed his friend. Pezpéza was glad to see him fly past and take the lead as usual.

The trail now led them to the brow of the table-land. Below them, along the river bottoms, great herds of buffalo grazed among the shady cottonwood groves, and the path led down the slope. It was safer for the little town-maker to get among the big burly bison, for the wolf does not go among them at such times. It is usually just beyond the herd that he peeps from behind the hills, watching for a chance to attack an isolated cow.

The buffalo did not pay any attention to the little fellow run-

ning on the trail and almost under their feet. They even allowed the herald to perch upon an old bull's back in order to keep within sight of his friend. Through the great herd the two proceeded. It was hot, and the grass was all eaten off close to the ground. There was no food for the little traveler.

He had descried a fair plateau on the opposite side of the Owl River as he came down the hill, and his mind was fixed upon this land. He was heading for the river, but found himself much hampered by the increasing number of the buffalo.

At the edge of the bank which marked the old bed of the stream, Pezpéza came to a standstill. Here the trail entered the woods and the bison followed it in single file. As they skirted the bank they passed so near him that their broad backs were almost within his reach, and some of them stopped for a moment to rub themselves against its steep sides. Finally there came an old bull with horns worn almost to the skull. He stopped just below Pezpéza and dug his stumpy horn into the earth wall, and Pezpéza sprang gently upon his back and flattened himself out as thin as he could.

The bull did not suspect that anything unusual had happened. He supposed that what he felt was merely a lump of dirt that he had loosened with his horns, and off he walked quite unconcernedly on the trail toward the river. Many of his people were already crossing and he followed them. The herald was perched upon the back of another bull, and so the pair crossed the Owl River!

There was a broad meadow land through which the trail led up on the other side until it lost itself in a sage-bush plain. Here the bison scattered to graze, and many followed the ravines for better grass. Pezpéza let himself slide from the bull's back, who gave a jump and a snort, but it was too late to enter a protest!

The little town-builder now began his work as faithfully as before, and soon founded another large town. But again the misfortunes of life compelled him and his friend to leave the place. Thus they traveled up the river, now upon one side and now the other, and never more than a day's journey. More than once Pezpéza found a mate and he raised many a family; but, like a true pioneer, he could never remain long in an old and overcrowded town.

His tenth and last home was the beautiful table-land at the junction of Owl River with Lost Creek. As has been described in the beginning, it was a semi-circular plain of large extent and commanded a striking view. At the very head of the embankment, which sloped abruptly down to the river level, there stood a number of large grassy mounds, and among them were several

peculiar structures composed of poles placed upright in the ground with others arranged horizontally so as to form a sort of shelter.

The town-maker gave no serious thought to these things. The grass upon the plateau was excellent, and he set to work at once, selecting a sight for his home near the center of the plain, for greater safety. Every day newcomers came, and it was a source of satisfaction to him that his selection was such as every prairie-dog must approve. In a few days the town was fairly started.

There arrived one day a family who took up their claim close by Pezpéza's place. In this family there was a pretty maid, according to Pezpéza's notion and fancy. There was no reason why he should not think so, for he was now a widower, a wolf having carried off his faithful mate of several years' standing. It was soon noticed by the other little people that the pretty maid with garments the color of the buffalo grass in autumn had gone to live with Pezpéza.

Pezpéza's town was now a place of respectable size, well known in all that region. The coyote and grey wolf knew it well; the Indian also; for, as I said in the beginning, their favorite summer camp was not far away, and there they were wont to dance the "sun dance" at every midsummer.

At times the Indians were seen to come and roam singing around the large mounds and the curious scaffolds, and before they went away they would place one of their number upon a new scaffold or heap another mound. Still the little people gave no thought to these strange actions.

Many, many of their tribe came from all directions until Pezpéza's town might almost be called a city. Many children were born there. The plateau was alive with the little Mound-Builders, who constantly built their homes farther and farther out, till at last some had built right under the scaffolds and hard by the large mounds, which were the graves of Indian dead.

Pezpéza's ground did not yield its usual crop any more. His children were all grown and had homes of their own. For some reason he did not care to go far away, so the old folks simply moved out to the edge of town.

Pezpéza was now old and very large and fat. Never had he known for so long a time a happy home as in the town upon the "scaffold plain," as the place was called by the Sioux people. When they came to visit the graves of their dead, they had never troubled the little Mound-Builders, therefore, the old founder of many towns did not think of danger when he built very near to one of the scaffolds, and there were others who did the same.

On a bright autumn morning, early risers among the little peo-

ple saw one of the Sioux standing under a newly-built scaffold and wailing loudly. He was naked and painted black. Many of the young people of the town barked at him as he stood there in their midst, and some of the young heralds, disturbed by the noise of his wailing, flew about and alighted upon the scaffolds. When he ceased mourning, he turned about and talked long at the little people and then went away.

The angry mourner reported at the great camp that the prairie-dogs and their owls were desecrating the graves and it was time that they should be driven away. A council was held, and the next day the Sioux came with their dogs and killed many. Their arrows pinned many to the ground before they could dodge into their holes. Then they scattered all over the town and remained there, so that none dared to come out. The owls were shot or driven away, and the Indians killed every rattlesnake that they found. It was an awful time! During the night many of the little people went away, deserting their homes.

The next day the same thing happened again, and the Sioux even stopped up the entrances to many of the houses with round stones. Again in the night many of the little Mound-Builders left the town.

On the third day, they came and set fire to the plain. After that in the night all the remaining population abandoned the town, except only Pezpéza.

All this time the founder of ten towns had remained indoors. He was old and reluctant to move. At last he emerged with his mate. An awful sight met their eyes. On the blackened plain not one of the great population could be seen! Not one of their many children and grandchildren was there to greet them or to play at "catch-the-laugh."

As soon as they dared the two old people sought food under the scaffolds, where the grass was not burned. Two Indians arose from behind a grave and let their arrows fly! Alas! the aged leader of the Mound-Builders was pinned to the ground! His mate barely escaped a similar fate, for the other missed.

The herald saw everything that had happened. He took up his watch from the center of the ruined town. The sun went down, the moon shown coldly over the prairie, and he heard the evening call of the coyotes upon Fox Ridge. At last he saw something moving—it was the widowed mate of his friend, running along the trail away from the desolate town. He gave one last look; then he silently rose and followed her.

SOUTHWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.

By P. M. CROSBY MAGNUSSON.



THE next fifty years will see South America pass Saxon America in wealth and population, and become our equal in civilization.

You will hardly find one "Anglo-Saxon" in a hundred whose racial conceit does not blind him to this very obvious truth.

As a result, though the Land of Promise adjoins his own homestead, the Saxon American crosses the widest ocean in the world, and barter away his birthright as the first-born leader of triumphant democracy for a distracted dependency of a handful of islands as far away from us as the possibilities of geography and ethnology allow. By a judicious mixture of racial prejudice and ignorance of geography and history we have come to regard as impossible the evolution which in a few years shall stare us in the face as an accomplished fact. The fallacy is founded on the following superstitions:

"The Latin peoples are incapable of the lofty civilization of the Anglo-Saxons."

"A high civilization can not flourish in the tropics, because the climate there robs the human race of its energy."

The First Superstition.

The Latin races incapable of civilization indeed! Widen the scope of the inquiry a little, and let us compare the achievements of "our" race, the "Anglo Saxon," with those of the peoples of the Mediterranean. How stands the account?

Well, the first little item we may note is that the brand of civilization we are using at present is the Hellenic. What distinguishes us from the gloomy Egyptian, the dreamy Oriental, and the crippled materialistic Chinese civilizations? The sane simplicity, the clean, cool common-sense of the Greek. The Iliad and the Odyssey are still unsurpassed. No building reared by mortal man comes in the same category of perfection as the Parthenon. No more perfect instrument for expression ever existed than the Greek language. Now, my superior "Anglo-Saxon," please remember that these unequalled achievements were accomplished by a cousin of the smart "peanutti dago."

"But those Mediterranean peoples have no 'get' to them. No courage. They have not the grit in them for the strenuous

life." Curious, though, that the world's three greatest military leaders were born on the shores of the Mediterranean. Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon are generally conceded to have had both "git" and "grit." Nor will it do to say that these men were abnormal sports of nature. They led Mediterranean armies. The greatest military nation of the world, a people who stood unconquered for a thousand years, the only people who ever conquered the whole known world, was this same "Latin" people.

"But the Latin peoples have not the political capability of the Anglo-Saxons. They do not understand how to grow institutions."

For colossal conceit and limitless ignorance this oft-repeated assertion certainly takes the prize. People who can read should not forget the Roman State, compared with which all other ancient and modern political institutions are but the mushrooms of a day. As for politicians, how many American ward-heelers would it take to get material for one Julius Caesar? Roman law, perhaps the greatest intellectual achievement of man, the source of all the science of jurisprudence in the world, English Common Law not excepted, was, I suppose, developed by men without political capacity!

"They have degenerated since antiquity," I am told. This accusation is as easily made as it is baseless. The barbarian mixture that poured into the Latin countries was almost exclusively Teutonic—that is "Anglo-Saxon," to use the unscientific expression we love. As long as the physical vitality of a race remains unimpaired, it is ridiculous to speak of them as degenerates. Here in America we can, besides, learn any day we choose that the Italian and Spanish child and youth easily hold their own with those of northern descent, both in school and in business life.

But how can we account for the fact that since the beginning of modern times northern Europe has so far out-stripped southern Europe in the race for wealth, culture, and political power?

Our eastern highlands are populated by the purest Anglo-Saxon breed. These Anglo-Saxon mountain whites have also degenerated. They are poor, lazy, and shiftless. Why?

Simply because they Didn't Have To.

South of them was the busy cotton and tobacco belt, where ambitious planters had developed an empire. North of them, over the Cumberland road and the Ohio river, trade and men were streaming into the rich plains of the old Northwest. Here was stimulus for ambition. Here was a thankful field for energy. Hence these regions developed a high civilization. The mountain

region, on the other hand, offered no industrial prizes, was far away from the highway of commerce, and had no stimulus for the dormant ambition of the luckless settlers that had drifted thither. Civilization vanished, and primitive barbarism reappeared.

But does this mean that the capabilities of the race had diminished? that they had become degenerates?

Not in the least. The universal testimony is that the mountaineer of the east, when given an education and transplanted to a more stimulating region, holds his own with anybody. Three-quarters of a century ago a "poor white" youth drifted into the stimulating life of the new-born state of Illinois. His backwoods ancestry did not hinder Abraham Lincoln from becoming the greatest American.

Throughout antiquity and the middle ages, Europe faced southeast. Ideas and goods were exchanged with the Orient and India. During the early centuries of our era, Alexandria was the heart of the commercial world. Then she was also the head of the intellectual world. During the middle ages the city-republics of northern Italy were the center of trade and traffic, and also the center of civilization and progress. Then the Italian looked down on the German as a boor and on the Englishman as a barbarian. But America was discovered. Europe made about-face. The trade with India went around Africa. The Mediterranean was but a pond in the backyard of Europe, instead of the highway to the splendor of the East. England was in the middle of the world. This accounts sufficiently for the retrogression of Italy and the progress of England—without assuming that the innate progressiveness of the Englishman is greater than that of the Italian.

How any one who has looked intelligently on the map of Europe could ever have supposed that Spain had the ghost of a show to keep the commercial supremacy of Europe is beyond my comprehension. A sparse population on a dry tableland, as far removed from the center of population and center of trade as possible without drowning in the Atlantic—these were expected to hold down the supremacy in the world's trade and conquer and colonize a hemisphere besides. Instead of sneering at her failure, we should marvel at the gigantic achievement of this little nation which actually succeeded in Latinizing two-thirds of the New World.

The Latin American has been very much in the same position as our "mountain whites." The stream of commerce and immigration has not yet set his way. Mingling with the natives instead of exterminating them, as did the "superior Anglo-Saxon,"

has naturally tended to lower the Latin settler's culture somewhat, while it has raised that of the native. Hence the belief that the Latin American is incapable of as high a civilization as the Saxon American is utterly without foundation.

But the prejudice is strong and deep. It has perverted our histories and geographies. It vitiates almost all current information in periodicals. Not long ago I heard a prominent scholar make the statement that the reason the Mediterranean countries did not keep the supremacy in trade was that they were poor "deep-water sailors" compared with the northern Europeans. Now, isn't this refreshing! To call the race that brought forth Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Vespucci, and Magellan timid shore-huggers!

How deep this prejudice sits in us can best be learned by examining our histories. To my knowledge, there was not one American or English historian who did the Spanish pioneer in America justice until the appearance of Mr. Lummis's "The Spanish Pioneers." "Spanish" and "cruelty and bigotry" have been perfectly synonymous.

The Second Superstition.

The second superstition is no less formidable. It has come to rank as a truism, if not as an axiom, that no advanced civilization can subsist permanently in the tropics. The "proof" is both theoretical and practical. We are told with a wave of the hand, dismissing the subject as settled, that no higher culture ever succeeded in maintaining itself in a warm climate. An annual frost is necessary to keep down barbarism. To this we reply: Even supposing it were admitted that no higher culture ever subsisted where winters are unknown, this proves nothing; for history never repeats itself. A hundred and twenty-five years ago, the same was said of republics. "Look at the teachings of history," the learned men of the day said. "No democratic republic long survived. In a hereditary monarchy alone is there security."

The other argument is this: "Tropical weather makes bodily exertion difficult. People grow lazy in warm weather. Sustenance is easily procured in the rich tropics, and when man can get food and shelter without work, he will be satisfied to doze in the shade all day."

There is some truth in this argument. Up to a certain stage in culture the advance of man is conditioned by the presence of an external stimulus. When the pangs of hunger and cold are removed, the savage has little else to keep him busy. But civilized man is not driven to his work by external stimulus only. His ideal wants are numerous and quite as insistent as those of

the appetites. To claim that he will give up his civilization for the luxury of dozing naked under a palm tree is ridiculous.

"This is, however, what thousands have done who have emigrated to the tropics. The original immigrants, may, if tenacious of old customs, maintain their old civilized habits, but the second generation invariably sinks to the level of the surrounding society."

Precisely. The individual is powerless against society. Very few persons can maintain themselves in a much higher state of culture than that of their neighbors, and if perchance here and there an extraordinary character succeeds in living on a plane high above his fellows, the chances are that his children will fall to the level of surrounding society rather than maintain their father's standard. Hitherto, the trouble with tropical communities has been that they have occupied the quiet lagoons, the calm belts, and the backwoods of the social world.

But a new era is coming. Every progressive community owes its progress to a select few dynamic souls that well may be called the Captains of Culture. Subtract this saving ten per cent. from any community, and allow no new blood to enter, and retrogression shall be swift and inevitable. First and foremost among these are the Captains of Industry who Get Things Done. In their wake will follow the extraordinary Thinker and Seer and Prophet. These dynamic leaders are few, very few, compared with the multitudes they lead. But they infuse their spirit into their followers. The whole mass is leavened; for in man, as in most other animals, the instinct of imitation is strong. The average individual, in fact, lives, moves and has his being in imitation. Where these few dynamic thinkers go, high-pressure human living will become general; and your average individual, who, if born in Peru or Eastern Tennessee, would have dawdled his life away in a lazy one-suspender style, now becomes a hustler and looks down with supreme contempt on "those degenerate South Americans."

A new era is surely dawning for Latin America. Capital is turning in an ever increasing stream to the tropics, and especially to Latin America. Immigration is sure to follow. Your dynamic individual is always sure to follow in sufficient numbers to revolutionize society wherever he finds capital going. As the resources of the industrial world are so much greater now than half a century ago, we may reasonably expect to see Latin America develop at a rate and to a grandeur that will far excel our own hitherto unprecedented evolution.

Well, What of It?

Simply this. Our "manifest destiny" is to be the leader and

teacher in the western hemisphere. Morally, politically, industrially. We are the old country, they are the young nations. We ought to manufacture for them, and they ought to supply us with raw material. Blaine's Reciprocity and Pan-Americanism is the true American policy. Politically, we ought to get into closer relation with these charming national debutantes. A compulsory arbitration treaty and a defensive union against all foreign interference would bring permanent peace to half the world. From the day such a union is formed the curse of war will be unknown in America and standing armies and war navies, save just enough for police duty at sea and land, will be relics of barbarism unknown to our hemisphere.

United America would be the guardian of the weak and wronged the world over. No such immoral tragedies as the massacres of the Armenians, the Russification of Finland, or the extermination of the Boers, would be possible on this sinful planet. No, not by war, my sarcastic friend. You were just ready to ask for those armies and navies again. Not by war. The mere withdrawal of some commercial privileges from the offending state would soon bring the proudest one of them to terms.

Leadership and supremacy in the Democratic hemisphere—this is what "Providence has thrown into our lap." This is the God-given duty that "has come without our seeking." To prove false to this, our manifest destiny, were indeed craven timidity and base betrayal of a sacred trust.

But if we are to be the chosen people of the Lord to lead in the greatest work of the new century, we must not follow after strange gods. We must be true to the truth as God gives us to see the truth. Government by the consent of those governed, the government of the people and for the people and by the people, freedom and self-government for the individual, freedom and self-government for the community, these—no, this (for the principle is one)—is the reason for our existence. If we forget this one central truth of our being, it does not particularly matter if we prosper or not. Nor shall we prosper then. The Eternal Verities will see to that. Long ago, God said in history: "I am weary of despots, whether nations or individuals."

We are at the parting of the ways. We must choose whether we would be the leader of the greatest brotherhood of free peoples the world has ever seen, or the despot over a paltry dependency.

WHAT WAS IT?

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



MY FRIEND was a strong, quiet man, whose scholarly research in the fields of science and philosophy had won him world-wide recognition. The crown of his life work, as he considered it, was a monograph on Immortality—which, by all the accumulated evidence of a long lifetime, he considered a dream and a delusion. For the better completion of this volume, he had retired to my quiet country home, where, in an isolation scarcely less than that of Selkirk, the last chapter was written. I was acting as amanuensis, and, as he dictated the lines which summed up his entire rebuttal, he turned to me and said:

"So much for the head; but to me the evidence of the heart has always been tenfold stronger. If we are immortal, then must love be also.

"In the 'pale realm of shades' we might rest content while our dear ones on earth were happy; but to know them in pain and not share it, to witness their suffering and not be able to give comfort—I tell you it cannot be. Would not the mother-soul find *some* way to reach her child? Can it be that all the mighty loves of humanity go for nothing? That I, passing on, could send through a stranger a slate-written message of trivial import to her I love and not reach her one heart-beat in her deepest sorrow?

"That is the weakest point in the whole argument—that immortal love should be powerless to manifest itself to its object, and the disembodied spirit yet be able to communicate through a small number of persons things no mortal is better for knowing.

"No," and he laid his hand lightly, with a caressing gesture, on my shoulder; "if I am immortal at all I want to be so to some purpose. If I can reach at all those left behind, I want to do it when they need me most. If I can rap a table-top or play a guitar in your presence and can't turn you aside from impending danger, what good would my immortality be to either of us?"

Here our conversation was interrupted by the housekeeper bringing our bedroom candles; for, the book completed, my friend was to start East early the following morning.

In the bustle of leave-taking nothing more was said on the subject, and, after watching his train out of sight, I returned home with only the pleasant sense of having assisted a friend so far as lay in my power. But when I entered the room where we had worked all winter, I found myself strangely depressed. It was

not loneliness—for I am a man whose life has been solitary; circumstances have compelled me to recognize companionship as a temporary and infrequent pleasure and to learn to be happy, or at least content, alone. But now I was haunted by the feeling that we had said good-bye forever—a desire to reach after him and call him back—till I was glad to be interrupted by my man, who held a telegram in his hand.

It was an urgent call to Mexico, where the bulk of my property was invested in mining claims that required immediate and personal attention. I locked the room, packed a hasty valise, and was soon oblivious to everything save the jar of the flying train and the probable condition of my business.

The last two hundred miles of my journey was made with a private conveyance—a strong buckboard of antique pattern and four half-broken broncos who plunged along in the most primitive rawhide harness I had ever seen.

The largest of my properties was situated in a basin-like valley near the little town of Oxachilla. Years before a rude wagon road had been constructed down a spur of the enclosing mountains, but the rains of many summers had washed it into a series of steps and gullies, down which the buckboard plunged and lurched in a manner far from comfortable.

A pack-trail, winding in and out along the old road, made it none the better; for each bronco, determined on securing the foot of smooth going to himself, pushed and tugged with his fellows in utter defiance of the rawhide lines.

Just as we had cleared one tremendous gully and were hanging suspended on a ledge, ready to drop into the next one, the foremost leader sat back on his haunches as if checked headlong by some powerful hand. His mate followed, and the buckboard stopped with a jerk that nearly threw us off the seat.

"Something in the road; perhaps a rattlesnake," said my driver, in Spanish, as he handed the lines to me and climbed over the wheel to investigate. There was a layer of white under his brown skin when he returned, holding a round tin box, about three inches across, in his hand. He passed it to me: "Giant powder caps! Señor, we may thank the Saints that we see Oxachilla tonight. Had the wheel descended, not even the vultures had found our remains. Gracias á Dios! It was a narrow chance!"

No need to tell me it was a narrow chance; my hand shook as I slipped the box carefully in my pocket. I had handled too many of those slender copper tubes to be ignorant of their terrible power. I have seen the hand and arm of a miner blown away in an instant by a cap carelessly compressed in his fingers. One of my own powder men had the habit of tightening the cap

with his teeth after slipping it over the end of the fuse. I cautioned him again and again, but one morning his head was blown literally off his body by an exploding cap. A hundred of those deadly things were packed in the box in my hand, lost from some pack-train passing down to the mines. A tenth the jar of our descending wheel was enough to explode them, and only an unexplainable circumstance had saved us from instant death.

I found my business in too bad condition to leave me time for thought of anything else. For a year I was isolated in that wilderness with only a few hundred Indians and Mexicans to keep me company. Mails, for the most part, did not reach me at all, and when at last my affairs permitted a return to the United States, the first thing I did was to dispatch a letter to my old friend relating the adventure on the Oxachilla road and asking him if it did not bear a little on the subject of our last conversation.

Here a very great shock awaited me. My letter came back unopened, and with it a brief note from his publishers stating that Mr. Blank had been found dead in his berth in the car which bore him East from his stay with me. With no sign of illness or struggle—calmly, with his face to the wall as if sleeping, the porter found him but little more than a month before I so narrowly escaped an awful death on that lonely mountainside in the heart of Mexico.

The years that followed were busy enough to make me forget everything save our friendship itself. I gave up mining and became a railroad man, working up from the bottom to a position of some importance. I had been ten years with my company when a series of circumstances resulted in the consolidation under one management of the two hitherto distinct sections of a great transcontinental line.

I had belonged to the eastern division, and when my chief, with others interested, arranged to inspect the western section through to the coast, I was included in the party. As our special train reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains at Coolidge and turned down on that marvelous run through the many-hued mountains and cañons of New Mexico and Arizona, I went forward and took my seat in the locomotive, close up to the front on the fireman's side. The great iron beast, throbbing and swaying under us, was bearing me nearer home with every stride. In the old mining days I had prospected up and down the whole section ahead of us till I knew it like a map; and now I was curious to see what changes the years that had so altered my own fortunes had brought to it as well.

The cab windows were open and the last tint of twilight dying out of the sky as we glided into the entrance to Cañon Diablo,

one of the wildest and most beautiful gorges through which a railroad ever passed. The dark cliffs closed in on every side, and it seemed impossible that there could be an open passage anywhere through the enclosing blackness.

The engineer on the inner side could see only a few yards ahead, for the jutting cliffs and overhanging walls; but I, on the outer side, was watching the play of light from the headlight, as it plowed a road through the darkness much as a snow-plow flings off the loose snow from the track.

Suddenly, out of the black wall in front, shot a globe of red—a lantern swung frantically across the track giving the danger signal. I called to the engineer, who from his seat could not see it, and the wheels scrunched and burred as he threw on the air-brakes and set the reverse lever. The momentum of our train on that steep grade carried us almost against the timely signal before the engine gave a final grunt and stopped with its black nose just touching a mass of rocks and earth.

We leaped out. Tons of the fallen cliff lay square across the track, and in a moment more we would have been plunging down the steep embankment into the boulder-strewn bed of Diablo Creek.

"Who gave the warning?" asked my chief, white-lipped, as he measured the obstruction.

"I did. I was sitting on the fireman's box. But whoever it was kept swinging the lantern till we stopped. I saw it just as I jumped off. Some track-walker who is talking to the train crew, probably."

But the trainmen were all with us inspecting the landslide. Not one of them had seen a stranger, and, as we soon learned, no one but myself had seen the signal, although the brakeman had been on top of the train all the evening and knowing the dangerous reputation of the cañon had kept what he thought a close lookout.

I climbed over the rocks and looked down the track. All was darkness as far as my eyes could reach, and a brief inspection showed that there were no footprints there except my own. The loose earth following the slide retained every imprint, even where I set down the lantern a moment in searching, and I returned to the party completely mystified.

There was but one thing to do. One of the men climbed a telegraph pole, and, tapping the wire, sent a message ahead for a wrecking train. Then we slowly backed up the road to the nearest station and waited. At the station we found the track-walker himself, who said that he had passed over the road and found it clear less than an hour before we came along. He knew no one

who could have given the signal, especially with the regulation lantern which I was sure I had seen.

"I tell you H—, you have seen a ghost," said the chief, "and a very lucky ghost for us as it proves. I think I shall keep you on that fireman's box till we are safe in Los Angeles," and he laughed provokingly.

I did not laugh. My thoughts went back with a snap to that rocky mountainside above Oxachilla, the plunging broncos, and the white face of my Mexican guide as he thanked all the saints for our deliverance. I seemed to hear a voice long forgotten: "If I can rap a table-top or play a guitar in your presence and can't turn you aside from impending danger, what good would my immortality be to either of us?"

As much to escape the discussion of my friends as to be alone with my thoughts, I returned to the cab. It only added to my perplexity when, on going forward next morning past the great raw gash in the cliffs, we were assured at the next station that no one had been out from there the past evening and that not a trace had been found of our mysterious savior.

For months thereafter the occurrence haunted me, until at last I persuaded myself that the swaying light must have been a ball of newly-released phosphorescent gases just rising from the fresh earth of the landslide as we approached—a fortunate coincidence and nothing more.

Some years later, finding my health far from satisfactory, I asked for, and was given, transfer to the western section of the road. It brought me into the mining country again; the old fever woke in my blood, and almost before I knew it the bulk of my savings was invested in a property I had never seen.

The reports, however, continued to be all that I could desire and by New Year I felt justified in asking for a week's vacation to visit my new bonanza. The mine lay in the foothills, twenty miles from the nearest railroad station, and there my pardner met me. In the brief inspection possible after an all-day ride, I felt more than ever satisfied with the property, and, before going to bed, we planned to inspect the lowest workings, three hundred feet in depth, the following morning.

The little old steam-hoist was puffing asthmatically when I woke up, and, as I entered the engine-room, I could scarcely repress a smile at the patched and cobbled engine, presided over with such evident affection by the hoist-man.

The long, steel-wire cable was twisting like an endless black-snake around the drum, and the ore-bucket swung above the shaft, full to the brim. We dumped the ore and piled our drills, picks, and prospecting tools in the bottom of the bucket, ready to go

down. I swung the edge against the platform at the top of the shaft and was just stepping in. when a firm hand dropped on my shoulder, pulling me gently back.

I turned. My pardner was lighting our candles and took no notice of me. No one was near. I thought I must have mistaken some draft or air-current for the pressure of a hand, and again stepped to the edge of the bucket. Again the strong, quiet grasp pulled me backward and held me unable to move.

"Send down the tools first," I said to my pardner, speaking with no volition of my own, but as something seemed to compel me. "I would rather go down the next trip."

"All right; they need those drills anyway," and dropping a bundle of drills into the bucket, he signaled the engineer to let go. The bucket went at high speed, as is usual when no men are inside, and, just as a report like a rifle-shot rang through the place, I felt myself jerked back in time to miss a flash of silver and fire as the parted cable whizzed over the platform into the shaft.

Thud! Thud! Crash! The bucket bounded back and forth against the timbers, ending in a sickening plunge far below. The little hoist-engine, torn from its bed with the impact, settled back purring and spitting like an angry cat as the engineer hauled the fire and shut off steam frantically.

"God! but that was a close call!" We were peering down the shaft, still reeking with rock-smoke where the bucket had pounded the walls. "What made you refuse to go?"

I could not tell. I have never been able to tell. I only know that three times in my life something has interposed between me and a violent death. I leave the bare facts for wiser minds than my own to explain.

Dewey, Arizona.

MY INDIAN BASKET.

By JAMES M. GOULDING.

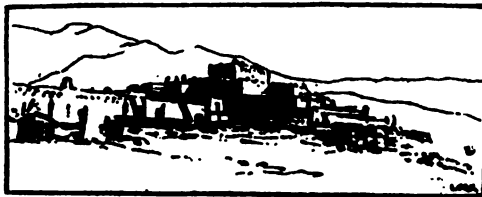
THE Wood-dove crooned his Summer song,
The River sang as it sped along,
The Forest under the turquoise sky
Sang in the breeze that loitered by,
While you wrought me, in pattern quaint and fair,
The "cat-claw" here and the willow there,
A bit of your native basketry—
Fancied and fashioned all for me
From the dripping withes I handed you.
Ah, the hours like your small fingers flew,
As we sat by the tide of sparkling blue,
The happy tide of the Havasu.

My English tongue you had not heard,
While I knew never an Indian word,
But sweeter far than Majel's note
Your low, clear laughter seemed to float
Among the bending boughs of pine.
And if your fingers were caught in mine,
Were not the tangled withes to blame?
And if never the world seems quite the same,
Did you not know, as you deftly drew
The slender strands so firmly through,
That you were weaving our Youth in, too—
Little brown maid of the Havasu?

The Summers come and the Summers go,
And in my blood the frost and snow
Of many Winters linger chill;
But over the desert dreaming still
My heart's a wandering free and far,
Where burnished Steep and beaming Star,
By day—by night—bend as of yore
Above the Stream that evermore,
Dancing on as it used to do,
Sings to the reeds it glances through,
Sighs for the Old and sings to the New,
Oh, singing, sobbing Havasu.

Strange, that such little hands could bind
The light of a day long left behind,
Into this simple basket here!
Strange, that your eyes through many a year
Should be shining still in my silent heart,
Though the deeper things of Life depart!
I wonder if Time has left his trace
On the dark rich beauty of your face;
If Sky and Stream are just as blue;
If the crooning Dove to his mate was true;
If you think of me as I think of you—
Little maid—little maid of the Havasu.

Grand Cañon, Ariz.



HO-KAU-TON'S ENLIGHTENMENT.

By MARY H. COATES.



THE house of Ho-kau-ton, petty chief, was in deep mourning. Hu-il-pay, his senior wife, had yielded up her sceptre of superior cloochmanship, and gone down the highway that leads to Memaloosland—the road traveled by Siwashes who journey away but come not back.

The interment must be punctiliously ceremonious as became those of her station. Old Ho-kau-ton cut his forelocks and enveloped himself in ritualistic ashes, grief and dirt; the attendants clothed Her (one may not speak aloud the name of one just dead) in her finest apparel, and wrapped the corpse and its magnificent display of bright calico, furs, buttons, shells and like ornaments, in a winding sheet—a new blanket purchased by the woman only a few weeks before her death.

With the death chanting and groans of sorrow, mingled with sniffs of admiration, all that was mortal of Her was laid in a neat, new Oregon-pine box, which the agent had presented to the old chief, with much tact, hoping finally to bring coffins into use in Indian burials on the reservation. To a dirge of genuine and loudly expressed grief, coupled with wailings of professional mourners, the funeral procession, which included the chaplain and native choir, climbed the hill behind the agency to the Indian burying ground.

The chaplain warmed old Ho-kau-ton's heart by his address over the grave; for he fittingly eulogized the departed one in august gestures—of the utmost importance on public occasion—and he frequently used her husband's name to punctuate a brilliant flow of rhetoric. A perfect gem it was, like a piece of flawless obsidian; but the finishing touch, according to the testimony, of the family, was the hymn of woe rendered by the choir.

Earth to earth, they leveled up the grave, then built a fence around it and draped the fence with her possessions. First they tacked smoothly around it a dress-length of print, new and uncut, and a patchwork quilt; then hung up her granite-iron cooking-kettle by driving a nail in its bottom, and fastened her wood-basket, tin dishes and articles of lesser value to the pickets in much the same way. After they had attended to every detail, the company turned toward home with still louder wailing, leaving Her well provided for residence in the other world; and the last backward glance saw tag-ends and loose corners of garments flapping over the grave in the dismal evening wind, as if waving an answering all-is-well departing signal.

It was over! Ho-kau-ton sat mourning in his deserted home

—that is, deserted by Her. Nance remained to him still; for the old chief adhered to the ancient custom of keeping more than one wife, though the agent frowned gently on polygamy among them and as gently advocated monogamy. Ho-kau-ton listened respectfully to these “wa-wa’s” of the agent, as became conversation between equals. But he followed the old ways, and believed in having not only one wife, or as many wives as he could support, but as many as he could induce to marry him and support themselves, besides contributing a liberal amount to his own welfare.

When the prescribed period of mourning had passed, Ho-kau-ton emerged from retirement, apparently reconciled to his loss, and mingled with the people again; but he really missed Her, and measured his loss by the memory of what he had paid for her—nine ponies and an old army musket—and by the amount of work she had done. Day after day deepened his trouble, and at last he decided to take another wife.

There was no use of his trying to get along with one wife. It was not convenient. It was, indeed, very inconvenient. Nance was neat, handy, industrious, and bore sons and daughters to him; but one squaw could not do all the work that ought to be done, and in the salmon-spearing she could not paddle the canoe fast enough alone. His children must attend school (an institution—to be eyed with outward approval and secret suspicion—which the white man had set up for the Indian’s benefit), and other members of his tribe had affairs of their own to attend to.

His forbears, from remotest tradition, had believed in a man’s right to have more than one wife if he so desired; why depart from the old faith? Besides, he stood in danger of losing prestige, instead of growing more popular, if his people should suspect that he was getting too stingy to keep more than one. The agent was well-meaning in his way; so let him talk if he liked. But there was no use of arguing—no use of trying to get along with one wife. Ho-kau-ton settled it to his own satisfaction, and immediately began to look around for a suitable mate. A difficult undertaking, that. Desirable women were not lacking; their number astonished him; he was at a loss which one to select. There was another obstacle. Station and inclination demanded a young, pretty squaw, but the young women had plans of their own, now that wives were chosen and married by consent, and not bought (often against their wishes) from their parents as in the old days, before there was an agent to trick the most of the men into cutting off their long locks. Yes, and before there were sawmills to make lumber to entrap them into building substantial window-and-floor houses instead of tepees with migratory propensities.

The monumental pride of the petty chief repulsed the mere thought of being refused by any of those giddy girls. But he must marry; and at last he thought out a plan whereby he could catch a wife without either imperilling his honor or running the risk of a flippant refusal. When a decorous time had passed, he let the word go forth that he would give a great party.

He well knew that the people loved a merry-making of any kind. If the bad god had frowned on him, helping to take away his old wife, even so the good god now favored his desire for another, and had sent a band of Umatillas down to the coast, bringing baskets and baskets of camas to trade. He would give a camas-bake—and who, indeed, could resist so delectable a feast?

The agent's new marriage-laws prohibited the giving of wedding presents. Very well! If he could not give a potlatch and scatter a fortune among the bride's relatives, he could give a feast, and that would amount to about the same thing to them, and on the whole be worth far more to him: for every Indian on the reservation would gladly lay aside tribal differences to be there. Three days would be required to prepare the feast, to cook and cool the camas, which meant a three-days' jollification to them and to him popularity unstinted—while it lasted, at least, if not longer.

The marsh huckleberries were ripe, and he let it be known that berries would be thankfully received, and also, that he should marry again. In fact, he said to his runners, with much circumlocution, that he intended to select the woman who picked the most berries.

The news of Ho-kau-ton's scheme spread like wild fire in prairie grass; and invitations were met with gleeful acceptances. On the appointed day there was a great gathering of people at the camp, a spot in the fringe of maples near the berry-swamp; and there were dozens of women among the berry bushes. Ho-kau-ton commanded Nance to superintend the preparation of the feast. She called to her assistance relatives, visitors and hangers-on, and set some of the squaws at work with hoe and spade, telling them to dig a circular pit, about two feet deep and ten feet across, in which to bake the camas. Others she ordered to bring maple branches, to pull young, tender thistle-roots, to collect many leaves of the skunk-cabbage, and to gather hanging moss from the trees.

When the hole was ready, they lined it with small stones and built an immense fire therein. After the wood had burned down to a bed of coals and the stones were thoroughly heated, Nance spread a layer of maple boughs over the glowing mass and covered that with the skunk-cabbage leaves. The greenery was soon

limp and steaming, and the helpers brought many nicely peeled sections of the bark of larches, laid a floor to the oven and set on it the baskets of camas, side by side, beginning in the middle of the pit. Between the baskets they spread the moss and upon that packed more bulbs, and last of all arranged the thistle-roots around the edge.

Everybody helped to close the door of the great oven—a covering of leaves, bark, boughs and several inches of sand, with a still larger fire over the entire mound.

In the berry-patch there was much spirited rivalry. Some, whose life-dream was to be the wife of a chief, were deeply in earnest; others, especially the young squaws, had entered the contest in a spirit of fun, or to escape the drudgery of preparing the camas-bake, and would drop out with all sorts of frail excuses at the close of the first day, diplomatically avoiding the chance of having to say "No" to an undesirable suitor while accepting his hospitality.

In the evening the entire company gathered around the camp-fire and enjoyed themselves singing, dancing, talking in an abandon of frivolity. The second day saw six women picking berries—Fanny, tall and obliging; Nes-to-ton Lulu, industrious, but as young as ambitious; Neg-na, small and fair; Smith River Susie; Big Mollie, and Lik-lak.

A good assortment, mused Ho-kau-ton, as he sat on a slight terrace that overlooked the swamp, fairly good—all but that Lik-lak! Well, they were in earnest, that was a consolation. But oh, that Lik-lak! Stingy, thrifty, with a purse and a decided mind of her own about such things, and a tongue that had barely saved her from several desirable husbands already, easily adopting the white woman's ways whenever it suited her convenience—ugh!

The contestants came in at noon and Ho-kau-ton carefully measured the berries, keeping count by some process unknown to the rest and imparting the results to none but the rivals. He observed with gratification that Lik-lak had not gathered as many as the others. Now, thought he, if she had some one with whom to talk while at work, she would unconsciously work more slowly and fall short—but her company might help, so he quickly drove that thought away.

At night there was a slight but jubilant twinkle in Lik-lak's eyes, which Ho-kau-ton failed to see as he measured her berries and found she had brought in considerably more than any of the others. On the last day the old chief sat on the little hill and watched the berry-gatherers unceasingly. That Lik-lak might be receiving surreptitious help! He would catch her at it, if possible, and frustrate her ambitious designs. There were other

women in that huckleberry swamp! He was determined to see fair play.

At noon he measured the berries in puzzled silence. Lik-lak had doubled her record of the afternoon before. Again, all the long summer afternoon he sat on the knoll watching them, the while listening to the sounds of bustling expectancy and busy preparation that floated out to him from camp.

Nance was making ready the marriage feast; and remembering the way the whites on the reservation had laid their table and served their Fourth of July barbecue dinner, she was introducing several new-fangled arrangements—a makeshift tablecloth spread on the ground, an orderly placing of the viands, individual dinner plates—mostly pieces of newly-peeled bark—and a set time for the meal, restraining the officious and those with clamoring appetites.

The immense bake-oven had been opened. The camas bulbs in the baskets had dried out, or been reduced by the baking to fine flour ready to be made into bread-cakes, or used to thicken soup, and for other dishes; the thistle-roots were converted into dark purple glucose, delicious and tender; the camas on the moss had amalgamated and made excellent jujube. On the fire were more camas bulbs boiling into syrup for the bread. Huckleberries had been boiled down, mashed to jam and spread to cool on bark platters; besides there was much salmon and dried and fresh meat.

At evening, amid noisy pleasantry, old Ho-kau-ton measured berries for the last time; and a chorus of shouts greeted the result. Lik-lak had brought in almost as many as any three of the others.

"All right. You my wife!" Ho-kau-ton publicly accepted her.

"Not much!" shouted Chinook Jake, a precocious youth who had taken trips "outside" with the agent, and had once served as assistant dishwasher at a wedding and therefore knew a thing or two. "Not much you're not. Come out here and stand up. I marry you!"

Amid giggles, snickers, open laughter, audible comments, amusing cautions and congratulations. Ho-kau-ton, petty chief, and Lik-lak, spinster, came out and stood up before the assembled company.

"Now!" said Chinook Jake with glib promptness, as he assumed a solemnly legal pose, "You shake hands!"

The bride and groom did as requested.

"Good!" The pseudo magistrate-chaplain heaved a long breath. He suddenly realized the importance of his position, and his thoughts raced wildly to and fro as he tried to recall the other essentials of civilization's marriage ceremony. A happy thought

came. "Well, it's the law of Amen and President of United States. You married now." He sighed with relief at his narrow escape.

"Camas ready!" announced Nance, taking her cue, and further imitating her model dinner. "Come, come, everybody."

"Well, Lik-lak is a great worker," said Ho-kau-ton to nobody in particular, as he sat down to supper.

Lik-lak stooped to take a handful of camas, and, as she did so, something dropped from her bosom. She made a quick clutch for it, but her husband, in spite of his many years, was before her, and behold! a common horn coarse-comb, with every alternate tooth cut out.

"Lik-lak very smart. Use such big-tooth comb," he sneered slightly.

"Lik-lak very smart. Comb is-cum husband," she retorted with a wily grin.

"So?" he replied.

"Comb is-cum berries," she returned, munching a mouthful of camas in careless unconcern.

"You mean you combed off the berries?" he ejaculated, amazed at the simpleness of the trick and at his stupidity in not detecting it.

"Now-it-ka. Bend bushes over big flat basket; comb many berries every time; pick very fast, shake up, blow out leaves," reaching for some jujube.

Ho-kau-ton suddenly found the supper very interesting. "It's a trap," he remarked to himself. "Of course, a foxy wife will save me lots of thinking; but after all—the agent is right about it. One wife is enough, and that's a fact."

Santa Monica, Cal.

A PASSING BREEZE.

By IDA F. ANDERSON.



WIFT a breeze comes down this way—
 How the poppies hold their hats,
 How the eucalypti bow,
 How the pepper leaves salute
 Each its partner now!
 How ashamed the grasses totter.
 In uncertain poise:
 What a shiver in the palms.
 What a turning up of capes
 In the clover lawn!
 Oh, you naughty breeze,
 Such a havoc and a stir
 You have made in leaf and blade
 By your sudden rally
 Down this quiet way!

San Bernardino, Cal.



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IT IS never any trouble to rob Indians. There are nominal laws for their protection; but just as soon as some white person with a vote desires to "do up" the aborigine, if he is too timid to break the law, all he has to do is to mention it, and the law will kindly curl up and let him pass by. The result is inevitable. Whatever laws, whatever tribunals, anybody who is poor and weak gets presently robbed by this "great Christian nation."

Of course everyone is familiar with the general history of Indian reservations. These are tracts of land pledged by the putative honor of this government to Indians, in forcible trade for the vastly greater tracts from which they have been crowded. Probably in any other country in the world, this governmental pledge to its wards would be respected. It is respected in Canada; and, therefore, Canada has never had an "Indian problem."

But in this country, the government makes not the remotest pretense to keep its word of honor as to the reservations. It violates its own treaties, it violates every rudiment of decency and of law. Just as soon as the lands upon which Indians have been cornered become desirable to white men—other lands which the Indians once owned having been taken up—the Indian Department finds it easy to “do” the party of the second part out of half the contract.

For a good many years those who know of these conditions have felt glad that the Indians of New Mexico, who were under the wicked Spanish rule until half a century ago, were more secure. The Pueblos haven’t government reservations, which are hardly worth the paper the act is written on—their holdings are by Spanish land grants, confined by United States patent; and a United States patent is not quite so easy for the Indian Department to burglarize. But of course a way has been found. If you can’t open half a reservation to white squatters, free gratis, and without the consent of the owners, it is worth while to the peanut-minded official to get hold of these lands one homestead at a time.

The Supreme Court of New Mexico has decided that the Pueblo Indian must pay taxes. This also means that he can vote. It also means (and everyone knows it who has sense enough even to be a member of the Supreme Court of New Mexico) the prompt breaking up of these land grants. It is like taxing minors, or incompetents in an asylum, and selling out their inheritance by foreclosure if they fall delinquent. It is one of the most infamous things ever done, even in an American court of law, as towards Indians.

But this decision would make a white mark on the reported intention of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to “let it go at that.” He has an easy remedy; for all the Indians would have to do would be to cede their lands, in trust, to the federal government, and then they would not pay taxes. But he is reported in an Albuquerque interview as having made up his mind to let the matter rest, sagely remarking that “those Indians who are worth saving will be absorbed into the body politic, and those not worth saving will become roving bands of gypsies.” These are the people he is paid \$3500 per year to “protect.”

The Pueblos are reasonably prosperous people; they have their little lands, given to them centuries ago by the King of Spain—lands whose title has been respected by Spain and by Mexico, but which we propose to subtract by a cowardly legal subterfuge. They work harder than New England farmers, by class. They have generally enough to eat, but they have practically no

money, except a very few individuals; and no person at once sane and of the respectability of a yellow dog, who goes among them, would any more think of subjecting them to the mercy of a Mexican assessor than he would think of cruelty to children. The simple fact is they can't pay taxes; if this decision becomes law, the only possible result will be that practically every respectable Pueblo will lose his property, and these ancient communities which have been the admiration of statesmen and of scholars for centuries, will be mostly filled up with poor white trash.

It is one of the astounding things about the whole historic administration of Indian affairs that the high officers never think of such a thing as personally becoming acquainted with conditions. I have personally known many cases in which they refused to investigate matters in the field, when they had time for junketing, and when the only effort would have been to take a pleasant carriage drive of a few miles. They not only know nothing about their job when they enter upon its duties, they seem to make it a principle never to learn anything, beyond the routine of the office. They seem to think it is too much of a come-down for a government official to try to understand the people over whose lives and fortunes he has despotic power. I hope that Commissioner Jones has been libeled by this interview. He is an honest, earnest man who knows nothing about Indians and knows he doesn't; but he must know enough of human nature to know that to throw the undeveloped minor into legal and financial responsibilities which are hard enough for the hardened adult, is a cruelty beyond anything the Inquisition ever invented.

And anyhow, it looks to be about time that we should have as guardian of the nation's rather important administration of these its wards, a man who does know something about his business. It is not a multitude, but there are more than a few men of national standing, men of absolute integrity, men of higher business ability than has perhaps ever graced the Indian Office, who also know human nature, and know Indians, and are leaders of men, and not mere office clerks with a chief's name and pay. If one of these men could be cajoled into the office—not for the poor pittance of a salary, but for the chance to do a great good—we might avoid what will otherwise assuredly happen; that we shall make a second "Century of Dishonor," and a little worse than the first.

* * *

It is pathetic to watch the Indian Office rent in twain by its utter tenderfooted incompetency, as to the broad subject, and its

honest desire to act for the Indians' benefit, according to red tape lights.

While it is alleged to be proposed to evict the Pueblo Indians one by one from their homes, under foreclosure of mortgage, the same Department is beginning to construct an enormous and expensive irrigating reservoir for the benefit of the drought-stricken Zuni Indians of New Mexico. A dam 400 feet long on the crest and 70 feet high, will retain 16,000 acre feet; and this will enable the Zunis to bring the best results possible to their poor, sandy and too-elevated lands. That is, it will enable them to irrigate until they are dispossessed because they are unable to pay taxes which an enlightened government proposes to clap on them; then the reservoir will be very handy for the Americans who take their place.

Spain never got so low as to tax these Indians; neither did poor Mexico of the early independence, when revolutions and forced levies were the daily order of business. Everyone else was "held up;" but these Dagoes had some qualms of conscience as to a helpless race. It shows their inferiority. We can nurse our sentimental nerves by appropriations to teach the Indians algebra and Greek and the violin and foot-ball rules; while at the same time we get our money back by buncoing them out of the little homes we gave them in exchange for the whole country which was once theirs.

* * *

The Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League grows steadily on, even in the warm weather. In the fall, when the beaches and mountains have sent home their seasonal multitudes, the membership will swell much more rapidly.

Since last month the following dues have been received:

Mrs. Delia A. Senter, Pasadena, \$50 (life membership).

\$2 each—Mrs. Elizabeth Abascal, Miss Mary Abascal. F. S. Broszmer, Los Angeles; Mrs. Arturo Bandini, Pasadena; A. C. Billicke, Mrs. Mildred E. Caton, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. F. R. Coffin, Mrs. Mary M. Cowan, Pasadena; Mrs. J. F. Duane, Los Angeles; Courtenay De Kalb, Mojave, Cal.; Miss M. M. Fette, Franklin C. Holmes, Miss May Hitchcock, Dr. Joseph Kurtz. Mrs. G. Leighton, A. C. Laird, Los Angeles; Miss Anna Meeker. Pasadena; Ruth Comfort Mitchell, John L. Mail, Miss Elsie Ord. Wm. S. Post, R. A. Rowan. Los Angeles; Mrs. A. L. Stetson. Nordhoff, Cal.

HUNTING A JOB.

By HAROLD S. CHANNING.



ONE knows how many queer kinds of work there are to do in this world, till he has tried to work his way somewhere.

I had been a miner, but "for reasons" decided to sidetrack that means of livelihood for a while. So one lovely day I left for the foothill belt of mining towns, knowing from experience that money is "easier" in such communities than in rural districts.

My first venture was at Chinese Camp. The first day I washed windows in the front of a big hotel; but I found that sitting on the ledge with half one's body balanced outside was cramping work, and also that the soapy water was always running down one's sleeves. So the next two days I put up a barbed wire fence, with the aid of a Chinaman, a stretcher, and much strenuousness—especially the last. I lost various strips of clothing, with the underlying flesh, and spent considerable time in disentangling myself from the wire. It always took a notion to slip just as I was going to drive in those miniature croquet wickets called staples. The staples would fly one way, myself and the wire another, and after fifteen minutes spent in disentanglement and binding up lacerations, I'd begin again. The man who gave me the job paid me two dollars a day—a day of ten hours—and said if I'd "lay over a couple of days, he'd give me a two weeks' job at it." I said no, very emphatically, and left town between two days, for fear he would persuade me to it. It was worth two dollars an hour and a surgeon's services free. The army should be recruited from professional barb-wire stretchers.

At the next town I found nothing doing, so went to a place called "Third Crossing," so named from the following happening:

An Irishman called Jim Delavan first settled there. He was of a bibulous temperament and on returning from a trip to town always brought back a gallon of "Valley Tan." One very stormy day he reached the creek rather the worse for wear, and found it very high. He called to his partner, Tom, who was at the cabin-door on the opposite side of the creek, to come and help him across; but Tom refused. Now Jim knew that he had already as much of a load as he could carry across without the jug, and for a bit was in a quandary. But his native wit solved the problem. He set the jug carefully down on the bank and waded

across. Then, taking a long piece of rope, he fastened one end to a large stone on the water's edge somewhat below his landing-place, and, going back to the ford, started across, with the rope passing slowly through his fingers. Reaching the jug-side of the stream, he took up the jug, removed the cork, drank heavily, replaced the cork tightly, walked up stream a bit, slipped the rope through the handle of the jug and placed it in the water, holding on to the loose end. The jug ferried itself across most handily. Observing its safe arrival, Jim tied the loose end to a stump, went down to the ford and crossed again, nearly upsetting, however, in the middle, as he forgot the rope and caught his foot in it. But he landed safely and went and unmoored the jug and rope, the latter floating to the other side and being recovered the following day. They called him "Jim of the Third Crossing" after that.

As I arrived at the little hamlet, a man planted himself squarely in the middle of the road, evidently wishing to stop me. As I was too poor to hold up, and knew this was a country where they did not arrest a man as a hobo until he had so proved himself, I marched fearlessly on.

"Hello, pard—hunting work?"

I answered yes.

"Are you a miner?"

I had been till recently.

He seemed disappointed, and said:

"Then I suppose it's no use to ask you. I wanted a piece of summer fallowing done. I've got a span of good horses and I pay two dollars, but I've asked half a dozen of your kind and they won't work outside their profession."

I told him that although it was several years since I had manipulated a plough, I thought I had not forgotten, and would try.

"Then come in and get your dinner and my son'll take you to the barn and show you the horses and plow."

I ate heartily and then went to the barn.

"Them two over there's yourn, and the plough's outside, and there's the harness," said the son—and he walked away.

How simple it seemed!

I got the horses out—two sturdy greys—watered them, and took the harness down. I had thought it would all come back to me at first glance, but somehow this set of harness seemed different from any I had ever seen, and I studied it over carefully. Finally I saw how the contraption went, and then it occurred to me I had not asked which was the "off hoss." I guessed at it, and must have got it right as nothing was said by the owner. I got them hitched up at last and started for the pasture. Of course I began by taking hold of the wrong handle of the plow and tore up a few yards of road before I discovered my mistake. The pasture reached, I started in—alone, I thank heaven to this day, for I should have lost my job then and there if there had been witnesses. Throwing the reins nonchalantly around my neck and clutching them with one hand, I raised the plow to an even keel with the other, and plunged the beak into the earth, calling "giddap" to the animals at the same moment. The plow caught the ground splendidly—in fact, it kept going right down

until it brought up with a jerk against the subsoil, hard-pan, or something or other. The horses did not stop quite soon enough, and, the reins tightening suddenly, I found it wise to take a position on my stomach above the buried plough, while my feet hung on the cross-bar. I picked myself up, pulled the plough out after several efforts, lengthened the reins, put them about my waist and started on again. I found that by bearing down on the handles I could make it plow shallow, and vice versa, so I got safely across one side of the field. But the furrow would have put to shame the Missouri River in its meanderings, and in some places it was shallow and in some deep. When I had reached the end of the field, I wanted to turn at right angles, but I had forgotten which way "haw" meant, and which "gee," so I experimented. It was "gee" I wanted. In turning, I turned with too tight a rein and got the horses tangled up with the swivel-trees or whatever they are called, and had to partially unharness before I got things moving again. But perseverance makes perfect, and inside of an hour I was cutting all kinds of ice with that field and the farmer, who happened on the scene just then, never knew my troubles. I ploughed all the following day and finished my job.

For several days after leaving the "Third Crossing" I traveled through a beautifully wooded region of hills and streams, full of gold-hunters hard at work panning. I tried my hand one day.

You take a pan of iron a foot across, shaped something like a skillet, only deeper and minus the handle, fill it half full of sand and gravel scraped from the surface of the rock, then fill it up with water and give it a rotary shaking motion such as one gives an old watch when it gets to balking too much. The coarse sand and gravel fly out over the side. From time to time you add water, till only a teaspoonful or so of the sand is left in the pan. This you work carefully with a little water from side to side, and at the last let the water run all the sand slowly in one direction along the angle in the bottom. It is supposed to leave a tiny string of particles of gold glistening on the iron just behind.

I worked my back sore, my arms lame, and incidentally got gravel and water all over myself, but got only a "color" or two as result. I don't think I'll try "panning" again; there are easier ways to commit suicide.

Reaching Mokelumne Hill, I was offered a job as dishwasher at \$20 per month and board. I stayed one day. Between meals one had to remove the jackets from a few thousand "murphys," peel carrots, beets and turnips by the bushel, run down, catch and clean a dozen "spring chickens," carry coal, cut up cabbage, etc. At meal times one took his station in front of a huge zinc tub, full of very hot water. On one side was a draining tray, on the other the repository of dirty dishes with uneaten food. I had counted the waiters in the dining room previously, but as soon as the "dead ones" began coming my way they seemed to have multiplied by ten. Arm-load after arm-load of dirty dishes was stacked upon the sink and I had to "scrap"—that is, remove the adherent mess—from each individual dish before placing it in the water. Then they were washed and rinsed and stacked

(just like poker-chips). It seemed to me as if I were washing for a city-full of people and my arms fairly ached with the strain, but the "chef" kept urging me to go faster, "or else we'll be swamped."

I don't know that that would have been any worse.

However, the rush was over at last and I could eat and then peel some more spuds.

I might have stood it a week, if I had been the only inhabitant of my attic room—but there were others—lots of others—and I cashed in the next day, having ten cents deducted for breaking an already badly-cracked platter.

At Grass Valley I found my next job—washing the woodwork of a hotel dining-room. It was tedious but simple.

I had made up my mind to leave California with its glorious climate, so one day (or night rather), I took up a berth in a side-door Pullman (that is a box-car) for Nevada. I hadn't made many miles when the "brakey" came around to take up my ticket or collect cash-fare. As I had neglected to provide myself with either, he told me I'd have to walk. I thought I was in for it, but my good angel befriended me, in the shape of the fireman from the forward engine (we had a "pusher", who was in need of a coal-passer. I accepted his offer and took my post on the tender of the engine, breaking and shoveling coal as needed, and between times watching the "scenery" pass by. Some of it was an A-one dyed-in-the-wool type, but as twenty-three miles of it was of the shut-in variety of snow-shed, it was not altogether unsurpassed. And then the cinders blew down into my eyes with unerring persistency, mixed with underdone steam. At last the summit came, and, shutting off all power, we slid down the eastern slope of the Nevadas into Truckee. I was given three meals and twenty-five cents in cash, so fared well. But it took all the rest of the day to wash off the cinders and coal-dust.

Going up past the sink of the Humboldt, the dreariest, most desolate part of America, I reached Winnemucca, and there got a job cleaning up a large yard. This was the Land of Canned Goods, and enough empty cans were lying loose in that yard to have made all the goats of Harlem fat. All through the rest of this barren State, I amused myself counting the empty beer bottles along the track. They averaged about a hundred per mile. Someone should start a brewery there; the bottles would cost nothing except the gathering. At one little town, whose name I forget, I got a job from a man, laying in the winter's coal. The manner of it was this—go out along the track and gather up the coal dropped from tenders of passing engines. The road is so rough and coal so cheap, that the droppings are not gathered up by the railroad company. I made innumerable trips with a gunny-sack and got the old boy's bin filled.

The whole line of railroad was dotted with grading-camps, competition forcing the company to straighten out the road and rock-ballast it, and it was a common thing for contractors' foremen to call out and ask if I wanted a job. I tried it a few times, but between wretched grub, vermin-infected quarters and swindling pay-checks, I gave up the attempt after a while. One

concrete camp (laying bridge-foundations) in a windy gap, filled me up so full of cement dust that even now I taste it when I think of it. And we never had time to wash before grub was served, but went as we were, to eat out of rusty tin plates.

Then the weather in the whole State was as mixed up as the mountains. Often on arising there would be a skim of ice on the water-casks, and by noon it would be insufferably hot, then at night cool again. After one very hot day, it cooled off and was snowing the next, and so on. Most of the water was strong with alkali (they corn beef in it, in places—that is, if they can get a piece of beef to corn), and there was mighty little of it, such as it was. In one stretch of a hundred and twenty miles across the State, I drank from tank-cars and section-house tanks entirely. And it wasn't wet, either; the more you drank, the more you wanted. I was told that some of the people had got to be regular alkali-drunkards. I believe it.

The railroad seemed only to go up and down mountain-ranges, and the trains were either wearing out brake-shoes all the time or getting stalled on some up-grade. I suggested to one engineer that they might have detachable balloons to fasten to the front end of a train going up grade, and when at the top unhitch the balloon and send her down on the next empty—but he didn't take to the idea. He said hot air might do it better—there seemed to be lots of it loose.

The bread was all home-made, I judge—at least all I sampled; it was invariably heavy, more or less, sour and well-alkalied, as indeed it seemed as if everything was. They told me that even lemons lost their acidity in a few days.

Perhaps that's why so little lemonade is drunk in the State.

Every town boasted a dozen or so saloons, never less; and as gambling is licensed by law, all well-known games are on the tapis. Poker and roulette easily distance the others, with poker a head in the lead.

At Carlin I was offered a job. A well-dressed man of about forty accosted me, passed the time of day, also a few remarks on the weather, and wanted to know if I was "dry," then asked me if I knew anything about poker. I told him I had played for beans in California—fifty beans to a man. He grew impatient at that.

"That ain't what I mean, Bud. It's this way. If you was a good hand at poker and didn't use too much Valley Tan, I'd like to try you for a few days as a dealer. The boys get paid off soon and they're on to most of us, so I thought if a likely lookin' guy like yourself would help me out, I'd be willin' to give him enough to go to Carson and blow in like a real gentleman."

I told him I couldn't accept, as I was just at present blowing the other way as fast as I could, hoping some day to get away from the alkali dust.

It was a funny thing about the wind. Whenever I lay over, it always blew just the way I was going to go; but if I ever started, no matter how calm and peaceful a day it was before, a half or whole gale would come howling down against me and I'd have to shut my eyes and grope for the ties for miles at a time.

One gladsome day I crossed an imaginary line dividing Nevada

from Utah. I suppose I had expected an immediate change in environment, but aside from a little less alkali and a little more sand, I was disappointed.

Here I found a nice new railroad spike and threw my old one away. I had "packed" the other for a month. Whenever a nail began to intrude itself too prominently into the sole of my foot, I took off my shoe, laid it on the rail which always accompanied me, carefully placed the wedge end of the spike against the of-fender and tapped the head with a broken fish-plate, piece of stone, or anything hard and heavy. One day I used a piece of sun-dried Nevada bread by mistake, but it did just as well.

All Western Utah seemed an unlikely field to earn much in, so I hastened on by fast freight—when brakeys let me—and finally the great Salt Lake hove in sight. Something has been happening to her Lakeship in latter years. She is shrinking up rapidly and looks to be in a bad way generally. Not that there is not enough of her, for she seems to be useless for any purpose whatever. You can't drink the water nor use it to irrigate with: fish can't drink it either; and, as for steamer-travel, the shores are so lined with mud-flats you'd have to transfer to land by balloons. The water is so heavy you can't even drown yourself in it.

But perhaps I speak too hastily, for I forgot the mosquitoes. It is evidently their idea of heaven, for in summer the countless square miles of mudflats and alkali swamps are invisible because of the joyful creatures.

However, a strip of land several miles wide stretches between the bordering mountains and the salt marshes that is one magnificent garden. Watered in part by streams from these mountains, in part by artesian and river water (from the Jordan), it is wonderfully fertile. Alfalfa patches, orchards, and gardens succeed one another endlessly and the streets are all shaded. In fact, for four days I walked uninterruptedly beneath shade-trees, passing a succession of neat dwellings, flower-embowered. I got so that I could tell a Mormon habitation from that of a Gentile, across the street.

They are an honest, thrifty people, and many a one accosted me with a view to securing my services for the approaching harvest, but—I remembered the mosquitoes.

I arrived at last in Salt Lake City and had a most strange experience there. But that is another story.

Kansas City, Mo.

A TROPICAL PICTURE SCHEME.

By TRACY ROBINSON.



NIGHTS of daylight coming soon,
Sheltering palm and breadfruit tree.
Morning star and waning moon,
Slumbering wind and waveless sea.

Colon, Panama.

EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN those early California days stories were frequently circulated to the effect that mines of gold were known to the missionaries, the knowledge having been communicated by Indians, and that the missionaries suppressed all such information, believing mining to be adverse to the great missionary enterprises. I placed no credence in it. My experience has shown me that man, under all circumstances, is thinking about, or looking for, gold. Before I started for California, reports were current all along the western frontiers that hunters and trappers far west in the Rocky Mountains had found gold, or had knowledge that it existed. This thing was related to me, that a certain hunter in the Rocky Mountains in crossing a stream picked up a rock that answered for a whetstone, and carried it afterward in his pocket. He afterward found in the same pocket a piece of gold. This fact led him to believe that there was gold where he picked up the stone. On the strength of this, and similar stories, men had searched at various times and in various places, with the idea that, although not yet found, gold actually existed. When passing through the Rocky Mountains we frequently talked about gold, remembering the stories we had heard before leaving civilization. One man proposed to me to stop in the Rocky Mountains and let the company go on, and that we remain, living as best we could, to look for gold.

When we reached California the same ideas were current everywhere. It was talked that gold and silver existed in the mountains, and on the sea-coast at Bodega. I remember seeing great quantities of yellow mica, almost as brilliant as gold, and I went so far as to test it to see whether or not it was gold. Before the mine at the place now called New Almaden was known to be quicksilver, the story was current that quicksilver existed in California, and one story in regard to it was this. A man hunting on Mt. Diablo became thirsty, and, seeing something shining, which he thought was water, hastened to it and attempted to drink it. It disappeared mysteriously. Relating the circumstance, the conclusion was general that it was quicksilver.

When speaking of the discovery of gold in California, people generally have reference to the discovery by Marshall, in 1848, and lose sight of the former discovery in 1841, in the mountains lying between the Mojave Desert and Mission San Fernando. A few natives of New Mexico worked to a limited extent for several years, selling what little gold they found at Los Angeles. I myself visited these mines in March, 1845, and saw them working them. A few days previous I had seen some of the gold in Los Angeles. Some pieces weighed a half an ounce, were very smooth, and free as the average gold, but the mines were by no means rich, at least worked as they were at that time. In fact, from the best information I could gain, the average wages would not exceed 25 cents per day. Previous to this time, however, in 1843, there arrived on the Coast a very learned and intelligent gentleman named Dr. Sandalls, who, I believe, was a Swede by birth, but had been educated in London, and seemed to be well versed in all the natural sciences. His history, as I remember it, was something like this. He, in company with a friend, who had accompanied Von Humboldt on some of his voyages, went to Brazil, intending to make it their home for life. There they passed several years, having purchased plantations adjoining and greatly improved them. However, the death of his friend, and political disturbances, decided Dr. Sandalls to sell out all his interest, which he did, receiving \$189,000 therefor. He then went to Mexico and engaged in mining enter-

prises, investing a considerable portion of his means, and being robbed of the remainder. While in Mexico, as well as in Brazil, he had gained considerable knowledge of gold mining. Having lost all his fortune, he returned to England, and under the auspices of his son-in-law, a nobleman, he set off on a voyage around the world, collecting specimens of botany, mineralogy, etc. The vessel in which he sailed touched at the port of San Francisco, and he came as far into the interior as the Sacramento Valley, and of course was the guest of Captain Sutter at Sacramento. Sutter, struggling as he always was against adverse fortune, begged Dr. Sandalls to find him a gold mine, but the doctor told him never to think of gold mining, and told him the experience he had had in Mexico, and what he had seen in Brazil, and said that gold mining countries, of all in the world, were most undesirable. He concluded by strongly advising him never to think of mining for gold, and telling him that he already had an inexhaustible gold mine in the rich and fertile soil. Dr. Sandalls, however, came up the Sacramento Valley as far as Chico Creek, coming and returning through the Butte Mountains. I asked him if he thought there was any gold in the country. He said he thought there was; but, judging by the Butte Mountains, and thinking them to be a fair sample, or indication, of the character of the mountains on either side of the Valley, he thought that the gold mines would not be rich enough to pay for the working.

In the Winter of 1843-4, I myself was told of the existence of gold on the Bear River. A Mexican named Pablo Guterrez was in Sutter's employ. He had known of gold mining as carried on in Mexico. Going into the mountains on the Bear River, he saw what he considered unmistakable signs of gold. A few days later I had him go and show me the place and signs, which were coarse, heavy, black sand, red gravelly quartz, etc. Of course I importuned him to try and find gold, but I lacked the means. It was indispensable to a placer-miner in Mexico that he should have a wooden bowl of a certain shape. Pablo was sure nothing of the kind could be had, or be made here. The first proposition was that he return to Mexico and get a bowl, I helping to pay the expenses. He and I to keep the gold discovery a secret between us. Later, fearing he could not be trusted to go to Mexico, lest perchance he should remain with his relations and friends, I made another proposition, which he gladly accepted, to wit, both of us to save our earnings for a year or two, then going by vessel to Boston, where I assured him the ingenious Yankees could make a bowl or anything which might be required. This was in February or March, 1844.

In the Fall of the year 1844, during the insurrection against Governor Micheltoreno, known as the Micheltoreno War, this Pablo Guterrez, being friendly to the cause espoused by the American residents of the Valley, was sent with dispatches to advise the Governor that we were coming to his assistance. Once he went and returned, and was sent the second time, and while on such journey, to join the Governor in Salinas Valley, near Monterey, he was taken prisoner by the insurgents and hanged to a tree near Gilroy. This of course put an ending to the prospect of making gold discovery with a wooden bowl.

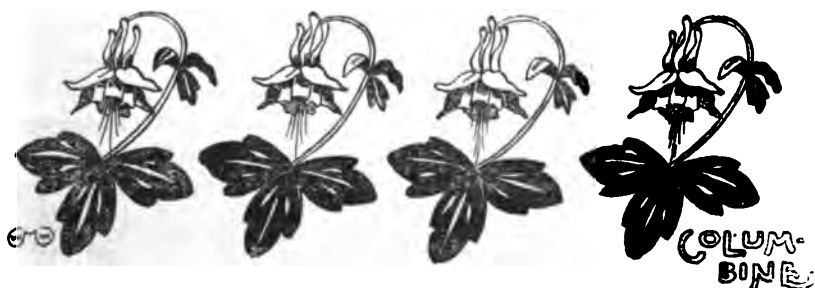
However, after visiting the mines worked by the Mexicans in 1845, as before mentioned, and returning to the Sacramento Valley, I at once went into the Sierra Mountains, about 40 miles from Sutter's Fort, with a view of looking for gold. In fact, I started to go into a certain deep gulch in the heart of Dry Creek, south of Cossumne River, but circumstances prevented me from reaching the stream. A few years afterwards gold was discovered by Marshall, and 1000 people went into the Sierra Nevada mountains in the

vicinity of that gulch, and found it wonderfully rich. Some miners took pint cupfuls out before breakfast.

In regard to the gold discovery by Marshall in 1848, the enterprise which led to it was Sutter's. He had great need of lumber, and his needs were increasing every year. Frequently, for years before, he had sent parties in different directions to find a practicable site to build a saw-mill, desiring if possible to locate it on some stream or tributary of the Sacramento or Feather Rivers, whereby lumber could be floated down into the Valley. I was sent once, in 1846, up the Feather River, and explored the country nearly as far as the place now called Cherokee Mine, in Butte County. Other parties had frequently been sent out on the same mission. My return from the search for a mill site was simultaneous with Fremont's return to the Butte Mountains, before mentioned, and the time when the blow was struck which began the Mexican War in California. That, of course, put an end to saw-mill enterprises by Sutter, for a time.

The war being over, however, Sutter, in the Summer of 1847, sent Marshall to find a mill site. He explored in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and reported favorably on a place now called Coloma. No man, I think, but a crazy man, or just such a man as Marshall, would have selected such a place at such a time, as best and most suitable for obtaining lumber. To raft lumber down the south fork of the American river was simply out of the question, but by hauling a short distance he imagined he could do so. Coloma was distant more than 50 miles in the mountains, and much of the way was most difficult hills, which rendered it impracticable to transport the lumber by wagons. The building of the mill, however, was a great success, as a gold discovery, but in no other respect whatever.

The picking up of the first piece of gold by Marshall was the result of accident, or the mistake made by Marshall himself, because the place located for the wheel was lower than the rocky bar below it. This made it necessary, after the mill was built, and ready to run, as he thought, to dig a race, or channel, through the rocky bar below the mill to allow the water freely to escape after it had gone through the wheel. In digging this race the water was turned on every night to permit the current to wash away the sand and light gravel. In this clear, limpid current Marshall saw the first piece of gold. This discovery gave impetus to trade, commerce, immigration, and almost everything else throughout the world, and was brought about by two men of most peculiar characteristics—Sutter, so confiding as to believe Marshall's report of the feasibility of making a saw-mill where I feel sure no sane man would advise, in the light of a profitable lumber enterprise; and Marshall, so wild and erratic in judgment about such matters as to select a site most difficult, impracticable, and unprofitable. Yet the two together by this means turned the world upside down. Of course, I believe the matter was providential.



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MR. ARTHUR FARWELL, the expert engaged by the Archaeological Institute of America, arrived in Los Angeles July 16, and is now deep in the work of transcribing the Spanish folk-songs of old California and the Southwest for the great volume to be published next year as the first monograph of this Society. He finds already an astonishing variety and beauty in these old songs of a people who sang because they Felt Like it—and not, as is so often the case nowadays, because someone (who doesn't wish to be sung to) asks someone (who

doesn't wish to sing) to "please favor us." In our time, singers often pipe up when they least feel like it; which is a sad perversion of the functions of song. But "when Music, heavenly maid, was young," she not only sang **when** (and only when) she liked—she sang **as** she liked. The little tin programme of technique to which we are today so enslaved, had no terrors for her. The modern musician finds it extraordinarily difficult to write the old-time songs, they are so independent of the little "laws" he has learned to lean on—the conventions which in music (as in every other art) spring from the average narrow limitations of the artist.

Yet this very independence is the essential charm of the primitive song. One sings to express one's emotions; and the emotions do not inevitably measure their pulse by the multiplication table. There is law in all music—emotional expression does not become music until it is disciplined and ordered—but it is best not to have to call in a lawyer when you desire to sing.

The Southwest Society has already well beyond 400 phonographic records of the old songs of the Southwest; and is adding to the number every week. It has been so fortunate as to find already a considerable proportion of the faithful few that still remember the songs that were sung in California and New Mexico half a century ago—many of these songs being then centuries old. Famous beauties and heiresses, successful merchants and musicians of repute have swelled its collection—and so have very humble Good Citizens. Hundreds of college professors live and die without ever having rendered to science the service done by a little woman of San Buenaventura, Cal., who at 65 still earns her bread in the sweat of her brow. She has just finished making sixty-four records of the very oldest songs of California—and her records are among the most valuable the Society has found. This is Da. Adalaida Kamp. With a memory of words and airs that is a glory, she is still able to sing a highly satisfactory record.

The Society has in the same breath acquired a documentary treasure of the first class. The first printer in California, Don José de la Rosa, was for half a century probably California's most famous troubador. As singer, guitarrist and composer, he had an enviable fame all up and down the State. All his songs, he wrote down (as to words) in a home-made book, sewed and bound by his wife before we had discovered California at all. This Ms. book, of 125 written pages, was left by him to Miss Kamp, the only person who cherished all his songs. Through her fine patriotism this invaluable record has come into the possession of the Southwest Society; and she has made phonographic records of nearly all its songs, as well as of many others.

Early this month, Prof. Stanley of Ann Arbor, (who has been a lecturer in the Summer School of the University of California) will also come to Los Angeles to collaborate in this folk-song work.



Secretary of State Hay is not only the most heroic five-footer that ever dared part his hair down the middle for due balance of what is under the thatch; he has not only made his dress so punctilious that for so much as three days after his passing the tailors of Tooley Street shall remember the crease of his bifurcated unwhisperables; he is not only the first American Secretary of State to talk diplomacy more cockney than any continental diplomatist—he is also the boss Forgetter; not only by the number of things that have slipped his mind, but by the size and ponderability of them.

Before he outgrew his "Little Breeches," he gave us from his unsophisticated heart the excellent Hay rendering of a great truth:

"For I hold that saving a little child,
And fetching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than fooling round a throne."

The Lion does not admire shirtsleeve diplomacy; affairs of state should be conducted not only with brains and dignity, but with a certain concession to the conventions of those who have very little of either, except "tailor made."

Secretary Hay's course has undoubtedly won several worthy successes for American international statecraft; but there is an inevitable air about it all of something which Americans hate, if they are still Americans. God knows, this country needs to learn a great many lessons from Europe, even in statecraft. No one who has watched our average ministers and consuls abroad can help wishing that they had learned to be as polite not only as the English or German representatives, but as the cur dogs that follow those gentlemen. But between getting drunk on the street, and dodging poker debts, and insulting women (as I have seen more than a few of them do), there is a wide gulf before one comes to be a Machiavelli.

Very likely no country in the world has so many snobs as this. Snobbery is an epochal, pathologic trait of peoples at a certain stage of development; and still, none of us like a snob, not even the snobs ourselves. That is one reason why Bret Harte, one

of the greatest literary masters America has ever produced, never warmed the American heart. He was a genius but a snob. And Mr. Hay shows many symptoms of the same parvenu tendency to forget the hole he was dugged out of, and the rock from which he was hewn.

All these triumphs of his which serve to inspire the awe of the passing newspaper—how many of them can you personally catalogue today? How many of them do you fancy your grandson will ever consciously hear of? And yet Mr. Hay seems to be as proud of these perishable achievements as the ten-dollar-a-week reporter astonished to find him that the United States cuts some ice in the world; and Mr. Hay is alleged, on the best of authority, to be ashamed of the only things he ever did, or ever will do, that may outlast his mortal span. A thousand years from now, nobody will know, nor care a whoop to be told, that John Hay negotiated such and such an international contract, to be broken at the first convenience of either party. But a thousand years from now, people will know that there was once an American who, in his green youth, had man enough and brains enough in him to write "Little Breeches" and "The Wreck of the Prairie Belle."

This, however, is branching off from the text before we get to it, though suggested inevitably by it. Secretary Hay has issued orders that henceforth the United States embassies and consulates shall discard the phraseology which was good enough for a century of somewhat cruder state departments, "United States Embassy" and "United States Consulate;" and that, instead, the seals, record-books, and signs shall wear the modest "American Embassy," "American Consulate" and the like. It is asserted by the able press that "there is a dignity and simplicity about the term 'American' that the Secretary likes."

Well, for those who like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing those people would like. Our calm appropriation of the word "American" to the exclusion of those just as fully entitled, and much longer, is in itself ignorant enough as a popular carelessness; but probably never before in the world's history was such illiteracy made official. There are over forty other governments just as well entitled to be called "American" as we. The United States covers three and one-half million square miles: America covers nearly fifteen and one-half million square miles. We have not been on this side of the earth nearly so long as a majority of the other peoples; and while beyond comparison we are doing more than they, the game is young yet. We don't know how much we shall have done comparatively, two or three

centuries from now—any more than they knew one short century ago that we were going to outstrip them.

America is a good word; it's a word we are entitled to; it's a word we have a right to live up to—and if we live up to it, we have got to be reasonably decent and reasonably intelligent. Secretary Hay has committed us to about as ignorant, intolerant, discourteous and selfish an act of words as has been recorded.

THE FEET
OF THE
YOUNG MEN

There are dyspeptic persons who derive (though they may not be able to impart) a satisfactory gripe because of numerous changes in the Cabinet. There have been a good many changes, thank God; pray God there may be several more! For if the American Cabinet has ever yet existed which might not have been the least bit improved by the judicious tinkering of a competent carpenter, the fact is not of historic record. Cabinetmaking, at the outset, is a colossal grab-bag. The new President reaches in and collars the biggest article he can find within the inscrutable recesses; and when he Gets his Grab, he has to Use it. As a rule, he has not had in his first term that sufficient experience and touch with the largest men of affairs whereby he could judge definitively—even if he were free to judge without the strings of political promise. Having grabbed, it is also far easier to hold to your accidental prize than to change.

But a cabinet ought to be not only a congregation of the best men for their respective jobs, but of those men who can best pull together with the official head of the family. Even the prize oxen of the county fair avail not if they decline to follow in the same direction with the average two-year-olds of the official team. In other words, the President is officially entrusted with the headship of this executive family; we cannot spill him between times; therefore, it is business that during his incumbency his associates shall be those who can best co-operate with him in what he is going to do anyhow.

How they will pull, one with the other, only time can tell, for they are mostly pretty positive men; but that they will pull together with their head, is one of the most sweetly reasonable probabilities in American politics. There is a very fair chance that this collection of relatively young giants, bound to and led by the strongest type of actional Americanism, will shake together into the strongest, the most compact and most "do-full" of American cabinets. The accession of Paul Morton is a fair type of the extraordinary innovation the President is making. It is an administration notable for youth. It is young men for counsel as well as for war; and while we may reasonably expect that with youth shall come some of its pathologic errors, it looks, off hand, as though it were time for strong, unspoiled, highly trained

youth to take the lead among affairs that had grown prematurely old. Not "kids," not sophomores, but men this side of middle age, trained in the handling of large affairs, and still young enough not to be blasé, nor dumb nor lazy, but to double up their fists for their ideals, right or wrong, and fight them to a finish!

Morton is good bone of good blood. His father, J. Sterling Morton, Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture, was a rare and gallant type of the best traditions of the old school. Paul, with the face and figure of an old Norse Viking, and heart and head and hand to match, is grown to executive stature as one of the real masters of the great Santa Fé System. It has been a particularly good school; not only because of the magnitude of the interests involved, but quite as much because of the enlightened policy which has distinguished that road from most others in the history of American transportation.

And, perhaps, not the first thing one thinks of, but one of the last things that the thoughtful will remember, is what this stands for, of one man's example. A cabinet salary to Morton is something like giving Wanamaker the floor-walker's pay check. All of us feel, now and again, when we have time to think, how little temptation American public life has had, of late years, for the very class of men we most need there. Every man who goes in to change things, is laughed at; and Roosevelt has not escaped the fate of his kind. "Ho! He thinks he can reform things, does he?" No, he can't—and probably he doesn't think he can. But by reforming what thing he can reform, he puts heart into others who in turn can reform some more things—and the example of this one man is vital and visible in the civic life of almost every city in the United States. He has given heart to those who Care, but could not Hope. Now that it is evidently official that our politics should be bettered, and that they can be bettered, if we will but fight for it, Americans are rallying to that standard. Officials who, while honest, were too practical to butt their heads against the stone wall of indifferent red tape, are heartened by a successful example. Men who under conditions of ten years ago would have laughed at any public office, and to whom the emoluments of that office are today of no account, are today willing to take it—not for "what there is in it," but for what they can Put in it as Americans. And that is the most hopeful thing on the whole political horizon. We are human still; we shall make blunders, and we shall breed at least enough rascals; but if we do not make the same blunder more than a dozen times; if we catch as many of the rascals as we can without getting out of breath, and tack their hides on the barn-door—

we shall have begun the new era of Americanism which must come soon if ever; and without whose coming the American nation will just as surely go the way of all flesh, as Greece and Rome and Babylon and Egypt went.

THE TRUTH
WOULD BE
GOOD ENOUGH

While New Mexico is girding up her loins for Statehood, perhaps it would be as well for her to hire the Federal Fool-killer for a brief session within her limits.

The Lion's opinion of the Senate Committee which made a point of the "illiteracy" of the territory is sufficiently of record; the most illiterate peon could afford average comparison in mind, morals or competency with the Senatorial Wiseacre; and the people in New Mexico who cannot read or write are very far from being either the worst or the most stupid inhabitants.

But literateness is one thing, and a Morganatic union of ignorance and fakerism is quite another. Cosmopolitan multitudes—including a good many cosmopolitan scholars—are gathering to St. Louis this summer to "size up" states and countries by the record themselves have made. New Mexico is capable of making a mighty fine exhibit in agriculture, in mines, in history, in archaeology. Probably it has done so. But New Mexico ought to wake up the operator at midnight and wire the money for special police to take out from its exhibit the fake which now disgraces both the scholarship and the honesty of the territory.

According to the latest New Mexican advices, Governor Otero has sent to the exhibition what is alleged to be "the oldest bell in America." Its modest sponsors declare that it "was cast in 1355;" that it "was brought to New Mexico in 1540 by Fray Padilla;" "was hung in the famous ruin of the Gran Quivira; and thence translated to Algodones."

New Mexico long enough enjoyed the sorry distinction of having a Governor notorious as faker of histories and idols; Governor Otero should be careful not to give the afflicted territory more than its share of this sort of thing.

It ought not to be necessary to tell even kindergarten scholars that there are no bells in America cast in 1355; that Coronado's expedition, nor Fray Juan de Padilla, nor no nobody, brought no 198 pound bell on that ghastly march; and that the whole thing is a fake of the same proportion as Prince's Tertio-millennial of Santa Fé; the "oldest house" and the "oldest church," and all the other notorious swindles which the territory has permitted some of its citizens to tack as a disgraceful tag upon her good name. It is rather late for a continuance of this business; and St. Louis is rather a public place for this libellous misrepresentation of New Mexican ignorance. The people who cannot make any better fist at raised lettering—or even the date—on the old bell, and who know so little of the history of their own commonwealth, would better not be entrusted with affairs which expose not them, but New Mexico, to the scornful laughter of people who are not fools. The sooner New Mexico decides that this particular bunco "curfew shall not ring tonight," the

better it will be for her credit and for the feelings of her real friends. The truth about that fascinating old land is good enough.

The National Conventions of the two great parties, ^{SAFE} whatever else may be thought of them, have made an excellent hopeful average for the sober patriot. Of course ^{EITHER} we have a great many persons "in our midst" who inform us in ^{WAY} daily glaring headlines of the plots of the Other Fellow to precipitate our common country to the demnition bow-wows by every ingenuity of a depraved Opposition; and no doubt there are still some persons extant who believe these pipe-dreams with which the newspapers amuse themselves during the political silly season. Americans as a rule, however, are still fairly intelligent, in spite of their newspapers—and what a millennium it will be, if the newspapers ever discover that they could give us adult food without impairing our little Tummies!

In every country, under whatsoever sort of government, an Opposition is as necessary as the Government itself; in a Republic it is more vital than under other political forms. Even a crazy Opposition is better than none at all; a sane and sober Opposition merits the respect and tolerance which every reasonably sensible patriot is ready to give.

It is a good thing for the country that the "Outs" have become sane. Democrats are probably the only heirs of Original Sin; but even so, we ought to be grateful to them for having taken it all from us, and left us proud monopolists of all the virtues. While ten thousand valued "molders of public opinion" will inform us this summer, with bated breath, that Judge Parker twists the tails of his pet oxen the wrong way; that Billy Magee, the statesman of Muddle alley has Bolted Parker; that Parker has sworn a dark conspiracy to Ruin Business and Haul Down the Flag—most Americans, who are not newspapering, know in their inner bosoms that whichever of the opposing candidates is elected this Fall, the country won't Go Smash.

Needless to say, the Lion hopes that the only great Accidental President shall have at the hands of the American people the official endorsement and ratification he has so magnificently earned. If there ever was a time when this nation needed to put a premium on courage, sincerity, and squareness, it is now. No man is going to be elected President of the United States who will wreck the country; but to turn down the man who has come as a fresh breeze through the stagnant and miasmatic rooms of our politics—that would be to rule out the very thing that is more needed in the United States than all other things put together. The Lion, in all frankness, earnestly hopes that Mr. Roosevelt will have the fight of his life—a close enough margin to advise him that innumerable Americans, of those who love him best and most admire him, do deeply disapprove of many things he has done. But that he should not surely "get there," would be, perhaps, the most hopeless, outcome in all the records of Presidential campaigns. Fortunately, also, it is the least probable.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Few men have ever set for themselves so gigantic an intellectual task as did Herbert Spencer when, at 38, he plans for his *Synthetic Philosophy* took possession of him—a task which involved nothing less than the stringing of all human knowledge upon the thread of a single universal principle; fewer still have been able to carry out such plans so nearly to their own satisfaction; and the count of those who have lived to see the thought of the world so moulded by their own ideas would be small indeed. His *Autobiography*, therefore, commenced more than a quarter of a century before his death and occupying some part of his attention during nearly twenty years, must be counted as a book of considerable importance and interest. Important and interesting it is, in fact, mainly because it is such a cold-blooded and non-partizan Natural History of a Philosopher, by Himself, as has never before been published and is not likely to be matched. No other man, so far as I know, has ever stripped his mental, moral and emotional (or, rather, unemotional) nature so bare to the public gaze—without immodesty, but with an utter philosophic calm—and has then proceeded to point out and discuss his qualities, good and bad, with the dispassionate aloofness of a Haeckel reporting upon the chalk-sponges. Probably no man with a normal sense of humor could have publicly worked out the problem of himself at such length with a gravity unbroken by smile or blush. This is not to say that he was proof against the shafts of wit. He quotes some pungent jests, of which, perhaps, the best is Huxley's "Oh, you know Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact." And, on rather rare occasion, he could let fly such a shaft on his own account, as witness his characterization of a lady to whom he was presented by friends with match-making designs, as possessing "a small brain in an intense state of activity." But some readers of this autobiography will find their most frequent occasions for smiling over matters which the author discusses with entire soberness. For example, after recalling that, on a certain occasion, he made Lewes laugh by exclaiming—"Dear me these are very large chops for such a small island," he goes on to say:

With me any tendency towards facetiousness is the result of temporary elation; either, as in this case, caused by pleasurable health-giving change, or, more commonly, by meeting old friends. Habitually I observed that, on seeing Lotts after a long interval, I was apt to give vent to some witticisms during the first hour or two, and then they became rare.

Another of these pleasurable, health-giving changes took him to the top of Ben Nevis. There the party of five found themselves "not unwilling to add some glasses of wine" to the bottle of whiskey imbibed on the way up. Starting down Mr. Spencer found himself "possessed of a quite unusual amount of agility; being able to leap from rock to rock with rapidity, ease, and safety; so that I quite astonished myself. There was evidently an exaltation of the perceptive and motor powers." This reminded him of a previous occasion, on which, becoming very thirsty while surveying, he took

two glasses of ale and was soon thereafter struck by the remarkable expertness of his operations. And this at once led him to some interesting generalizations as to the physiological effects of alcohol.

A third incident is chosen by Mr. Spencer to illustrate his assertion that, "Each nature is a bundle of potentialities of which only some are allowed by the conditions to become actualities." If he saw either the humor or the pathos of it, or if he realized how informing a side-light it throws upon his character, there is no evidence of it in the telling. During most of his life, while he "did not make the presence of children an objection—rather the contrary," yet his "feeling was of a tepid kind." But at 67, "suffering the ennui of an invalid life, passed chiefly in bed and on the sofa, I one day, while thinking over modes of killing time, bethought me that the society of children might be a desirable distraction." Accordingly, an old friend lent him two of her little ones for a fortnight. "The result of being thus placed in a nearer relation to children than before, was to awaken, in a quite unanticipated way, the philoprogenitive instinct—or rather a vicarious phase of it; and instead of simply affording me a little distraction, the two afforded me a great deal of positive gratification." Such a deliciously ponderous phrase as "awakening a vicarious phase of the philoprogenitive instinct" could have come from no other profound philosopher than Herbert Spencer—excepting only Grover Cleveland.

I do not propose to attempt here any reproduction in miniature of the portrait of himself which Mr. Spencer has drawn in marvellous detail. Yet it is worth while just to refer to such an unfamiliar Herbert Spencer as the young man, greatly given to day-dreams and air-castles, who dabbled in sculpture, tried his hand at writing verses, took music lessons, and was a firm believer in phrenology, the while he was working out suggestions for a universal language, writing essays on the proper sphere of government, finding "a more special pleasure in contemplating the elegant curves of the eyelids" of a good-looking fellow-passenger on a train, (which recollection he sets down in his old age "mainly because it opens the way to some remarks on æsthetic culture as a part of education"), attempting to deposit crystals by electrolysis, inventing all kinds of things for all kinds of purposes, and generally leading a life of the most intense and varied mental activity. At 28 he made a somewhat prolonged test of vegetarianism. At 30, while considering emigration to New Zealand, he drew up a table in which he made a "rough numerical valuation of the several ends of life which might be respectively better achieved, these by staying at home and those by emigrating." New Zealand had the best of the figures by almost three to one, "Marriage" being credited with no less than 100 points, while "Literature" is scored but eight, and "Science" only three. At 38, along with the plans for the *Synthetic Philosophy* came to him the desire for some governmental position "rather of trust than of much active duty, which would give me an income sufficing for my modest bachelor needs, while it would allow adequate leisure for the prosecution of these aims." A post on the staff of the Indian Administration, an inspectorship of prisons, a stamp-distributorship, and a foreign consularship appeared to him successively as being about the right sort of a place, but he was obliged to abandon the quest for a sinecure at last.

So far as this record goes, only twice did anything like a "sentimental passage" threaten Spencer's philosophical equanimity. Once, at 20, but for a very beautiful young lady's pre-engagement, "it was pretty clear that . . . our intimacy would have grown into something serious." Of vastly greater interest and importance was the "affair," at 31, with Marian Evans, who did not yet suspect herself of possessing the power which a few years later made

"George Eliot" a great name. Long evenings at her residence, during which the "greatness of her intellect conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner, generally keep me by her side;" frequent visits together to theatre and Royal Italian Opera (on press passes); vocal duets, and afternoons in May. June and July spent in pacing a secluded terrace on the Thames, "discussing many things"—these were some of the things which gave rise "to the reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports were true." Thus curtly Mr. Spencer dismisses the matter in the body of his narrative, but a single sentence in the "Reflections," written at 73 and summing up his study of his own life, can refer to nothing else. "Physical beauty is a *sine qua non* with me; as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest." Alas, and a-lack-a-day! One may not unreasonably wonder whether "that deliciously calm new friendship which Herbert Spencer gives me" continued for more than a little time "the brightest spot" of this woman of such rare powers; or whether the sigh that sounds from the old philosopher may but have echoed faintly a woman's grief of forty years ago. At any rate, it was through Spencer that Miss Evans met George Henry Lewes; he remained their intimate friend through their lives; and at Lewes's death Spencer broke his rule against "attending funerals, and giving a kind of tacit adhesion to all that is said," rather than take the chance of giving her pain.

I do not offer these paragraphs as either review or criticism; they are but a few light-minded nibblings around the edges of the two bulky volumes which contain that formal record of his life, development and thought which one of the great leaders of thought made with deliberate care, to be published only after his death. It is gratifying that the American edition should be published by the house which, since 1860, has printed and sold almost 370,000 volumes of Mr. Spencer's works—these were the figures at the opening of this year—and which made a royalty payment to the author from the start, though he had no legal protection in the United States. Presumably it is not their fault that the Index is practically worthless. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5 net.

"THE LADY
OF THE
BRAIN"

Quite apart from any question of the validity of its main contention, Charles Godfrey Leland's *The Alternate Sex* will prove profitable reading for epicures in that branch of speculative enquiry which is blent of scholarship, fantasy and humour and does not take itself too seriously. Postulating the existence of a Dual Mind in each individual, and a radical difference between men and women in both mind and body, Mr. Leland has undertaken to show that what is variously named the Subliminal Consciousness, the Subconscious Mind and the Subjective Mind is to be explained as the female mind in man and the masculine mind in woman. He asserts that this theory "casts much light on the true nature of the Imagination, and all creative activity of the mind involving originality." As the argument proceeds, it swings in widening circles, reaching at last to the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. Even here the half-jesting manner is retained, but the author's sincerity of conviction becomes clear. Here is a specimen paragraph:

Now, whether a sage go mountaineering or valleying in Thought, whether he walk the level plain of Common Sense, or soar to the clouds of Genius, he will find that all mental operations, all Magic, and all that Man has ever dreamed that he could do in occult art, reduces itself to simply supplication to and praise of God, hand in hand with his own developed Will. Herein is included all that the Cabalists ever really achieved, unto which we may add the miracles of all Churches and Faiths, Shamanism, Voodooing, Theosophy,

Faith Cures and Necromancies of all colours and prices, whether warranted to wash or not, cheap or dear. Prayer and Will, Will and Prayer—all beyond mere Experience is embraced in those two wondrous words.

This book was completed only a few months before its author died and did not receive his revision or correction. He could hardly have left a better final word concerning his own work than its last sentence.

For it is not to "suit the views" of my readers that I write, nor even to make views, but to induce them to create views of their own, which is the training of officers compared to the drilling of privates.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, \$1 *net*.

As a Chinaman Saw Us is declared in the preface to consist of passages from the letters of a cultivated and educated Chinese gentleman, spending ten years in the United States, to a friend at home. It is cleverly done and well worth reading, but is certainly not what it professes to be. It is too obviously written for publication, not for private consumption; and the purpose is too clearly that of satirical criticism concerning facts familiar to the person addressed, rather than of information to one unacquainted with them. Curiously enough, there is one slip as to the history of the United States, which an "educated American" might make, but which would hardly be possible for a foreigner of the training of this imaginary Chinese letter-writer. Speaking of the statesmen of this nation, it is said:

A HARMLESS
PREFATORY
FICTION

Lincoln is considered a great man. He is called the "Liberator;" but I can conceive that none but a very crude mind, inspired by a false sentiment, could have made a horde of slaves, the most ignorant people on the globe, the political equals of the American people. A great man in such a crisis would have resisted popular clamor and have refused them suffrage until they had been prepared to receive it by at least some education.

Of course, Lincoln had nothing whatever to do with giving the suffrage to the emancipated slaves, and there is no evidence that it formed any part of his plans.

In another matter the mistake is one easy for an American, impossible for a Chinese. The "geisha" is not a Chinese product, and she does not "appear naked at men's dinners" anywhere.

The preface is signed by Henry Pearson Grattan, and dated at San Francisco. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 *net*.

The essays by Richard Huneker, on various musical and literary topics, published under the title *Overtones*, are most of the time out of my range of vision. The dazzling brilliancy of style and the exceeding intricacy of the thought-web fairly set me blinking. Confessing frankly the limitations which disqualify me from the bench of judgment in this case, I can do no better than quote a fairly representative passage.

"A BOOK
OF
TEMPERAMENT."

And yet Brahms dreams of pure white staircases that scale the infinite. A dazzling dry light floods his mind at times, and you hear the rustling of wings—wings of great, terrifying monsters, hippogriffs of horrid mien; hieroglyphic faces, faces with stony stare, menace your imagination. He can bring down within the compass of the octave moods that are outside the pale of mortals. He is a magician, often spectral; yet his songs have the homely lyric fervor and concision of Robert Burns. A groper after the untoward, I have been amazed at certain bars in his F sharp minor sonata, and was stirred by the moonlight tranquillity in the slow movement of the F minor sonata. He is often dull, muddy-pated, obscure, and maddeningly slow. Then lovely music wells out of the mist: you are en-

chanted, and cry "Brahms, master, annoint again with thy precious chrism our thirsty eyelids."

These are truly gorgeous word-robes, and it is possible that they cover a solid content of vital and important truth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net.

The Bright Face of Danger deals with the adventures of a very young gentleman of Anjou, who makes his first adventure from home in quest of the moustaches of an older gallant. These he designs to cut off and deliver to a certain Mlle. Celeste, who has twitted him with his smooth cheeks. The first evening out he passes his sword through a perfect stranger, and soon afterward finds himself in a very pretty tangle indeed. When things are at their very worst the mustachioed guardsman appears in a quite unexpected role, and all ends smoothly. Robert Neilsen Stephens, who has had previous experience with this sort of tale, is the author. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

In Vol. XV of *The Philippine Islands* appears the first installment of a translation of one of the first books to be published concerning the Philippines—Dr. Antonio de Morga's *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas*, printed in Mexico in 1609. This historian was politician and soldier as well, held office in the Islands for eight years continuously, and had free access to the "sources" in relation to matters which did not fall under his personal observation. His work is of the first importance. The translation will be completed in the next volume of the series. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

Vol IV of the series of *Early Western Travels* is given up to a reprint of Fortescue Cuming's *Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country*. The author walked from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, early in 1807, then went by boat to Maysville, Ky. The following year, he continued his journey by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi, and made an extended horseback trip in the Mississippi Territory. The narrative is direct, unbiassed and informing. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

Canadian politics is the central theme in *The Imperialist*, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Mrs. Cotes seems to be an ardent disciple of Joseph Chamberlain, and Imperial Union, Preferential Trade, Tariff on Manufactured Goods, and the like are the subjects offered for serious consideration. The author's craftsmanship saves the book from being hard reading, but the coefficient of safety is not a large one. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Vol XII. of *Historic Highways of America* treats of "two great lines of pioneer movement, one through northern Virginia and the other through central New York"—the Old Northwestern Turnpike being the most important factor in one case, and the Genesee Road in the other. Much the larger part of the book is occupied with the experiences of early travellers, as told in print by themselves. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$2 net.

An important and interesting treatise on the *Relation of Weather to Crops*, by Alfred J. McClatchie, is published as Bulletin No. 48 of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Arizona. It is based upon observations made at the Experiment Station farm, near Phoenix.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

THE MADONNA OF THE RING.

An "Old Master," secured (with the "Caballeria Collection") by the Southwest Society for the projected Southwest Museum. Dates from about 1670; size 37x28 inches.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXI, No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

OLD ART IN CALIFORNIA.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



ERTAINLY it isn't every day that a community in the United States can capture, and entail as a public heritage forever, a collection of venerable paintings all intimately connected with its history for nearly 150 years—and all of a romantic association and record whose fame is world-wide. Indeed, such a chance probably never before befell an "American" community at all—and if in the dark it may have befallen, it pretty certainly was never before "nailed." But Southern California has had that chance—and has not allowed it to elude. It has secured such a collection of historic canvases of its very own as no other city or section in the United States can show.

The Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America has already—though now barely entering the third quarter of its first year—accomplished several things important in the severe historic sense. Its collection and transcription of the old folk songs of California and the Southwest is not only the most important undertaking, probably, ever attempted by any society of the Institute in its first year; it bids fair, in the consummation, to rank as the most far-reaching work in this line ever done. It will be, unless all plans fail (and none have failed yet) the most elaborate record of folk-songs anywhere.

The society has done several things of serious consequence; but perhaps among them all nothing of more general interest than its achievement on behalf of the Southwest Museum, which

it expects to establish in this city in the coming year. Its purchase of the wonderful "Palmer-Campbell" archaeological collection has already been noted.

A few weeks ago the Society secured the "Caballeria Collection" of forty-four books from the old libraries of the Franciscan Missions of California, and thirty-four oil paintings, which hung in these Missions prior to the "Secularization" of 1834. Few persons suspect how much of old art—and of serious art as well as ancient—there was in the Golden State before the coming of Americans; and this collection makes a rather surprising showing in this line. Out of the thirty-four pictures no less than sixteen antedate the year 1700; and several are well along in their third century.



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
(Painted about 1800, Spain; 24x18 inches.)

It is well known to the historical student that the missionarying done in California aroused a perfect flame of enthusiasm not only in Mexico but in Spain. When the Apostle of California, Fray Junipero Serra, set forth to the spiritual conquest of "New" California—that is, our present State—all the earlier Missions of the peninsula contributed in the way of church furniture—articles for the altar, crucifixes, vestments and saints. Directly, also, the congregations of Mexico (which were already old in 1769), and the faithful in Spain, began to send choice treasures to the new Missions among the Gentiles. The same thing had taken place on a larger scale in the evangelization of the(then)



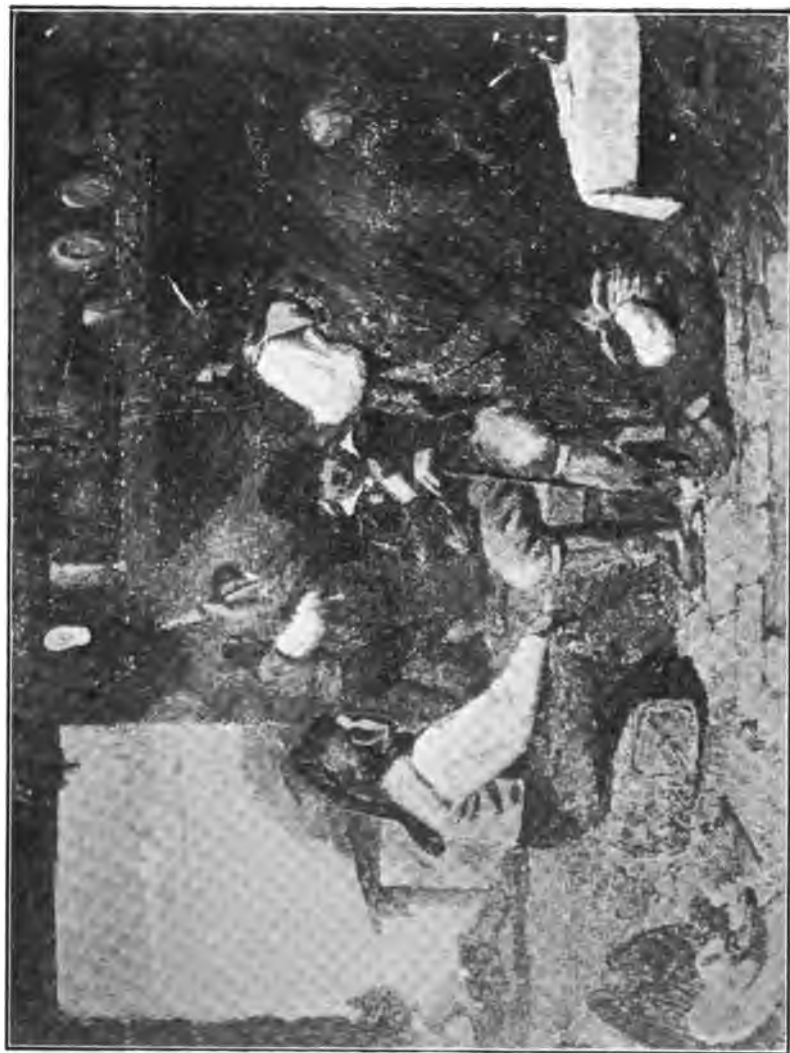
Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

THE NAZARENE.

(Painting of about 1820 on an ancient canvas; 12x20 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
A CATALONIAN VOLUNTEER ENLISTING FOR CALIFORNIA.
(Canvas of about 1770; 7x8 inches.)



SUNDAY IN THE FONDA. *Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.*
(A Catalan Canvas of about 1770; 7x8 inches.)



*Property of the Southwest
Society, A. I. A.*
THE CRUCIFIXION.
(Painted about 1800, Spain;
20x30 inches.)

larger and more important country of Mexico, to which the king himself sent priceless gifts, and wealthy hidalgos as much; so that there are still in Mexico original Murillos and other Old Masters, to say nothing of priceless articles of other sorts.

The land expedition for the founding of the California Missions in 1769 (and with this, Father Serra himself came) brought a great many of the smaller articles necessary for the service of the church; but the larger articles were transported by the sea expedition.

It will be remembered that the soldiers who accompanied Fray Junipero were of the Catalonian volunteers. I had searched in vain for hints, pictorial or textual, of the uniform of these pioneer soldiers of California; but in the Caballeria collection there is one little painting by a very competent hand (done in some city of Catalonia) showing the volunteer in his uniform ready to go to the wars, and receiving his father's blessing. For the California records, this little sketch itself is worth the price of the whole collection. It dates, apparently, from about the time of the colonization of California—namely about 150 years ago.

In another picture by the same artist is shown one of the most familiar phases of the life the Catalonian volunteer left behind, namely, "Sunday in the Fonda." Here in the old-fashioned tavern are seen the Catalan peasants in their Sunday dress—the facing figure showing graphically that famous cap, the "barratina de Catalonia."

Several paintings of this collection are rank chromo-like affairs, which were new 70 years ago—and as bad as new. But there is a much larger number of pictures that even in their crudity have high associations and value, not only for the artist but for the historian. Every student will remember that when Fathers Cambon and Somera, in August, 1771, came up to found the Mission San Gabriel (on the "River of Earthquakes" a few miles southwest of the present familiar Mission) they were met by a mob of angry Indians who opposed their attempt. Thereupon, as recorded by the first "personally conducted" historian



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

The historic painting concerned in the Miracle of San Gabriel.



*Property of the Southwest
Society, A. I. A.*

NUESTRA SEÑORA DEL CARMEN.
(Painted in Mexico about 1700;
24x32 inches.)

of California. Fray Francisco Palou, companion and biographer of Serra, "one of the fathers drew forth a canvas with the image of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores (Our Lady of Sorrows) and put it forth in sight of the barbarians; but hardly had he done so when all of them, overcome by the vision of so handsome a Simulacrum, threw to the earth their bows and arrows; the two captains running hastily to lay at the feet of the sovereign queen the necklaces which they wore at their necks as a token of their highest appreciation—manifesting by this action the peace which

they wished to make with our people" (Palou, "Vida," p. 130).

From the voluminous "Noticias" of the same author, page 47, we learn that this oil painting of our Lady of Sorrows had been brought up from Mexico by the sea expedition of 1769, on the pilot-boat "San José;" but we know no more of its previous history. By the texture of its canvas, the pattern of its stretcher, the technic of its painting, and other tokens, it was beyond question done in Spain prior to 1700; and no doubt it was brought over to Mexico as a gift to some of the Missions there, and thence contributed to the "New Establishments" in California. Beyond reasonable question, this historic canvas is now in the possession of the Southwest Society. This painting of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows was originally in the Mission of San Gabriel; was pillaged from there about 1834 in the Secularization; was purchased a generation ago, from some heir or assign of the pillager, by the late Father Bot, for a great many years pastor of this Mission; and from him was secured many years back by the owner of the Caballeria collection. It has, perhaps, more intimate historical association with California than any other picture in the collection, though otherwise it is by no means nearly so valuable as many others. The Mission itself, by the way—in whose foundation it plays so important a part—was founded on the birthday of the Virgin, September 8, 1771.

While many paintings in this collection were indubitably done in Spain, there are several which, beyond reasonable doubt, were executed in Mexico—some by Spaniards, removed to the New



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
NO. 3. SANTA FILOMENA (?)
(Painted in Spain about 1650; 27x36 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
THE HOLY FAMILY.
 (Painted in Spain about 1825; 26x32 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.
 (Painted in Spain about 1780; 26x36 inches.)

World, and possibly some by the generation of Mexican artists which sprang up very promptly after the Conquest. The painting of *Nuestra Señora del Carmen* (Our Lady of Mount Carmel), dating evidently from not later than the year 1700, is one of those almost certainly executed in Mexico. It represents the Virgin delivering a soul from purgatory—the specific office of Our Lady of Carmel.

The queen and saint pictured in illustration number 5—probably *Santa Filomena*—dates from somewhere about 1680; was painted in Spain; and is a very interesting typical portrait, evidently from a model.

In the collection there are two paintings of *Santa Teresa* (St. Therese). Illustration number 6 is of the latter part of the seventeenth century, but is far more advanced in its decay than any other picture in the collection. The canvas possibly was not as good quality as usual; or it may have been devoured by chemicals in the medium, which was unquestionably very poor. A little of this dilapidation to the canvas can be guessed by the engraving; but, in fact, daylight can be seen twenty-fold through every square inch. This painting (like some others in the collection) will have to be mounted on a seasoned panel of wood. This “Santo” hung, before the Secularization, in the Mission of San Antonio de Padua. The other painting of the same saint (No. 7), although about contemporary, is very well preserved.

The rude painting—without much question done in Mexico before 1680—of *Nuestra Señora de los Afligidos* (Our Lady of



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
NO. 6. SANTA TERESA.
(Painted about 1660; 24x32 inches.)

the Afflicted). No. 8, may reasonably be presumed to have been one of the offerings collected in Mexico for the California Missions, by the mother of that great enterprise, the Franciscan College of San Fernando, Mexico.

A very old and fairly meritorious picture of the crucifixion came into this collection from the possession of Don José de la Rosa, the first printer in California—whose remarkable posthumous contribution to the folk songs of his adopted State has already been mentioned. Here is one of the astounding anachronisms at which medieval artists seemed as little to balk as do the New York illustrators of today, who never succeed in drawing a deer with its horns "right side out." This painting shows not only the crucifixion with the Madgalen weeping at the foot of the cross, but St. Francis of Assisi personally present at Calvary! Its colors, more than its serious age, make it impossible for half-tone reproduction.

The St. Cecilia, of the seventeenth century and of European execution (No. 9), ranks much higher in art; but owing to some fault in the medium is very badly marred by the flaking of the pigments from the canvas.

In every Catholic church everywhere (broadly speaking) there is some picture of St. Jerome translating the Bible. In this collection this familiar theme is represented by a large painting (No. 10) done in broad strokes, but not without skill, and evidently of the late seventeenth century.

Another painting which once hung on the walls of that now superb ruin, the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, is the large canvas which represents Mary Magdalen renouncing the world



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.
 (Painted in Spain about 1825; 26x34 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
No. 10. ST. JEROME TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.
 (Painted in Spain in the 17th Century; 24x36 inches.)

(No. 11). It is of a late year in the seventeenth century, and suggests that it was done by some Spanish artist in Mexico.

One of the most universal of the saints is St. Anthony—and in this collection there are no less than three valuable canvases which represent him. The oldest (whose colors make it impossible to be reproduced), dates from very early in the Sixteen Hundreds, and was probably done in Mexico, though not by a native born. It was purchased many years ago of the famous Father Ambris, of the Mission of San Antonio de Padua. A larger painting of the same saint, dating from later in the same century, and once in possession of San Miguel Mission, is not much more than a sketch; but a sketch of unquestioned power



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
NO. 13. SAN ANTONIO.
 (Painted in Spain before 1700;
 24x32 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
NO. 7. SANTA TERESA.
 (Painted in Spain about 1690;
 24x32 inches.)

(illustration number 12). Of about the same date as the latter, of about equivalent technic, and of a very quaint interest, is the St. Anthony shown in illustration number 13—the saint evidently a portrait of one of the younger missionaries, and the pith of the picture being that curious naiveté so common in an age when burgomasters and princes had their pictures painted in the resemblance of a holy man—the unmistakable likeness of the Christ-Child to the saint. This painting hung, until the general pillage of secularization, in the Mission of San Juan Capistrano.

A much younger school of Spanish art is represented by a number of paintings in this collection—some of them visibly touched by French influence; and some by German and some by Italian. Several of these were brought over from Spain a generation ago by Father Bot of San Gabriel. The daughter of



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
No. 12. SAN ANTONIO.
 (Painted in the 17th Century; 30x36 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
No. 15. A MADONNA.
 (Painted in California about 1790;
 12x17 inches.)

Herodias bringing the head of John the Baptist on a charger; a rather Frenchy and rather able portraiture of Jacob's meeting with Rachel; a mechanical and chromo-like copy of some (probably) good picture of the Holy Family, and ditto the Adoration of the Magi; a Daniel in a den of lions that could make their fortune on any stage, and that show their creator to have been a humorist, whether conscious or not—an Annunciation of the most hopeless Italian chromo type—these are not of much artistic value, though they are not without the historic worth that they were part of the art on which California depended in its earlier days.

But it did not altogether depend—nor much depend—on chromos nor the chromo school. There is a small painting (No. 14), on an unmistakably ancient canvas, on a stretcher whose like has not been made this side of 200 years, of the Nativity. Anyone who might take it as a finished picture would be justified in smiling at it. But anyone who knows pictures can see that it is merely a sketch, and that it is by a hand which could have made a real picture. That it is a sketch is absolutely proved to every student of these times by the conventional halos; that



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
NO. 14. SKETCH FOR A PAINTING OF THE NATIVITY.
(Early 17th Century, Spain; 18x23 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
**BRINGING THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST
 UPON A CHARGER.**
 (Painted about 1790, Spain; 30x38 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
No. 8. NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LOS AFLIGIDOS
 (Painted in Mexico in the early 17th
 Century; 24x30 inches.)

the man who roughed this valued sketch upon the canvas was no amateur, is apparent enough to anyone who will observe the face of the Madonna.

The absolutely crude little painting of the Madonna reproduced in engraving number 15 once hung in the church of Our Lady of the Angels in this city; was taken thence some seventy years ago by private parties, and a half a century later purchased by the collector to whom the Southwest Society owes so much. It is one of the very few in the collection that has any likelihood of having been painted in California; and it, almost without question, was painted here. Whether it was done by a Franciscan missionary or by an Indian neophyte will always be a question; but the probabilities are strong that the artist was an Indian under the instruction of the padres.

But while, as might be expected in a collection of thirty-four paintings purchased for \$1000, the great majority are of canvases whose value is rather historic than of the market, there are in this collection two pictures of extraordinary artistic value and money worth. The very large canvas inadequately reproduced in illustration number 16 (for while the canvas itself is clear, its colors are not responsive even to an isochromatic plate) is, beyond any question whatever, by one of the large artists of the late seventeenth century. It shows clearly the influence of



Property of the Southwest Society, A. L. A.

No. 16. ST. JOHN OF NEPOMUK, MARTYR.

(A Spanish masterpiece of about 1675; 33x43 inches.)



NO. 111. MARY MAGDALEN RENOUNCING THE WORLD.
(Painted in the latter part of the 17th Century; 56x28 inches.)
Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

NO. 9. SAINT CECILIA.

(Painted in Spain about 1680; 24x32 inches.)



Property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.
REBECCA AT THE WELL.
 (Painted about 1780, Mexico; 24x32 inches.)

Murillo; but it is in itself a classic. Its theme is the martyrdom of San Juan Nepomuceno or Pomuceno—in English, St. John of Nepomuk or Pomuk. The school is unmistakably of the latter Sixteen Hundreds; the execution is unmistakably that of a master.

St. John of Pomuk is the patron saint of Bohemia. He was born in the city of that name (Pomuk) in 1330, achieved high distinction in his country, and was canonized in 1779. In the Catholic church he is the patron of Silence, a rather pretty fancy. He was contemporary with King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, a son of the Emperor Charles IV. Wenceslaus was jealous of his queen and suspected her of political intrigue. St. John was her confessor; and the king demanded of the priest that he reveal to him what the queen had confessed. The priest refused. The king tortured him cruelly, and drowned him in the river Moldau in the year 1393. This beautiful painting, torn in its lower corner but repaired, was painted before 1700. How it came to California we do not yet know; but long before the new dispensation in the Golden State, it was the chief ornament in a private chapel of a famous California family near Pomona.

But in the whole collection there is one noble painting which stands pre-eminent. We do not yet know from whose hand it comes; but we do know that it is from the hand of a master. It is a "Madonna of the Ring;" a large canvas in excellent preservation, with the empiric wreath of flowers which is largely associated with the art of Flanders—though I do not know that it originated there. But it is unquestionably of Spanish execution. The Madonna has the Spanish face, the child is a Spanish child. Aside from the floral garland, the technic is inevitably suggestive of Murillo, and the garland may be a later addition. Certainly Murillo himself need not have been ashamed of this canvas; and it would be no artistic impiety to attribute it to him. Whether it is his or not, it is a masterpiece worthy of a seat of honor in any museum. (See Frontispiece.)

After the necessary work of reinforcing and repairing broken canvases and rickety frames has been completed, this valuable and interesting collection of the earliest art known to California will be exhibited in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce until the Southwest Society shall secure fire-proof museum rooms. Besides the twenty-five paintings shown in these illustrations, there are nine others—including several large canvases of varying merit and interest.

A SIERRA SUMMER.

By CAMILLA L. KENYON.



IT IS a hopeful sign, among some not so hopeful, that amid all the rush and turmoil of our American life the love of outing grows steadily and surely. As summer approaches, the advertising columns of the daily papers, the streetcar posters, the rain of "literature" poured forth from railroad offices, bear witness to the vast proportions of the coming exodus. Twenty years ago, this mighty flood of vacation travel was but a slender trickle, which might bear the pleasure-seeker either to some crowded resort of the type of Saratoga in its palmy days, or, if his tastes were rural, to a quiet farmhouse, for a week or two of bovine idleness.

The resorts still claim their thousands, and the farm retains its placid mission. But every year sees converts to the cult with whom outing means long days of wandering on horseback or afoot in lonely mountain wastes or the dusk of forests, and the sweet hardship of nights beneath the stars.

To most people the Sierras mean Tahoe and the Yosemite Valley, with the Big Trees thrown in. The rest is a mere ragged



READY FOR THE TRAIL.

line upon the map. Neither railroad guide nor excursion pamphlet has revealed to them the huge wilderness that lies between, and north and south of, these points—a wilderness of glorious forests, of tumbling, shouting rivers, of lakes innumerable and unnamed, and above them all the silent realm of snow.

The waters of the Tuolumne head up in a remote group of lakes, some of them known to the hunter and the market fisherman, more of them seldom visited from the ice of one winter to the next. The lowest in the series, and the easiest to come at,



AN ALPINE MEADOW.

is Eleanor, remote and lovely, yet but the gateway to the alpine solitudes beyond.

From the little lumber town of Tuolumne, the terminus of the Sierra Railway, a logging road runs some twenty-five miles up into the mountains. Journeying via this road, which operates an occasional passenger coach, one will avoid a somewhat hot and dusty horseback ride (or tramp, as the case may be) through woods already shorn of their chief glories and melancholy with ruin. At Camp Twelve, now dismantled, our party alighted and sat disconsolately on boxes, amid an array of amateurish looking packs, until the arrival of Harry Mathewson, the guide, philosopher and friend of all wayfarers in these parts. Under his experienced leadership, ourselves and our belongings were soon disposed upon steady mountain horses and conveyed over a couple of miles of trail to Thompson Meadows, a few acres of

cleared land surrounding a tiny cabin and outhouses. Here may be found entertainment for man and beast, and the place has become a sort of half-way house; for both the Eleanor and Jawbone trails run through the dooryard. If one happens to belong to the petticoated persuasion, the accommodations usually offered to guests—bacon and beans in the cabin and a blanket in the barn—may be passed over in favor of a tent just within the forest margin, on the bank of the little Cottonwood. At any rate, it is an excellent point at which to pause and readjust one's effects



FORDING REED RIVER.

before the final plunge into the wilderness, and one may idle away a few days here very profitably.

It is twenty miles from Thompson Meadows to Lake Eleanor, and the trail, though plain to follow, is steep, rough and broken. Yet its weariness is more than compensated for by the ever varying beauties of the way. Now, from some lofty ridge, where the granite skeleton of the mountain juts out like the bones of some half buried monster, one looks forth through limpid, spicy air over dark billows of forest, purple voids where cañons lie, across heights ragged and storm-scarred, to where, on the horizon, white castellated masses flash against the sky. Now, for miles, the trail winds through dim pine woods, and one's world is but the little space around him. One does not find in these Sierra forests the

still, chill twilight, the somber hush and mystery, of the red-woods. These woods are full of open, fragrant spaces, of shadow that is half sunlight, soft winds, and the sweet gossiping of birds. Ferns and lupins and a host of other groundlings spring in the little glades, and the dogwood leans its frail boughs, heavy with waxen blossoms, upon the dark strength of the cedar. Along the broad, smooth slopes, typical of these mountains, spreads the tarweed, carpeting with brightest green the brown floor of pine needles. Now and again the woods are broken by a tiny meadow, dank and luscious, with a sluggish brooklet wandering through the midst. Sometimes a rude barn or a cabin built of shakes



A SIDE CAÑON.

marks the spot as some cattleman's headquarters, and already, perhaps, the droves are on the way, a wild multitude fleeing from the heat and drouth of the foothills. But as yet these alpine pastures are a solitude.

Besides innumerable little trickling threads of water, there are some considerable streams between Thompson Meadows and the lake, and at this season (early June) they were running riotously. Hull Creek and the Reed River are never very formidable, however, and we forded the Clavey with no more serious mishap than wet feet. But when we reached the Cherry River, about three miles from the lake, the matter assumed more dismaying proportions.

There are several ways of crossing the Cherry. When one

contemplates that river in the splendor of its June flood, one and all of them appear highly perilous and undesirable. The usual route is by the ford, at a point about a mile above where we stood, but at this season the passage is a feat demanding skill and daring. A little below the ford is "the wire," which, swung across the river from a couple of tall pines, holds a small platform of singularly unstable aspect, by means of which the transit may be accomplished. It seemed a slender thread to hang a life upon, besides landing the voyager in a tree some twenty feet



HAYSTACK DOME FROM FALL RIVER CAÑON.

above ground. So there remained for us only the log, or succession of logs, where the river hurls itself down a long descent in sweeps of pallid green and tumult of white crests, with a roar that vibrates through the forest.

As our little cavalcade numbered, fortunately, a couple of experienced mountaineers, we resigned the care of our paraphernalia to them. The horses, of course, swam over at the ford, but the packs, containing anything from a sketchbook to a Dutch oven, must be conveyed piecemeal across the log, on the sturdy shoulders of our guides. It was somewhat reassuring to see how easily they did it; nevertheless, to a tenderfoot, it is a soul-trying experience to poise upon a pine trunk, stripped of its bark and slippery as glass, while on one side the water crowds up

foaming to his very feet, and on the other sinks giddily away into dim green caves and hollows, white, poisoning crests and angry vortices among the boulders.

A rocky ridge, where great oaks flourish and delicate blossoms spring among the crags, separates the Cherry from Eleanor Creek, the outlet of the lake. From this ridge we first looked down on Eleanor, lying dark and glassy in the fading light, so still, so silent, so remote, it seemed like something lost since the beginning of the world, and our eyes the first to gaze upon it.

The creek is a smooth, broad stream, deep and swift-flowing, and crossed by another, but rather less terrifying, log. Beyond the creek the trail runs through open woods, by lovely glades, all



GRIZZLY PEAK, above Lake Eleanor, 10,000 feet elevation.

delicately green, and jagged heaps of granite. Here and there one has a glimpse of the water, darkening in the mountains' shadow, or of a white cataract foaming down the crags on the other shore. As we rode silently through the somber evening hush, a horse shied suddenly and sidled from the trail, and there in the gray dust we saw the round, cushiony footprints of a mountain lion. The tracks were quite fresh, and no doubt the gathering darkness would lure him again from his haunt among the rocks to prowl about our camp and sniff longingly at the ham-fragrant atmosphere.

Camping in the Sierras is verily a return to the soil. The true mountaineer abjures a tent, and his couch is mother earth, unless he be fortunate enough to possess a sleeping bag. This conces-

sion to luxury is regarded by many experienced campers as little less than a necessity ; but the present wayfarers got on very well with a pair of heavy blankets and a comforter apiece, spread upon a heap of fern. Cooking went on at a couple of tiny fires banked up with stones and covered with a square of sheet-iron. The best fire is always the smallest, with the heat well concentrated. The blaze around which the campers gather at nightfall is an entirely different affair, large, genial and ruddy, warming up the silent woodsmen to picturesque reminiscences and "bear



THE LAKE NEAR KIBBIE'S.

stories" of a wildness quite outdoing the proverbial fisherman's yarn.

No camp of any permanence is complete without a table. Ours had one built of shakes and made gay with a scarlet oilcloth. Being limited strictly to one plate, cup and saucer per head, our repasts had a unique and varied flavor quite lacking where tableware is more abundant. Tea, for instance, drunk from a cup still redolent of onion soup, is quite distinct from the conventional beverage. It is truly surprising, though, how excellent and extensive a camp cuisine can be. With flapjacks and beans as a nucleus, all manner of interesting dainties, from a strange preparation known as "mulligan," to an unceasing variety of puddings, may be compounded from the ordinary campers' supplies by an experienced camp-cook. Burnt fingers and despair are apt to be the first results of the novice.

What many people reckon the chief hardship of roughing it is really its most rare delight. Sleeping in the open, with no shield or cover from the stars—that alone reveals to the wanderer the true heart of the forest. Then the noise of distant waterfalls, hardly heard by day, grows audible, and from the blackness of the lake comes a soft incessant lisp, as its little ripples break upon the sand. Small rustlings stir the ferns close to one's ear, light footfalls seem to press the deep pine needles. Somewhere in the forest a dead limb falls, or a huge cone rattles down. And



TOWARD THE SUNRISE.

yet, beneath these soft and ceaseless sounds, one is conscious of a strange, listening hush, a watchful, finger-upon-lip expectancy, as if the forest, through unreckoned ages, had waited thus nightly for some ever-hoped-for, never-uttered voice. And so one lies listening and waiting, till the strange fantastic shadows of the forest give place to the dimmer fantasies of dreams.

The genius of the lake is an ancient pioneer named Kibbie. His dwelling is a snug shack at the western end of the lake, in a stretch of low, rich meadow. Most of the lake is government domain, but Kibbie's claim antedated Uncle Sam's, and his title holds. He is a tall, blue-eyed, patriarchal-looking man with a cloud of snowy beard, and moves, for the most part, enshrined in a friendly silence. Sometimes he falls suddenly to yarning,

and then one has deep glimpses into the strange, wild life of what a departing generation speaks of fondly as the "early days." Then as suddenly the veil descends again, and one is left in the middle of a Bret Harte story to wonder unavailingly what happened next.

Kibbie owns an ancient dugout, lopsided and weatherworn and caulked at its many weak points with bits of red bandana. This being the only craft upon the lake, Mr. Kibbie's good graces have other than a sentimental value. Eleanor teems with trout, but a fly is of little use. By the less sportsmanlike method of trolling, however, one may land any number of plump, firm-fleshed fish. Hence, the possession of the dugout insures the possession of



LAUREL LAKE, A FEEDER OF ELEANOR.

dinner, as well as the less substantial joys of navigating these clear and tranquil waters.

Just opposite Kibbie Falls, where the water from Granite Lake comes tumbling into Eleanor, is Kibbie's bear-trap, built of stout pine logs, almost torn through from the inside by the teeth and claws of desperate captives. The door is broken and the trap apparently not in use, but that bears still frequent this region a neighboring strip of beach gave evidence. Here, within a radius of a few yards, we found the tracks of bear, lion and coon, two deer and a turtle. But the game is wild and shy, not realizing its immunity as a government ward, and we caught no glimpse of anything larger than a squirrel, though we heard a lion wailing one dark night and had hints of a wildcat prowling near the camp.



IN THE SOUTHERN SIERRAS. *Photo by Prof. H. B. Perkins*

At the head of the lake, beyond an intervening meadow, Eleanor Creek comes tumbling from its gorge, in a splendid tumult of sound and foam. A bare granite ridge divides its waters from those of Frog Creek, another tributary, which rushes down from a distant lake in a long succession of rapids. Climbing toilsomely to the summit of this ridge one looks down on Eleanor, all blue and glittering in its setting of dark crags and darker forest, on the white cataract flashing from the gorge, and on the sheer cliffs shadowing it, where snow still clings in patches and silver threads of water waver downward in the wind. Eastward lie bleak fields of granite, specked with a few pines and glistening snow-heaps—a wild, alpine prospect, massed ruggedly against a sky of tenderest blue. Somewhere off there, a little south of east, about nine miles distant, lies the Hetch-Hetchy, and remoter Til-Til, and the savage cañon of the Tuolumne.

But time presses and for this season at least these must be dropped from our itinerary. Another year, perhaps—for it is always “another year” with the sojourner in these mountains. It is with this promise that he turns his reluctant feet toward the valley. It is with this promise that he solaces himself through the long months that divide his frugal holidays. And with returning spring his yearning grows. There, in the places that he knew, the tender grasses peep amid the snow, the ice has left the lakes, the streams sing with a fuller voice. And it will go hard but, as summer creeps upward through the range, it find him there also, doggedly leading some protesting packmule through the craggy passes of the high Sierras.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE REWARD.

By IVAN SWIFT.

WHAT boots my will to guide a gilded tongue—
 To hope, or send the plenteous days to find
 New magic lamps My childish trumpets wind
 But faint along the walls whose stones have rung,
 In older days, with echoes nobler sung!
 What worth is this—my tender wreath—to bind
 Or yet adorn?—Antiquity has twined
 Her hempen bands the moss of years among!

We quit the shodden world, ambition stung,
 And toy with vibrant shafts in the open blue—
 One with the careless cloud, and nursed of dew!
 Upgathering sweets from ancient hills o'erflung,
 We bud and bloom, and reach the lips of Love—
 And swing, a rattling vine, the autumn pyre above!

Harbor Springs, Mich.



Roofigaro's Home.
Built by the last of the San Fernando Indians; occupied by him for half a century. He was evicted from it that the evictors might build a Theological Seminary.

ROGERIO'S THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

By HORATIO N. RUST.



ROGÉRIO.

Poor old Rogério* Rocha, almost the last of the Mission Indians of San Fernando, has carried his appeal to the Last Court—that only court in which there seems to be justice for his people. He was among the oldest living Californians; and his death (in May of this year) recalls one of the saddest stories in the history of Los Angeles county—and one of those that are most typical of our common American policy toward Indians.

Rogério was born in 1801 at or near San Fernando; and was baptized in 1810, as is shown by the Mission records. He was trained by the Franciscan missionaries as a blacksmith (the San Fernando Mission was famous among all the “establishments” of California for its excellent smiths) and pursued this trade for more than half a century. He was an intelligent man, industrious, thrifty, honest and self-respecting. He was a devout Catholic, and often officiated as lay-reader,

in the absence of a priest. Last October, when he came down to visit me at my home, he was well and strong for his great age—then 102 years. He talked Spanish, besides his native tongue, and could conduct church services in Latin, but did not speak English. He took dinner with us, and conducted himself with admirable dignity and poise.

Rogério is the Mission Indian whose case became historic by his being made the unwilling corner-stone of a theological seminary. This peculiarly bitter commentary on American ethics was much exploited in the Southern California press and in the publications of the Mohonk Conference and of the Indian Rights Association at the time, some seventeen years ago.

For sixty years, or more, Rogério had lived on a little plot of about ten acres of good moist land, near San Fernando. It had

*Pronounced Ro-háy-reo.

always been his. He had improved it, after the modest fashion of his people. He had built upon it a comfortable adobe house, two frame buildings and two or three tule structures; and had planted and brought to bearing many fruit trees. The photographs show for themselves. When the new "Americans" came in with their new devices, the little place was still his. For years he paid, as they fell due, the new-fangled American taxes on his property. In the old grant by which the title of part of the Mission properties passed to the De Celis family, it was distinctly specified (as it always was in these Spanish titles) that

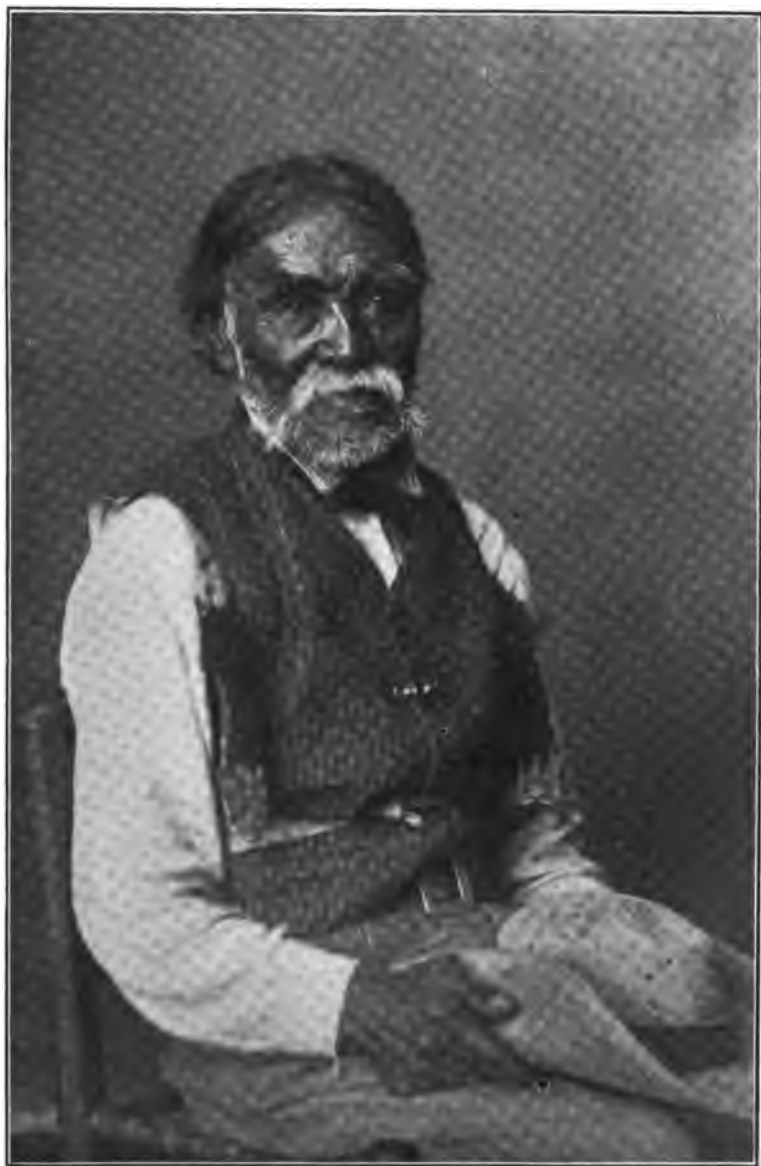


ON ROGÉRIO'S LITTLE RANCH.

the Indians who might be upon the lands should not be disturbed in their tenure. Eviction was impossible under those old laws.

But Rogério had made the great mistake of having a fine spring of water on his place. In California, such a spring is worth money if not morals. When the California Boom came on, water acquired a standard market value of \$1000 per "miner's inch." Town lots were staked out everywhere in Southern California and sold at fabulous figures. There was a strong attempt to "boom" San Fernando—the country all 'round about was staked off in town lots and a big brick block (which could today probably be rented very cheap) was built. But the special attraction of San Fernando above other California boom towns was to be a Theological Seminary.*

*I remember the case very well. I was then city editor of the Los Angeles Times, and reasonably current with the passing show. The two men in-



ROGÉRIO F. ROCHA.
Perhaps the last of the San Fernando Mission Indians. Born 1801; evicted in 1886;
died 1904.

About 1875, the E. De Celis holdings in the Ex-Mission San Fernando were sold by E. F. De Celis, son and administrator to G. K. Porter and ex-State Senator* C. Maclay for \$125,000. According to his affidavit (see Cal. Reports, Vol. 53, pp. 372-373) Eulogio De Celis's attorney, Anson Brunson,† received \$3750 from Maclay for betraying his client in the deal. That is, Maclay was ready to pay \$125,000, and offered to give Brunson "half of what he could get the ranch for below that sum." Brunson told De Celis, his client, that he could get \$115,000. De Celis had made up his mind not to take less than \$120,000; they split the difference and made the price \$117,500. This jockeyed the client out of \$7,500 and gave his lawyer \$3,750 for his assistance in the deal. The case went up to the Supreme Court of California, which found the case a fraud and prohibited Brunson from receiving Maclay's \$3,750 bribe.

As has been said, the Mexican title, under which De Celis held his lands at San Fernando contained the usual clause (customary for centuries in Spanish America under Spanish rule, and continued by Mexico after its Independence) that any Indians living upon the land should not be disturbed in their tenure. In the conveyance from De Celis to Porter and Maclay this clause was omitted. De Celis, Jr., administrator of his father's estate, objected to the omission. But he was assured by his attorneys, Brunson and General Cobb, that this land occupied by Rogério did not belong to the estate, and therefore was not included in the conveyance; under which misrepresentation by his attorneys, De Celis signed the papers. He was assured by Senator Maclay,

volved were among the solid citizens. I have no doubt that neither of them ever for a moment dreamed that the centuried land-rights of a Mere Indian were even to be thought of in comparison with a Modern American Community, and a School for Divines thrown in—incidentally, also, many hundred lots at the wild prices of the Boom. One of the few come-uppances I have ever known in the long dishonesty of our dealing with the first owners of the soil was in this case. The theological school died a-borning; and San Fernando—though in one of the most beautiful and most desirable valleys in the world—has today not so many people as it had when an ancient Indian was evicted from his immemorial home to make room for a town which was hoped to be the center of a school to teach young men to preach Christ. Nor is property there worth half what it was then. That is, in the market. It is really worth more than it ever was, for there are few such valleys, even in California. But Fate seems to enjoy her little joke, now and again; and Rogério is avenged as few of his race have yet been. None of his tyrants have prospered. "Whatever Gods may be" have laid upon them "Pretty Near Their Share." Even the poor old Indian they kicked out of the home he was living in before any American ever knew there was such a country as California—even *he* was never so hard hit in the reasonable expectations that a father and a property-owner is wont to cherish. Only, perhaps, God gave him more ability to feel what he lost.—Ed.

*In the State Senate in 1872. Father of the Edward Maclay whose differences with the Navy Department are matters of minor modern history.

†Later Judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles county.

according to his affidavit, that the Indians should never be disturbed.

But in 1878 Porter and Maclay brought suit to evict Rogério, and obtained judgment by default. The letter of the law was with them. The late George E. Gard, for many years sheriff—and the man selected for the personal safeguard of President McKinley during his visit to Los Angeles—was acting sheriff of this county. His affidavit and that of his deputies who executed the eviction, William E. Hammel (now chief of police of Los Angeles) and Martin Aguirre (late warden of the State Prison at San Quentin) are of record. Also the affidavits of Don Romulo Pico and of Rogério. These documents, with an official summary of the case, can be found in the report of Prof.



OTHER BUILDINGS OF ROGÉRIO.

C. C. Painter "on the condition of affairs in Indian Territory and in California," Philadelphia, 1888. The affidavit of these two deputy-sheriffs who executed the eviction winds up these manly words:

"Though forced to do this disagreeable duty, we regarded it as a hard and cruel thing to take these old people from their home and throw them into the street, unprotected, in the midst of the winter season."

Rogério, then over 80 years old, his wife (about the same age), and three other old women were evicted in the midst of the rainy season. The deputies loaded upon a wagon the furniture, provisions, seeds and blacksmith tools of Rogério, and dumped

them on the public road some two miles from the house. The old women followed the cart on foot. Rogério, acting under the advice of an attorney, refused to leave, and told the officers to do their duty. They picked him up and put him in the cart, without resistance; and set him down beside the goods.

A four-days' rain came upon the evicted Indians. Rogério started, at once, to Los Angeles, to plead for help from such friends as he knew. The old women sat by their little household goods in the rain. The flour and sugar and other perishable goods were destroyed by the storm. Soaked and shivering, the old women sat there. Rogério's old wife contracted pneumonia, and died shortly after being removed to an old building at the Mission of San Fernando, which the bishop loaned the exiles.

This eviction was, I think, in 1886. This was when lands in California were becoming valuable, at the edge of the "Boom." The spring on Rogério's land was to furnish water for the town lots, the "benefit-portion" of whose proceeds were to found the theological school. At this time Judge R. M. Widney had bought in with Senator Maclay, was his attorney, and took a prominent part in the proceedings of the eviction and of the storm of protest which public knowledge of the facts aroused.

Not only was Rogério robbed of the land on which even the Mexican government had held him secure; he was not provided for by the ex-State Senator and the Christian lawyer who benefited by the forcible conveyance; nor was he paid for the improvements he had made on the place. Bereft of his wife who died as a direct consequence of the exposure naturally to be expected from an eviction in winter, he has since been dependent on the charity of those who could not afford to give him what their hearts dictated. He removed, after his wife's death, to a tiny patch of land in a wild cañon back in the mountains, a place too poor to be coveted by any white man, even for a theological seminary; and there eked out such existence as he could in his extreme old age. A man of 84 or 85 at the time of the eviction, he has passed the last eighteen years on land loaned him by a Mexican, and with such slender aid as he could secure from time to time. In 1889 I was appointed U. S. Indian agent to the Mission Indians, and during my turn assisted Rogério as well as I could with the miserable pittance allowed by the government to the agent for the sick and indigent of 3000 Indians—about \$200 per annum all told! Since then I have called his case to the attention of my successors, and the present incumbent has sent him a few rations. So far as I know, he received about \$5 worth in all.

Perhaps the most pathetic tableau in all this sad story was the funeral of the old wife. The service—the impressive funeral service of the Catholic church—was conducted by Rogério himself, with all the dignity and beauty that belong to it. Mr. Romulo Pico, who was present, says it was the most impressive funeral he ever attended. And now the old man has gone to join her.

BULLWHACK JOE.

By R. B. TOWNSEND.



AY," said the wagon-boss sharply, "what are you men staring at anyway. Never seen a boy fall with his head agin a wagon wheel and faint before "

He picked up the limp form in his arms and started for a pool of water that lay a few yards below the Crossing of Dry Creek.

"Straighten out them bulls," he called out over his shoulder to the two men who were still staring, "and drive Joe's team for him through the Crossing and then go into camp on the far bank. We'll be after you there in half a jiff." And he hurried with his burden to the water pool.

"Never see the boss kerflummoxed before," said one of the two bull-whackers to the other as he flicked out his fourteen-foot bull-whip and straightened the leaders preparatory to exhorting them through the sand of the Crossing. "He's seemed kinder sot on that kid all along. Blame my cats if this ain't the very first time as ever he's laid a hand on him that I see."

"I never see a boy faint so easy, neither," returned the other, who had placed himself on the off side of the five-yoke team to encourage their efforts with another fourteen-foot lash. The belly of the lash was as thick as a man's wrist, and the "popper" at the end was a two-inch ribbon of buckskin. The cracks of it rang louder and sharper than pistol shots as the laboring team struggled painfully through the deep sand.

Meantime the boss, with unwonted anxiety in his eyes, was slopping Joe's face with water beside the pool. Joe stirred, gave a gasp and breathed deeply two or three times; then a pair of brown eyes opened, with a confused alarm in them, and a weak voice said, "Where am I?"

"Where are you?" echoed the wagon-boss, with a pity that was strongly flavored with sarcasm. "Why, two hundred miles further west than any lone woman's got a right to be, more especially if she goes a-masquerading in men's clothes."

The brown eyes closed again, and a blush came under the tan on the soft cheek of Joe. "I didn't mean anyone to know," faltered the weak voice.

"Nor I never suspicioned you was a woman till five minutes ago," returned the wagon-boss, brushing back the damp hair from the forehead with more tenderness than anyone would have guessed from his rough appearance. "But when you fell agin the wagon-wheel just now and went off into a dead faint, I nat-

urally put my hand on you to feel your heart and see if you was dead, and in course I was bound to know then."

She turned her head wearily on one side and made an instinctive effort to draw the boy's jumper of butternut jeans closer to her neck. "I remember now," she said faintly. "You knocked me down when my off-wheel ran into that soft place and my team got stalled."

It was the wagon-boss's turn to blush now—his bronzed face glowed a deep red. "Shucks!" he said, half-roughly, yet with the air of excusing himself, "I didn't hit you: jes' give you one little shove and you went and fell down and knocked your head up agin the wheel. Lord! If I'd reely hit you, you wouldn't have come to for a week." The boss was a big man with a sledgehammer fist. "And you did orter have straightened them leaders, as I tole you," urged the wagon-boss, still with the air of defending himself. "It was lettin' 'em swing gee jes' as they hit the sandy bed of the Crossing as done the mischief." His professional pride as a boss bull-whacker compelled him to say so much in his justification.

"Oh, well," she said wearily, and she put up one hand to her head and began feeling a lump on the side of it under the wet hair.

"That ain't nuthin' but a bruise where you hit the wagon-wheel," said the wagon-boss hastily. "It don't bleed any; the skin ain't broken."

She made an effort to sit up; his arm was 'round her in an instant, supporting her, and with his help she raised herself and lay back against the bank of the creek.

"I'm better now," she announced, breathing a little more freely. But there was a patchy look about her face that showed she had had a hard knock.

"Look a' here," said the man half shyly. "What am I going to call you anyway? You ain't Joe, the bullwhack boy, no longer, seeing as how you're a woman. Yes, and a darned good-looking one at that," he added silently to himself.

"I s'pose you must call me Jess—if you want to," she answered, also shyly. She was looking down now at the ridiculous pair of stained butternut overalls that decorated her person.

"And to think we're two hundred miles west of Topeka and thar's nary settlement ahead for three hundred miles more till we get to Pike's Peak," groaned the boss. It was the time of the buffalo, the mustang and the Indian. If this extraordinary discovery of her being a woman had happened in the fo'c'sle of a sailing ship in mid-ocean, the situation could scarcely have been more perplexing.

Here she was, however, right out in the middle of the Great

Plains, and something had to be done. The boss was a man of prompt decision and courage. He needed to be. The master of a wagon-train in the wilderness seldom gets very far without finding a use for those virtues. But on this occasion he was conscious of an unusual strain upon them.

His supporting arm was still round the waist of Jess's jumper, though the faintness that had been his excuse for putting it there was rapidly passing off.

"It's nigh on three weeks since we left Topeka," continued the boss, "and I've bin riding beside your wagon most all the time, and I've drove it through every crossing for you till we came to this Dry Creek."

"Yes, I know you've been real kind to me, till today, and you've taught me a lot about whacking bulls," said Jess.

"That's 'cause I hired you as a boy, and a mighty green boy at that," said the boss severely. "But that's all over and done with now," he added after a moment's pause. "Question is how you're going back."

"I started for Pike's Peak and I'm going to Pike's Peak," returned Jess defiantly. The color was coming back again to her cheeks.

"Not as a bullwhacker in my outfit, you ain't," contradicted the boss.

"Then I'll ride there by myself on my pony," declared she. A handsome American pony, with an eagle's feather tied in his forelock and a man's saddle cinched on his back, was towing behind Jess's wagon. It was the pony on which she had ridden into Topeka the day that she hired to the boss as a bullwhacker.

"The Hades you will!" exclaimed the wagon-boss hastily. At least he would have said Hades if he had been a classical scholar; as it was he used a less elegant term. Then he apologized: "I ain't the man ever to swear before a woman," he explained, conveniently forgetting that he had done it persistently several hundred time a day while teaching Jess to whack bulls. But that, of course, was while he had supposed her to be a boy.

"It's plumb nonsense for a woman to think of crossing the Plains alone, with the Indians loose!" he continued. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes I do," retorted Jess. "If I want to, I can go back as far as the last camp and join that emigrant outfit that's coming behind us."

"I suppose you'll play yourself on them for a boy, same as you did on me," he rejoined reproachfully. He looked in her face as he said it, but she did not appear concerned by his reproof. By the Jumping Jehosaphat, what a pretty face it was!

Her eyes were cast down—how in creation had he ever thought those long eyelashes, those ripe lips could belong to a boy! His pulses began to beat faster. "You seem in a mighty hurry to leave us, Jess," he said. His tongue lingered a little over. "Jess."

"Well, I understood you to say I'd got to quit," she answered.

"Oh, shucks!" said he, "I only meant that you've got to quit working as a bullwhacker"—he became conscious that his arm was so close 'round her that the iron-bound butt of his revolver was jammed into her side, and, reaching his left arm round behind him, he pulled it out of the way. She appeared supremely unconscious of his revolver—and of his arm.

His left hand, having returned from shifting the revolver, boldly captured her hand—did it return his pressure? He could hardly tell. "Look a' here, Jess," he broke out abruptly, "thar's only one thing to do and I'm the man to do it." The boss, as has been remarked, was a man of decision. "I'm going to ride right back to that emigrant outfit this very night, and I'm going to trade for a gownd and a bunnet with that woman we seen in their camp, and I'm going to lead your horse over there and bring back that Baptist minister as they've got along, and I'll have him marry us right here."

Jess heaved a little sigh and drew herself away from him.

"I guess you'd ought to know," she said after a moment's hesitation, "I've been married once already." Then she blushed.

The wagon-boss spoke again in haste. "The Hades you have!" he exclaimed; and then as before he apologized profusely. But for the moment he made no attempt to put his arm 'round her again.

"Where's your husband then?" he asked rather thickly. "Why don't the son of a biscuit take better care of ye?"

Jess looked distressed; perhaps the rudeness of the phrase hurt her.

"'Scuse me," said the boss. "I ain't in the habit of talking to a lady, and I spoke without thinking. I didn't orter have called him that name. Besides," he added, brightening up as another idea struck him, "p'raps he's dead, and you're a widder."

"No, he ain't dead," said Jess simply. "He lives in Missouri. But we're divorced."

"The Hades you are," said the wagon-boss explosively; and then checked himself short. "That's the third time I've sworn before you," he admitted; "but the idea of you being divorced startled it out of me."

"If it ain't asking too much," he proceeded more cautiously, "I'd like to have you tell me precisely how it happened."

"Oh, well," said Jess a little wearily, as she drew herself a few

inches further away from him, and, his arm not following her, she leaned against the bank again for support. "I dunno as there's much to tell. My folks lived in Clay county; and he had a farm in Calhoun. He used to come over our way a good deal; and—well—pretty soon he and I got married. That was above a year ago, and I dunno, now, why I done it. My folks was Union people and he was Secesh. When we was married we went to live on his farm at Calhoun. He owned right smart slaves before the war broke out. When it did break out, the most of 'em run off. There was one of 'em as didn't, though." She looked down with an embarrassed air to the rough pair of cowhide boots, that stuck out of the lower ends of her butternut overalls. Then she turned the back of her head to him and looked away up the Creek.

"Faithful old family servant, I suppose," hazarded the wagon-boss.

"No, 'twasn't then," she snapped, still keeping the back of her head turned to him. "'Twas a bright mulatto gal, and he was fonder of her than he'd any business to be. That's how it was."

"Wal?" said the wagon-boss cautiously, recognizing that he was on delicate ground, "And then?"

"And then?" retorted she sharply, echoing his voice. "Soon 's I found out what he was after, I up and left him. I do think as men are the plaguey meanest, ugliest things in creation."

He allowed himself an obvious score off her. "So that's why you put on men's clothes and tried to become one," said he. Then he tried to turn the score into a compliment. "But if it's any comfort to ye to know it, I can tell you you've failed there pretty badly."

She gave her shoulders a petulant shake. "I do think men are perfectly hateful," she cried, "and I do think they use women worse 'n they do their dogs. A woman don't have no show at all in this world."

"Oh yes she does," he contradicted. "They can get anything they want, if they go the right way to work. A woman could do anything with me, now, for example."

"'Cept knock you down," said Jess with a half smile, turning her head again and looking at him once more. The wagon-boss certainly looked as if the woman who could lay him out would have to be a female Hercules. He was a splendid specimen of a man. And he had the eye of a dare-devil.

"Why, if I loved a woman," said he, "she could lead me with a silken thread. If she wanted me to, I'd lay my body down for her to dance on. You think I'm rough because you've only seen me a-bossing 'round this bull-train; but I can be just as gentle as any woman could want."

"That's what the men all say," returned Jess, turning away from him again. "When they want to flatter us, nothing's too good for us. We're sweeter 'n candy and they're softer 'n silk—till they get what they want. And then we're about as much account as an old shoe. I hate men."

The next moment his arms were round her and she was strained close to his heart. His beard was against her cheek as he whispered hoarsely, "Don't say it, Jess; don't say it! I can't have you hate me. Yes, by gum though, you've all the right to hate me. I hit you—I hit you mortal hard, I don't wonder you should feel as if you hated me for it. But see here, Jess," he pleaded, "you know I hadn't no notion you was a woman."

She made no answer. He felt her slim shape in his arms half yielding, half reluctant. Was this slight thing untameable? He could crush her in his arms, but her spirit was free—defiant, unforgiving. With a sudden motion he unwound his right arm from her waist, still holding her with his left, and, pulling out his bowie knife, he thrust the strong handle into her slender fingers. He set the terrible point, a point that had drunk the heart's blood of men, against his own breast.

"Thrust home," he said in the hoarse whisper of passion. "Thrust home. I deserve it for that blow. I want to die right here by your hand. I'd love to die so. Or else I want you for my own."

"I don't believe you mean it," returned Jess. "And I told you I hated all men."

"I do mean it," he said, and with that he bore his breast hard against the blade. With a little cry of terror Jess drew the blade back and flung it on the ground behind her. "Oh, why can't men leave a woman alone?" she wailed.

For answer both his arms closed around her again and she felt the eager kisses of love upon her face. She managed to get one hand up and put it before his mouth to stop him. The kisses continued on her hand.

"Will you let me do every single thing I want to?" she asked desperately.

"Anything on earth, by Heaven," he swore to her passionately. "Any mortal thing you choose, so long as you give me yourself."

"And if you make me hate you and I want to go away, you'll let me go without a fuss?" she stipulated. She was passive in his arms now and he felt victory before him. To insure it he would consent to anything.

"You shall go as free as air—free as the wind blowing over these prairies," he cried. "But woe to the man who comes between us," he added.

"There never will be one," said Jess, putting up her face to his and giving him her lips for the first time. "It isn't that I want any man but you. But women are slaves in this world, and I mean to be free. That's what I came out on the Plains for. To be free."

It was a strange midnight wedding, under the silent stars by the light of a great fire of buffalo-chips, with the grey-bearded Baptist minister for officiating priest, the long-haired, slouch-hatted bullwhackers for guests, and the wild barking of the hungry coyotes for wedding march and epithalamium.

It was a strange honeymoon, too, with Jess no longer in a man's saddle but riding in the front of the wagon, while the wagon-boss tramped alongside and drove her team; at least he did so for the next few days, till, from an emigrant outfit they passed, they picked up another bullwhacker to do the driving and so set the boss free to return to his proper duties again.

They reached Denver before the honeymoon was ended, but Jess declined to be left there to set up housekeeping alone. The wagon-train was bound for the mountains with provisions for the mines, so the boss bought a second-hand ambulance and a span of mules and Jess sat up there on the front seat and drove it ahead of the train. Several trips they made that way from Denver to the mountains and back, and many were the envious eyes that were turned on the boss as he rode beside Jess through Golden and Blackhawk and Central.

It was a strange society in the Rocky Mountain country in those days—scarce a score of women among every thousand men, and those men no weaklings or laggards but full of vim, vinegar and vitriol, as the phrase went, young and energetic, eager and hopeful, with the hope of those who have discovered a new and rich country and mean to make things hum generally.

In that society, headstrong and ardent, a young, beautiful and spirited woman like Jess was a prize indeed, and the look in the eyes of every man she met told her so openly, with a passionate admiration. But Jess and the wagon-boss were content with each other, and those ardent looks she encountered found no echo of their passion in the friendly glances with which she returned them. Yet she enjoyed to the full, as every vigorous nature must, the racy, whole-souled, humorous talk of the pioneers. These men were making history, and they knew it; and if their lives were rough, their dreams, at least, were high. And freedom to them was the breath of their nostrils. Any man might do anything he pleased, so long as he was prepared to stand the consequences. The consequence might be a bullet in his brain or a long rope and a short shift, or it might be the tumultuous

applause of a sympathizing crowd. Whatever it might be, it was a point of honor to face the music, and that point of honor lent a certain dignity of character to the rudest and coarsest boor to be found along the frontier. And Jess, radiantly happy, moved among them like a goddess from another world.

The wagon-boss watched her as a cat watches a captive mouse, lynx-eyed but pretending not to observe. But Jess, though she talked and laughed freely enough with the many men who kept dropping into their camp, showed no faintest sign of a dangerous preference for any one of them. She was in love with the free, wild life of the mountains, not with any individual mountaineer.

At last snow began to fly and the boss decided to quit hauling into the mines and return to "the States" for winter. Eastward they traveled once more over the great empty Plains, and one bright Fall noon they pulled once more through the Crossing of Dry Creek and went into camp. It was a spot full of memories for them as they stood side by side looking down on the sandy creek-bed and smiled to see the well-remembered water hole where the boss had splashed the white face of the fainting boy who turned out to be Jess. They had traced on the bare, trodden camping-ground the dark circle of the big fire of buffalo-chips by whose light they had been married. He had even pretended to show her the very wheelmarks where the wagon that had made their first home had stood.

And then there hove in sight, travelling over the hill on the way out from the States, yet another train of "Pike's Peakers." Slowly they drew near, wagon after wagon plunged into the deep sand of the Crossing, struggled through and out again on the farther side, and there they went into camp.

"Right," said the wagon-boss as he watched them. "There's someone there understands bullwhacking."

"When you come to a creek crossing, always cross it before you camp, while your cattle are still warm," was a maxim of the wagon-boss, and he wasn't the only one who acted on it.

One by one Jess had watched them pass in silence, a silence that was very unusual for her, and now she turned a troubled look on the wagon-boss at the sight of a young man who hastened to separate himself from the new arrivals, as soon as their oxen were freed from the yoke, and walked rapidly back through the sand of the Crossing towards the pair.

"That's my first husband," she said in a low, nervous voice, as he approached. "He's nothing to me now, nor I to him. Don't you make any fuss with him, for I won't have it."

The face of the wagon-boss clouded over darkly. "That's accordin'," he interjected briefly. Then he added slowly, "I

knowned as him and me was bound to meet each other some day. I'm not looking for trouble, but it's got to be accordin' to how he takes it. Anyhow I'm heeled." The ever-ready knife and pistol were in his belt. He put his left hand on Jess's shoulder as the other approached, his right rested easily beside his hip. He felt a quiver run through her. Was it love, dead love reviving—the love she had once felt for this man, his rival who was coming towards her, his lips so tightly compressed that the mouth was but a line drawn across the set face?

His rival came up and stood opposite to them. His burning eyes were fixed upon the woman. He did not seem to see the man beside her. Then his tight-shut lips opened. "Jess!" he said; "Jess!"

"I wish you would go," she answered him, in half choking voice. "Why do you trouble me? Why do you come to our camp? You and I have nothing to do with each other. This man here is my husband."

"That so?"—the words seemed to squeeze themselves through his lips. "Since that Kansas divorce you got, I s'pose." Then, for the first time, his gleaming eyes met those of the wagon-boss. "I'd like a word with you apart," he said to him quietly.

"I'm willing," said the wagon-boss laconically. "Down there in the creek-bed we'll be out of sight of the wagons." He took his hand from Jess's shoulder, motioning her back, and made as if to start down the bank beside the other. Each man was watching his rival narrowly.

"I don't want any quarrelling," said Jess anxiously. "There's no cause for trouble between you two. No one's responsible for what I do or have done except myself. I run myself. No man makes me do anything I don't want. No man shall be called to account for what I do."

If the boss had only known it, it was less reviving love that caused Jess to tremble than fear. Not any slavish fear for herself, but fear for them—fear born of men's savagery towards each other.

The two men moved off slowly in silence, side by side, each watching every move of the other. Neither took any slightest notice of Jess or of her speech.

Her eyes followed them despairingly. That silent and intense concentration of theirs might mean anything. It might mean peace; it might be only the breathless pause before the thunder-clap.

"Remember one thing," she flung out after them, as they went down the bank still side by side. "If you two fight about me, I'll never speak to either of you again. I'll be no man's property."

I'm no dog to wear any man's collar. I'm free. Me, Jess, looking as I do, I'm free!" She stood there in all her boasted freedom, writhing in an agony of helplessness, seeing herself ignored absolutely by both. These two men were occupied, not with her rights, but with their own passions.

They reached the margin of the water pool, and faced each other a yard apart upon the sand. Only the figure of Jess stood out against the sky on the top of the bank above them.

"We're out of sight of both camps here," said the wagon-boss.

The other nodded, and abruptly came to the point.

"Was that true she said, as how she's got married to you?" he asked.

"It's God's truth," replied the wagon-boss. "But I knowed she was divorced."

"She give me the slips," said the other. "I hunted for her everywhere, but I could never hear nothing of her till I got a paper sent me from a lawyer's office in Kansas telling me as a divorce had been granted. But I'm a Missourian, an' I don't take no stock in Kansas divorces."

"Guess they're legal enough," said the wagon-boss shortly.

"Mebbe so," said the other, looking at him darkly; "but there's this also to be said. Sim Dulton reckons as all the jedges and all the lawyers in these United States can't legalize him out of his rights without his own consent. That's me."

"That's straight talk," said the wagon-boss. "My name's Bolter. I'm from Wisconsin, me. Wolverines they call us, and when we get our claws onto a thing we calculate to make 'em stick. That's me."

The two men eyed each other with tense nerves. Both were tall. The wagon-boss was a trifle the heavier built.

"Knives?" said the Missourian, his right hand going like a flash to his belt. The wagon-boss made no reply, but flung his left arm 'round the other and reached for his own.

There came one wild scream from the top of the bank as the two men clinched, and then Jess stood as if horror had turned her to stone. She saw the wagon-boss bend a little down, his left arm clinched tight 'round his opponent outside the right arm which was thus pinned to Dulton's side. The wagon-boss's head rested almost on his opponent's breast, and his right hand holding something bright drove again and again against the other's left side.

The next moment they unclined and Dulton fell full length and limp on the sand beside the water pool; the blood spouted in great gushes from his left breast and ran down into the sand. He had been struck twice in the heart.

With a shriek Jess turned and ran like one possessed to the wagon. She sprang into it, dragged out her boy's jumper and overalls, flung off her skirt and pulled them on, dragged out her man's saddle, and, folding the saddle-blanket, began hastily to cinch it on the American pony with the eagle's feather in his forelock who was still her pet possession.

"What are you at there, Jess?"

She made no answer, but with busy fingers passed the latigo strap through the rings and pulled it tight.

"Jess, I say! D'you hear me! What're you doing?" It was the resonant, strong voice of the wagon-boss, this fierce, cruel man to whom she had given herself so freely.

"Quit that nonsense, Jess," said the wagon-boss, hastily going up to her. "Quit it, and take off them silly clothes."

Her brown eyes flashed defiance as they met the steel-blue eyes of the man she had linked herself to.

"You murderer!" she said. "I hate you. I hate all men. To kill him like that."

"Why, Jess," said he, almost humbly now, "I had to kill him. It was him or me for it. He wouldn't give you up, and 'twarn't likely as I would."

The saddle was cinched on firm now. She pulled out a buffalo robe and began to tie it on behind.

"That's why I hate men," she said, not looking at him but at the strings with which she was tying it on, and addressing the universe generally. "If two of them want a woman they can't leave her to make her choice, but they must go murder each other over it. To fight like dogs—it's savage."

"It's nature," said the wagon-boss slowly.

"Then I want something better than nature," she flung back at him. "I want Christianity. I want men to be Christians and not kill each other for no cause." She slipped the bridle on the pony's head and passed the bit between his teeth. Then she untied the halter from the back of the ambulance, gathered up the reins and placed her foot in the stirrup.

The wagon-boss stepped forward and laid his hand on the reins.

"Hold hard, Jess," he exclaimed. "You're excited now. Don't go and do nothing rash. Sit down a minute and think it over."

"I might think for a week," she answered, springing to the saddle, "and not think any different. Let go my horse, Tom Bolter."

The wagon-boss hesitated. He was a resolute man, but this was a quite new phase in his life that suddenly confronted him. He took his hand off the reins, and Jess on the instant wheeled

the pony. That was too much for him; he sprang after her and caught the reins again.

"What are you so mad about, Jess, anyway?" he cried. "Why you yourself divorced him!"

"Yes," she said, "I did. Because I loved him; because he wasn't content with my love. What I did was to set him free. No man shall be bound to me, if he wants another woman more than me. But I loved him—Take your hand away from my bridle, Tom Bolter. It's got his blood on it."

"Never," said the man hoarsely. "You shan't leave me like this, not right here where we were married."

For answer, she pointed to their old camp on the far side of the Crossing, where the silent stars had looked down on that wedding in the wilderness.

"And what did you swear to me when I married you there? That I should be free, free as the air, free as the wind blowing over the prairies. Your own words, Tom Bolter!"

He looked at her, his face turbid with anger, a sense of sudden defeat struggling with the passion within him; his pride and his boast had been that he never was known to go back on his word.

"I was mad to say it," he hesitated; "I never thought—"

"But you said it," she took him up quickly. "It was my condition, and you accepted it. You're a murderer, Tom Bolter; are you a liar, too?"

He dropped the rein and thrust the pony's head away from him with his hand. "God forgive you, Jess," he cried bitterly. "I never thought you'd leave me like this. But what I said goes. Stop!" he continued, as she raised the bridle rein. "Where are you going?—and have you any money?"

"Yes, I have money," she answered, touching her pocket, "and if you want to know, I'm going to Pike's Peak. It's God's own country, the freest land on earth." She struck her heels to her pony's sides and he bounded forward. She turned him towards the west and towards the sunset and vanished down over the bank of Dry Creek into the Crossing.

The bullwhackers had unyoked and turned out their bulls, and were gathered 'round a fire they had started. They were perfectly aware that something was up, but they refrained from interfering till called upon. The wagon-boss was not a man who welcomed interference, and they knew it.

Now he called out to the party at the fire. "One of you boys get out a spade and bring it along. I've got a man to bury."

Three of the bullwhackers ran to their wagons for spades, full of curiosity and eager to assist. The boss turned his back on them and watched the far side of the Crossing. A pony, with an

eagle-feather in his forelock and a boyish looking rider on his back, topped the far bank, and, rapidly passing by the emigrants who occupied the camp that held such memories for him, went on heading steadily westward over the Pike's Peak road.

"She means it, too, by all that's holy," said the wagon-boss as horse and rider dwindled in the distance and were lost in the flickering mirage of the Plains. "Three months she's been my wife, yet that's the last I'll ever see of Bullwhack Joe."

Oxford, England.

THE CALL OF THE SURF.

By JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

LAST night I longed for mountain trails
Through chaparral, where scented gales
Would touch my face with tenderness—
Renew the dream of Love's caress!

I thought the brown-eyed cañon pool,
The whispered rushing of the cool
Swift rivulet as downward sent,
Would banish my hot discontent.

Today I thirst for ocean-spray,
Its foam and surge that cannot stay,
But, restless ever, comes and goes—
To kiss my mouth and give repose.

The sea's wild wooing calls to me,
Its voice is rife with witchery,
It offers peace—its broad, blue breast
Invites with promises of rest!

O bliss to be! The sweet, salt wave
My fevered eyes and limbs shall lave—
Such ecstasy as thrills the Sea
Shall bound, and beat, and throb in me!



A FIRST IMPRESSION.

By ELIZABETH GRISWOLD ROWE.



WHEN Professor John Spaulding left the train at a small station and started on his first stage-ride, he looked about him with interest. So this was California! The sun was glaring and hot, but the wind was cool and invigorating. That was what his brother, Robert, had meant when he had written that the Professor needed nothing but the California climate to tone him up. So he had traveled all the way from the eastern college-town to try its effect. He was the only passenger on the way to the little mountain hotel to which Robert had directed him.

"Stranger here?" the driver casually asked, as they left the scattered houses behind.

"Yes," answered the Professor, wondering why everyone took it for granted.

"Been in California long?" again queried the other.

"I have been in San Francisco two weeks," he answered.

"Here for your health?" the interlocutor continued, swinging his horses unconcernedly around a sharp turn, while his passenger held his breath.

"Partly," was the short answer.

The Professor did not like to be thought an invalid. It was really rest and change he needed more than anything else.

The driver was silent for a few minutes. Conversation could not be very brisk with this taciturn stranger. He looked as if he might be sarcastic and ready to find fault. After an interval of silence, painful to one of the parties at least, another attempt was made to make conversation.

"Leave your family east?"

At first the Professor felt a flash of resentment; then he saw the humorous side of the situation and answered with less frigidity:

"I have none, except a brother who is in business in San Francisco."

There was no reason why the inquisitive driver should take it for granted that he had a family, except that he was old enough. He was forty—and fifteen years old than Robert. Perhaps that was why he had felt a twinge of jealousy when he was met on his arrival with the news of Robert's engagement.

Professor John Spaulding was a man of prejudices and it was

unfortunate that he happened to feel one toward the particular young lady whom Robert had chosen. It was partly due to a peculiarly disagreeable impression made on the Professor by a self-confessed "typically Californian" girl, whom he had met on the journey out. But partly, also, to the fact that Robert and John were as different in taste and disposition as they were in years. So, in describing her, Robert, in his enthusiasm, had selected the very traits that were least pleasing to his brother. When he had seen how things were, he had stopped short.

"I wish I had said nothing about her," he had said. "If I'd left Nell to make her own impression, it would have been all right. But she's out of town now."

John was considered a woman-hater anyway; but Robert, remembering the reason, had felt that he could not accuse him of that. It was mountain air that the Professor's physician had prescribed for him; hence his journey to the quiet mountain resort where Robert would join him later for his own vacation.

The road wound about mountains and over countless little streams which were now almost dry. It was very narrow most of the way, and the driver did not give the concern to his driving that the situation warranted, according to the Professor's opinion. So he braced himself for any sudden emergency and eyed fearfully the abrupt bank on one side and the steep declivity on the other, softened only by a thick growth of tangled vines and bushes.

The fine dust flew from the horses' hoofs and settled upon the manzanita bushes that bordered the road. Further down these gave way to dense growths of California lilac, whose pale purple blossoms lent the appearance of distant smoke. There were so many things new to the professor and perfectly familiar to his companion that questions again became the order of conversation, but now the catechism was reversed.

The place to which Robert had sent his brother was in the midst of charming mountain scenery—not snow-capped peaks and rugged slopes, but green, verdure-clad heights whose bases were thickly covered with rich, dark redwoods. The hotel was no more than a large farmhouse in a grove of live-oaks clinging to the side of the mountains just below the summit. It was not a well-known resort and it was rather quiet. John was very glad of that. He did not care for people—he wanted to rest and get strong.

He arrived early in the afternoon and had time for a walk before dinner. He started out on a trail that zig-zagged down the side of the mountain. It led him through a long green arbor with high hazel-bushes on either side and redwood boughs inter-

lacing above. The mellow afternoon sunshine trickled through, wherever there was the least crevice. He felt uplifted and invigorated. It was like a strong tonic to a sick man. He drank in the quiet beauty which surrounded him and listened to the music of countless unseen birds on every side. It was all so satisfying and complete.

"What more could I wish?" he asked happily.

As if in answer to his inquiry, a vision appeared before his astonished eyes as he rounded a corner—a vision with soft, dark hair, somewhat wind-blown at present, and earnest brown eyes that looked straight into his own. She was softly humming an old love song when they met so suddenly, and that probably accounted for the tender light in the dark eyes.

She quietly passed on and the Professor tried to feel irritated that his artistic reverie had thus been rudely interrupted. He said to himself:

"I hope there are not many on these trails. They would spoil everything."

But he could not feel really ill-tempered, when everything around him was so harmonious and gentle. The light that sifted through the pale-green hazel leaves grew softer and the birds more quiet. Then he knew that it must be getting late, and he retraced his steps to the farmhouse.

In the dining-room he found two women, who were guests also.

"Too bad I cannot have things to myself," he thought ill-naturedly.

He was introduced to them—Mrs. Houghton, a delicate-appearing, sweet-faced lady, and her daughter Helen. The Professor looked again into the earnest, dark eyes whose glance he had met that afternoon. After all, she was entirely different from the girl on the train whom he had styled "typically Californian."

After dinner they all sat on the western porch to watch the sun set behind the distant low range of mountains. The gorgeous coloring was new to him, and he drank it in with artistic joy. He saw the shadows darken the wide, thickly-wooded valley which lay between the range on the west and their own mountain, and then creep higher and higher as the sun melted into clouds of flame and disappeared, leaving a fine-tinged gray smoke above. But, while his attention was focused on the picture before him, he was conscious of a harmony which comprehended many other things—the feeling of exhilaration which his mountain tramp had given him, the hope of future strength and success, and—yes, the presence of the graceful figure on the western

piazza, whose sweet, thoughtful face was illumined by the glory of the summer sunset.

It was natural that he and Miss Houghton should see much of each other, for they were the only visitors aside from her mother. He soon discovered that she both sketched and painted in a modest way. This was a strong link, for he was an ardent amateur photographer, himself. He had brought along a very fine camera in hopes of adding some California scenes to his collection, and Miss Houghton knew just where these could be secured.

Professor Spaulding forgot that he was forty years old and a half-invalid at that. He felt like a boy just let loose from school. He grew so enthusiastic and so full of life that he sometimes had difficulty in remembering that he was a sober, sarcastic school-master, overworked and ill.

One day he went on a fishing trip some distance from the ranch. He tramped arduously along the stream, now little more than a brook, but showing by the naked roots exposed and the branches caught high up on the steep bank, that it was a raging torrent part of the year. He found new beauties at every turn, but had poor success as an angler. His camera did better execution than his fishing-rod, however, and he procured splendid views of waterfalls and rocks with overhanging alders and laurel.

As he followed a little-used road that skirted a mountain on his way home, he glanced up the steep bank above him and stopped in surprise. Was that really a flower—that tall, tropical-looking blossom growing wild like a hardy young weed under the dark redwoods?

He climbed the bank with no thought of weariness and bent over a tall, stately lily, delicate and rare as a hot-house blossom. He found a number of them near and he gathered them carefully, thinking that they would make an appropriate offering to one who resembled them in being so different from all others—whose nature had been to him, like these flowers, unexpected, fresh, and sweet.

"How fortunate you are!" Miss Houghton said, when she had exclaimed over their exquisite beauty. "You have found the ruby lily at home—'redwood lily' they sometimes call it. I have never seen them growing in their native state, although I have hunted for them. They are really quite exclusive and you were not looking for them at all. You just went fishing."

"Yes," he answered, smiling; "I seem to be favored in finding what I am not looking for. For instance I came up here simply with the idea of finding rest and strength."

"Pardon me," she hastily interrupted. "I want to put these beautiful lilies into water before they begin to wilt. I hope they will last until—that is, I hope they will last several days."

She disappeared quickly, and the Professor thoughtfully gazed over the tops of the redwoods below without seeing their soft, feathery branches. Was there something bewitching in this intoxicating western air that took away from men their cool, critical judgment? He felt himself drifting—he knew not whither. He felt, too, that he did not care.

The next day proved to be one of those oppressively warm days that a north wind sometimes brings in that region. John had to go off alone, for Miss Houghton refused to walk or sketch in such scorching weather. Besides, she was anxious for the mail which would come that afternoon.

So he went off by himself to fish in the afternoon, but found it very dull. He laid it to the north wind. However, he brightened up immensely as he approached the western piazza late in the day and found Miss Houghton there, wearing a bewitching summer gown. She had never looked so charming before. He wondered vaguely how it would all end, but felt reckless.

"I have a surprise in store for you," she announced gaily; but just then the dinner-bell rang and he could get nothing more from her.

After dinner she slipped quietly away, and he saw her, soon afterwards, climbing to the top of the mountain behind the ranch-house, along the road that led to town. It was still warm and light. He wanted above all things to walk up and get a view from the summit. He knew it must be grand. But of course he could not go now. She had doubtless gone for that very purpose, and evidently did not wish his company. He felt rather hurt.

A little while later, as he sat reading the collection of city newspapers which the mail had brought, he heard the stage drive up. Probably she had ridden back. A moment later she entered, and with her was his brother Robert.

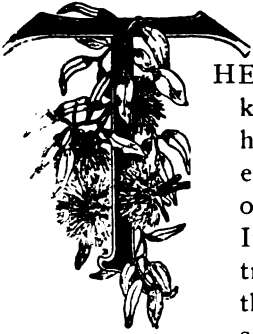
He grasped John's hand, with a laugh at the Professor's amazed expression.

"I hope you'll forgive me for this little joke," he said. "I thought I would just leave Nell to make her own impression. She has been telling me what good friends you have become already. I'm so glad. Isn't she all that I told you?"

"No," John replied vaguely, feeling that he was on dangerous ground. "Not at all. But she's everything else."

OUT OF DOORS IN CALIFORNIA.

By JOHN G. BRAYTON.



HE student, in the midst of his starvation period, must keep his expenses reduced. The city says a man must have a roof over his head, and it must be a more or less expensive one or he is forced into surroundings that at once imperil his health and destroy his social standing. If, embittered by hard experiences, he goes to the extreme of building his shelter of tin cans in the flood-threatened river-bottom, the city says he shall not associate freely with her sons and daughters; and the sons and daughters ostracise the independent-minded citizen completely. The city demands that he who walks the streets in the company of her sons and daughters must be well clothed, or the few garments he has shall be taken from him. The city has no food to give the hungry, unless he buy it. If, goaded to desperation, he appropriates it, she robs him of his liberty and reputation. The city's mandates are as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

To the country the frugal man need take no roof; she provides trees at no expense to him, and with them perfect health. He may wear what his circumstances suggest, and be free from criticism. He may gather much of his food from the hills and valleys, and never feel his rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the least endangered. The country smiles, opens her breasts to the weakling, nor asks his social standing; and puts forth as her only restricting mandate that no restricting mandate shall go forth.

He who humbly associates with nature must receive good; for there is found health for body and for spirit. He who seeks in the ground for his theology cannot go much amiss; for there is God portrayed by his own hand. Thence the prophets and the seers obtained their fire. In the solitude of the desert Mahomet built his vast dream. And great things await him who seeks in the leaves of the hill-thickets or the rocks of the tide-washed shore for those living truths craved by every soul.

These facts were strong arguments with me, as I sat thinking it over in the cushioned rocking-chair in the well-furnished room for which rent was past due. And, hush! last and far from least—the restaurants! Ah, there's the rub. In the country I might find peace of mind in study and comfort of body in cooking for myself. That settled it.

It was the last of December. Next morning, I went into the hills where I knew there was a small claim-cabin. By way of broaching the subject, I began to tell the owner my troubles. He

said I was wasting my breath; the sooner I moved into the cabin the better he would like it. By New Year's Day I was established.

My house, of rough boards, contained one room twelve feet square, which I divided into kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, library and studio. It stood in a cañon, one side plunging into the hill, the other rising on stilts four feet above ground. I collected rough stones, walled up the base and plastered the interior with mud, thus providing protection from cold winds from below and an excellent cellar for cold dry storage. From grocery boxes I made a sliding sash for the window opening and put in glass. This window was only for light and the convenience of throwing out waste water; ventilation was furnished by the abundant cracks in the side walls and the generous openings beneath the rafters. But who wants a tight house in California, even in winter? The only part I made close was the roof, and that only because I wanted to keep manuscripts and sketches dry.

In this house I lived well at a total expense of about seven dollars a month—and I had everything I needed. Wonderful were the stews and puddings and jams that I made from what flew or ran or grew about my door. Street cars and soda fountains—those pickpockets!—were far removed. I might go to town when I wished, but, as I had to walk five miles to the nearest suburban car, the wish was reduced to the minimum. It is surprising how well one can live without morning papers, theaters or any other modern luxury, when once escaped out of their reach.

With the first of the year I considered myself beginning to live. My spirits broke free and a boyishness took possession of me; for Nature restores to us the youth the city robs us of. California is especially inspiring in the winter time. The hills are green, flowers are beginning to bloom, springs, which have lain hidden all the dry summer, are beginning to creep from under the rocks, birds are even planning their very early housekeeping. In such surroundings a man must be a soulless clod, if he does not respond to the call of nature to come forth from himself and enter a new world—a world of vast extent and deep spiritual beauty.

The birds and animals were my closest friends—saving the ranch-house a quarter of a mile above me there was no neighbor nearer than four miles—and they were innumerable. The ever-green oaks, wild lilacs, sycamores, alders and scented sages that cover the hills make this an ideal spot for birds. It was my great pleasure to leave all beaten paths and penetrate to the very heart of the thicket, there to sit and listen; for on all sides arose the

sweet and varied songs. Some of the little creepers I knew, many I did not. Frequently a new song bursting on my ear would draw me slowly through the dense shrubbery, now here, now there, until I would spy the little warbler, a new bird to me.

I procured textbooks at the city library and began to study birds. But many of these books are written in so sentimental a way that I could gain nothing from them. When I met with long verbose chapters on the "Evensong" or some equally poetical subject, my soul rebelled and I longed for the conciseness of some heartless man. When I found what I wanted, I quit trying to study birds through field glasses and procured a gun. By being careful and shooting only at a distance from my cabin, I still kept my friends around me and at the same time procured a few specimens. These I skinned carefully and prepared with arsenic or wood-ashes for preservation. It did not take long to discover that to gain an exact knowledge of birds one must shoot; for there is no fieldglass powerful enough to determine the absence or presence of certain muscles that often decide a bird's classification.

When at daylight I heard fluttering of wings before my door, and peeping and chirping, I knew the birds were breakfasting on the crumbs I had thrown out for them. Then, rising from my bed of sage leaves on willow branches, I would peep through the cracks of my house and watch the birds. In time we became more accustomed to each other and they grew to trust me. Sometimes they would come close to me when I sat writing, having left my door open. Once I returned from a walk to discover that some brown creepers had entered my house through the open door in my absence. I captured one little fellow who seemed unable to find his way out, and, after looking him over carefully, I set him on the window sill. But he was so sick from fright, he could take no thought of flight. Back and forth he swung until he fell off the window, when he found his wings and flew into the thicket where I heard him telling wonderful stories of his adventures to his mates. If I left the cabin for a week, I invariably found that the birds had entered during my absence and had turned the place into a lodging house.

One rainy day I heard unmistakable signs of quail near by, and, looking from my grocery-box window, I saw a fat flock greedily devouring the fresh clover leaves in the road. Instantly the brute took possession of me and I caught up the gun with intent to kill. But they were such pretty birds and so trustful, even though the proud cock was constantly giving warning against possible danger, that I could not shoot. To have done so would have been to shatter ruthlessly their evident faith in a

benign providence; and I breathed an inaudible prayer as I replaced the gun that He would implant in my ungrateful breast the same simple trust of the birds.

In February and March the flowers came and I spent all my spare time in gathering, classifying and preserving specimens. Birds and animals should be as fearless of man as flowers are, only man's persecution has developed their sense of self-preservation to a higher degree. A flower, having no means of flight and having reproduction as its only means of preservation of the kind, can only look up and trust one to leave it until it can produce its seed and accomplish its purpose.

The lesson of trust a plant teaches often strikes me deeply with reproach. Wherever the seed may fall the plant springs up, rooted to one place, trusting entirely in providence to send it provisions and keep it in life until it can have performed its mission. If the provisions be short, the flower grows on and does the best it can. Only recently I found a diminutive mustard in full bloom three months after its proper season, growing from dry ground while all its fellows stood like skeleton warnings against it or lay trampled to the ground where ruffian sheep had passed.

At all times the animals of the hills interested me. Several families of cottontail rabbits lived about my door, so that it was an easy possibility for me to shoot my breakfast without going out of my house—but I never did. The footprints in the road of a morning would fairly obliterate the wagon tracks of the day before. I saw very few of the animals themselves, for they go abroad only at night, though I knew there were badgers, foxes, wild cats, coyotes and even deer about. At the ranch house, where traps were set, some good specimens of foxes and wild-cats were caught.

The animals that were most friendly were the mice and rats that inhabit the hillsides. I set deadfall traps all about my floor at night and was often awakened by the thud of a weight coming down on its struggling victim. Once with malice aforethought I put bread with arsenic poison for the rats. They found it and carried it carefully to a high shelf where they deposited it in a narrow-necked jar, and there I discovered it later. This mania for collecting is a characteristic of these hill rats. In one case, where a barrel of barley was kept in a room where some men slept, the rats filled the shoes up even full with grain every night much to the puzzling of the men for some time.

After three months I returned to the city greatly improved in body and spirit. At once my old troubles returned. The restaurants—oh, for some escape from them other than marriage—set to work at undermining the strength my home cooking in the

hills had laid up. The constraints and conventions of the city ruffled my temper, made me more quarrelsome, less satisfied, and I cast about for escape.

Once before on a sketching trip I had wandered along the cliffs by the ocean until I had stumbled upon an old whaling station, long since abandoned, now occupied by a fisherman, a Finlander. Now in my extremity I remembered the beauties of the place and the warm welcome the fisherman had given me and I packed up at once and struck out along the coast. Again he made me welcome and I established myself in the long, rambling building, hung with nets and festooned with all the paraphernalia of the fisherman's trade, where whalers had slept in old days.

Here is a different freedom from that of the mountain cabin, broader, higher, more comprehensive. Here is a wealth of spiritual food in the solitude of the shore, in the might of moving waters, in the impressive expanse of ocean and sky. Deep thoughts are thrust upon one and poetry flourishes in the atmosphere of the sea. Here is not time to study nature in life save superficially, where the animal-like plants and plant-like animals grow among the tide-washed rocks; for nature in spirit consumes every waking moment.

Sitting in the open door of this fish-house, a man could work his lifetime away always painting only the sea and sky. They alone are problem enough to tax the most penetrative ingenuity. He would never need to change his subject—that would take care of itself. And he could not help growing big of soul, for the miracle of dawn teaches the presence of God, the life-giving light of day proves his constant love, the slumbrous, dew-laden wings of evening show forth his beneficence. All nature teaches the goodness, patience and long suffering of God. Nothing can be lost, but all things go toward one grand culmination that is good beyond the farthest imagination of man. Here a healthy man forgets he has a soul.

The more one studies nature the more does one strive for her sincerity and simplicity of expression. She speaks without expletives. Her yea is yea and her nay, nay. She tells her stories without adjectives, directly, frankly. The ranchman in the hills and the fisherman by the shore are her exponents, for they live simply and directly. But they cannot interpret nature, for they are taken up with the problem of living and their long familiarity with the land and the sea, the seasons and the times, makes them contemptuous. It is left to the dreamer whose stock in trade is poetry to pierce the commonplace and reveal the truth that lies hidden beneath.

In California is the dreamer's Paradise; for the fields and waters invite him the year 'round. Here, penniless as he may be, he may rise in rebellion against the city when he will and may fly to the country even in the dead of winter; for Mother Nature has a warm spot in her heart toward dreamers and always welcomes them heartily.

"OH, SUSANNA."



JOHN NICHOLS. *From an old photograph*

JOHN NICHOLS of Salem, Mass., the author of the "I'm Going To California With My Goldpan on My Knee" version of "Susanna," was born about 1826, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1864. He was of an old New England Quaker family, and a cousin of the late Dr. Chas. Nichols of Bloomingdale, N. Y. He married a wealthy woman in Salem, and had one son, Edward, who was educated in The Friends' School at Providence.

"Johnnie," as everyone called him, was a light-hearted, genial man, a great wag, a good liver, popular everywhere, and loved alike for his personal and mental

graces by man and woman. He had a decided literary taste; and, had he developed it, would doubtless have left more of a mark than he did.

Nichols came to California, by way of the Isthmus, as a young man; and on that tedious voyage seems to have composed the famous ditty which was sung by more people in California, nearly half a century ago, than any other one song—with the possible exception of "The Days of '49." At any rate, he soon sent the verses to his old New England friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Holder (parents of Chas. Fred'k Holder of Pasadena). He also sent them his diary, which has, unfortunately, been lost. The impressions of this joyous traveler on a trip so full of strange picturesqueness as was the early journey to California by way of Panama, must have been highly entertaining.

Prof. Holder, who gives me the above data, is quite positive that during the war Nichols held some government position in Washington. Before the war he was in a bank.

Some years ago this magazine published the words of the California "Susanna"—the Nichols version. To complete the record, they are here reproduced, with the music and this brief sketch of the writer.

C. F. L.

(Air: *Susanna, Don't You Cry.* Key of G.)



OH, SUSANNA.

I came from Salem City,
With my washbowl on my knee,
I'm going to California,
The gold-dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death—
Oh, brothers, don't you cry!

Chorus:

Oh, California,
That's the land for me!
I'm bound for San Francisco
With my washbowl on my knee.

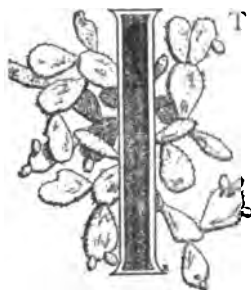
I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship
And traveled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home
I wished it wasn't me!
The vessel reared like any horse
That had of oats a wealth;
I found it wouldn't throw me, so
I thought I'd throw myself!—*Chorus.*

I thought of all the pleasant times
We've had together here,
I thought I ort to cry a bit,
But couldn't find a tear.
The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold-dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away,
Dear brothers, don't you cry!—*Chorus.*

I soon shall be in Frisco,
And there I'll look all round,
And when I see the Gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocketful of rocks bring home—
So brothers, don't you cry!—*Chorus.*

THE OPIUM EATER.

By DAVID ATKINS.



IT WAS my last Sunday evening in Camp, and I wandered up and down the place of my sojourning, seeing it with new eyes. In a fortnight I should be home; and this strange settlement, with its strange inhabitants lured from the four corners of the earth, would fade from my mind as a dream. "God!" I thought, with sudden realization; "How many tonight are homesick as I! How many have staked everything—and lost!"

The Camp itself—or City, as it was now called—had seen better days in the first excitement of the 'fifties, but after the depletion of the placers it had been for a time almost forgotten. The frail wooden cabins were in ruins, their stone chimneys standing gaunt as headstones. There stood also, here and there, groups of towering poplars in the very zenith of their beauty, planted long since by the pioneers; but of the old buildings there remained only the red brick store with its heavy iron doors, and the steepled church which stood apart and deserted. Now the sudden development of the "pocket mines" and the great quartz ledges had given the camp new life, and a flimsy town had sprung from the ruins of the old.

The modern hotel was crowded with operators, with miners working for high wages, and with the usual sprinkling of gamblers who worked for the same wages in a different way. Tonight the large frame building seemed to have emptied itself into the street; and miner, capitalist and gambler, with here and there a gayly apparelled woman, formed themselves into a restless promenade.

From out the confusion of the main street ran little cross-streets, starting bravely enough, with their denominations—Ist, 2nd., 3rd. Avenue—lettered on the corners, but ending with surprising suddenness on the ripened grass of the hillsides. From the jingle of a mechanical banjo in the hotel bar, it was only a matter of a few steps to stand fronting the unconquered hills, and to see, perhaps, a coyote poised motionless on some point of vantage, listening.

As I stood for a moment looking down into the great westward-dropping valley on whose rim the Camp was set, I was accosted by a strange voice, and, turning sharply, saw the opium-eater, a wasted, shriveled creature whom I had often seen before, and of whom I had often heard. Sometimes, the centre of a crowd of drunken, jeering miners, I had pitied the man; but more often, seeing him the recipient of their careless charity, I had shunned

him, showing my loathing so plainly that he had, till now, avoided me.

"Oh, give me a cigarette, will you?" he asked.

The request was made with all the confidence of a fellow-clubman; but, with some brutality, I quickly handed him my little cloth bag of tobacco and all my papers, eager to be rid of him. His "Oh, bully for you!" was so strange an expression of thanks that I turned again involuntarily and looked at him. It was not so much his words that were strange, as his tone; for the high-pitched, musical voice had an unmistakable accent of breeding. I had heard that the opium-eater had been a brilliant young journalist, some years before; and out of the confusion of my first impressions of the Camp I suddenly recalled that there was staying at the hotel on my arrival a young and beautiful girl who had come to reclaim and take him home. But with her advent he had dropped from sight, and it was believed that he had died, till a day after she had left heartbroken, when he came in from the brush, moaning for his drug, in the last stages of exhaustion. His story, piece by piece, I had gathered unconsciously, but it remained for these words of his "Oh, bully for you!" to vivify and give imminent life and reality to the tragedy.

As he moved off, rolling a cigarette with trembling fingers, from a house near by came the tune of an old hymn played on a piano, and above the noise of the streets a voice sang clearly:

"At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
And with what joy they went away!"

To my quickened mind came instantly a vision of our little church at home, set deep among trees on the border of the common, where at this time the quiet country-people were gathered for worship. I pictured them passing out from the benediction of the old parson to the benediction of a perfect Sabbath evening, and I realized the sharp contrast between the life there and here. Lord! it was good to be going home!

From the neighborhood of the hotel came the sound of a bass drum. The restless promenade ceased, and everyone turned to join the crowd that had gathered.

Grouped in the street was a small traveling company of the Salvation Army. There was an old fatherly man in captain's uniform, a hugely-built Oriental of some description who coughed painfully and who looked very ill at ease in his stiff military garb, a little hard-voiced Cockney tattooed brilliantly on the back of each hand, and a girl of about twenty-five, clear of skin and one

would say beautiful, if it were not for the feeling that she had lost something of the gentleness of woman through her contact with the crowd.

The Cockney was speaking:

"Bretheren and sisters, by the Gryce of God my feet 'ave been plucked from the miry cly, and set upon a rock. I 'ad grovelled in the depths of sin, but the Saviour 'E saw me and 'oisted me hout. 'E kyme to me like 'E kyme to the disciples—over the ryging sea. I shipped at Liverpool aboard the Clio bound for 'Frisco, an' off Valparaiso one of my ship mytes fell from a yard and crippled 'imself 'orrid, and taught me of the Saviour's love; and 'ere I am doing what I can for 'Im."

Here he broke into a song, which proved to be a strange medley telling of his life. The chorus, which he sang with great gusto, ran:

"I was going down to 'Ell, as I knew very well,
But Christ, my Lord, 'ad mercy;
'E 'as cured all my woes, and the red in my nose
'As settled fast in my jersey!"

The old man accompanied him on the drum, looking absently into the distances of the valley, and the Oriental kept shifting his position nervously. When the long ballad ended, the girl stepped forward.

"Praise the Lord," she said briskly; "He has saved me, too, and taught me to think higher things. No one can know the joy of serving him till they are saved. And He can save you all—the worst of you—for He saved me, Glory be to His Name!" A woman in the crowd laughed, and the girl flushed. "Not that I was as far gone in wickedness as some," she continued; "but there is other kinds of wickedness. Oh, come to our Saviour, and He will change your life now. Come tonight, come and be cleansed in his blood, in the blood of the Lamb!"

The Cockney broke again into song:

"Come to the Saviour, myke no dely,
'Ere in our midst 'E's calling tody,
Bidding you welcome, bidding you sty,
Tenderly sying 'Come!'"

The girl sang with him, and the big Oriental contributed a nervous bass note every now and then.

Next the fatherly old captain spoke from behind his drum.

"Friendts, ve had intended to shpeak to you from der Hall to-night, but it vas engaged already for a dance. Captain Thomas Gentle, who is shdraight from der Havaiian Islands, vas to have shpoken to you, but he has daken a very bad cold, und cannot shpeak in der exposed air yet."

As he spoke, a mule-team came in from the hills, the mules dusty and tired. They filed past, guided by the single line in the hand of the driver, picking their way unconcernedly through the

crowd with wagging ears and jingling trappings. The driver jocosely crowded the little band further and further in toward the sidewalk, the old captain barely saving his drum from beneath their feet.

"That's a shame," said the opium-eater, who stood again by my side. "These people are not doing this for fun."

"Ve had hoped to get der Hall," the captain repeated patiently, "but it was engaged already. Now ve are going to try und get it for tomorrow, and Captain Thomas Gentle of der Hawaiian Islands vill tell us of der battles der Army is vinning down dere. Lieutenant Amy Fane vill now sing."

At this juncture, a buggy with a spirited team drew up in front of the hotel. As its driver was alighting, the old German beat on his drum; and the horses started forward violently. The driver was thrown to the sidewalk, and a parcel he held in his hand went sliding among the crowd, its newspaper wrappings breaking open and disclosing a large bar of gold. Someone picked it up hurriedly, and before it reached its owner several inquisitive miners had asked and obtained a "heft" of the precious brick. "That's Aaron, of the Butterfly," said someone. "They had their clean-up yesterday."

Aaron picked himself up, and snatched the bar away from the last man who had obtained the coveted pleasure of handling it. Then he turned to the Salvationists, and cursed them violently, threatening to have them arrested if they made any further noise while he was in town. With that he turned and went into the hotel.

The girl started to sing nervously, the frightened Hawaiian giving what help he could, and the little Cockney walking up and down with unshaken nerve, saying at appropriate intervals, "Yes, bless the Lord!" and, "That's true now, that's true!" But the crowd, disturbed by the sight of the gold, had grown inattentive, and when the girl stopped singing, and said that they would take up a collection for their board and lodging, there was a general move. The Cockney took his tambourine, and wormed his way through the press to reach the departing miners, while the girl sang on dispiritedly. When he came back he emptied the money into the girl's hand. The big Hawaiian leaned over to see how much they had taken, and the crowd laughed. He drew back, looking utterly confused.

"Fifty cents," said the girl, turning to the people. "We thank you very much. The Lord is good," she added, and then broke into a weak giggle. Fifty cents for the four of them!

She started confusedly to sing again, but the little hold they had on the shamefaced crowd was lost. Loud talking almost drowned her voice, and it seemed as if the meeting were over when the opium-eater stepped out among them, and, with an authoritative gesture, obtained silence. The surprised crowd drew nearer to hear what he would say. He stood silent a moment with trembling lips, and then, in his high tenor voice sang sweet as a bird:

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

Of a sudden the aspect of things was changed. This sweet voice in the silence held them strangely, and gave the gathering night and the passing beauty of the great valley stretching westward a new significance.

The color of the far distances deepened. As the day died, the western sky glowed richer and more beautiful than any age-dimmed altar window; and the gold cross on the old deserted church shone out in the last light of the sun, held high as though by some patient hand.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years."

Tears stood in the eyes of the girl. The little Cockney banged his tambourine once, and then looked around, as though frightened. The old captain stooped over his drum; and the Hawaiian stood finely erect, facing the West, his eyes filled with the mystery of the seer.

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

The song ceased; but still the crowd hung silent. The light was almost gone now from the sky; and the great poplars took on the aspect of age-worn towers.

The superintendent of the Butterfly Mine flung open the door of the hotel barroom, and stepped to the sidewalk. He glared at the silent man behind the drum, and, climbing into his buggy, started up the street at a rapid pace. The captain, thinking he had gone, beat his drum as a signal to march; but Aaron had only moved away to turn, and was now racing back toward them. The frightened horses dashed past the hotel, and they were not held back as they might have been by the angry driver. The old man was thrown aside; the girl was dragged to the sidewalk by a miner; the Hawaiian by good fortune was out of the way; and the Cockney jumped sharply and let fly an oath.

But the opium-eater was caught and beaten down by the horses; and when the team passed, he was carried to the sidewalk.

A few of us endeavored to see if aught could be done, but it was too late. He was dying. Around the outstretched figure the crowd was silent, but from the street came a buzz of questioning.

The poor fellow's lips moved, and I stooped down to hear him. "The night is dark—the night is dark," he whispered; "and I am far from home."

THE LONE SEQUOIA.

By S. A. WARDLOW.

UPON the precipice's rugged edge
 It stands alone,
 Rearing its slender, tapering shape on high,
 A shaft of darkness 'thwart the sunset sky;
 Clutching with giant roots the creviced ledge
 Of massive stone.

Around its feet the chilling fog-shreds crawl
 In twilight's gray,
 And hill and valley purple into night.
 Its topmost branches touch the realms of light,
 A gilded spire above the twilight pall,
 As dies the day.

The gilding fades. Out of the darkening west
 Springs ocean's breeze;
 And, like sweet harpstrings brushed by careless hand,
 The mighty tree, its myriad needles fanned
 To trembling from lowliest bough to crest,
 Its music frees.

A murmurous croon ineffable and sweet
 Is its sad song,
 Of vanished ages when the mighty roar
 Of boundless forests rolled from hill to shore,
 In joyous answer to the heavy beat
 Of storm-wind strong;

Of ages when 'mid forests dusky-aisled
 The redman strayed,
 And, to the tinkling waters at its feet,
 Came at the sunrise hour the wild deer fleet.
 The hills were Nature's, and her children wild
 Roamed unafraid.

Wailing, it grieves o'er days that long are done,
 And stands a-wait,
 A single voice where that grand anthem swelled
 Ere ax and flame its countless comrades felled—
 Its song of loneliness the plaint of one
 Left desolate.

Soon shall it hear its death-call from the sky.
 With anguished groan,
 Wrenching the solid cliff with mighty shock,
 Loosing its hold upon the trembling rock,
 Hurl'd to the depths below at last 'twill lie,
 A monarch prone.

THE RED COWHIDE.

By GEORGE S. EVANS.



UMOR had it that "Buckaroo" Wylackie Jake was a cattle-rustler, a sheep-stealer and a hog-thief; but then Rumor, in Round Valley, is painted full of tongues. Perhaps Jake should have been in a penitentiary, instead of on Hammer Horn Mountain with me. I say "perhaps," for I do not know. Had he lived in a community of prosperous grangers, it would probably have found a way of depriving itself of his company, whether the rumors concerning Jake were true or not. But Round Valley is a frontier community given over to grazing, and is possessed of the spirit of romance. It enjoyed the rumors about Jake's skill as a rustler, and Jake enjoyed the fierce light of notoriety that beat upon him, and slyly painted more tongues on the already tongue-besmeared cloak of Rumor. There is reason to believe that a limit would have been set to the toleration of Jake, even in romantic Round Valley, had he ever turned his attention to rumors about horse stealing. There was never any rumor about Jake and horses. He never talked about horses except in a straightforward, honest way.

All of the above insinuations place Jake before the reader in a bad light, and cause me to rush to his defense lest he be viewed in the worst possible light, without alternative. After a careful study of Jake I am forced to believe that he was either the most consummate artist in the misuse of truth that ever lived in California, or else he was what he posed as, to a sprouting long-horn like myself—a self-confessed felon. Personally, I prefer to put Jake down as a liar, but am not dogmatic about it; nor do I condemn him very harshly if the classification be correct. If you had never lived permanently in a larger town than Covelo, with its 209 inhabitants, its five saloons and no reading room, and had listened from early boyhood to the truthful tales of old Mr. Doyle, President of the Round Valley Sportsman's Club, you would in all probability tell the truth in a greatly magnified form. I say this for Jake in advance, by way of extenuation if the reader conclude that the tale herein reported was a product of his imagination, as I believe it to have been.

A stage-driver told me that Jake was run out of Laytonville for shooting hogs because he didn't like their owner; but the testimony of stage-drivers should be weighed with extreme care. Their reputation for truth in the community where they reside is bad. Between Rumor, the stage driver, Jake's apparent frank-

ness and my observation of him, I am placed in doubt as to his real character.

But one thing I do know for certain about Jake. He knew where the "big bucks" were. The people in Covelo down to the stage driver "lowed" this and they "lowed" right. I am willing to forgive Jake everything he told on himself and almost everything the stage driver told me about him, even if true; for did not Jake "place" me where I could enjoy the fierce delights of the wilderness chase? I hired him to do this because his advertisement promised it, and he kept his promise.

Jake and I were encamped on Thomas Creek, at the base of Hammer Horn. (He called it "Tom's Crick.") I was watching a pot of boiling beans when my dark-hued guide appeared from behind the tent, a large piece of rawhide in one hand and an unfinished pair of bridle-reins in the other.

"Where did you get that piece of rawhide?" I asked.

"Out of that alfora," he chuckled, pointing.

There was a moment's pause.

"Yes, I know," said I, "that is where you just got it, but where did it come from originally?"

He sat down on the cracker-box and commenced braiding on the unfinished pair of reins.

"I have seen some fine bridle-reins in my time," said I, "but those you are working on double discount all previous work I've seen."

He was not susceptible to compliments. He grunted and then after a long pause, said:

"Perhaps the reason these bridle-reins look so well, and they are goin' to look better when finished, is because I know what kind of rawhide to make 'em out of. Now a red cow yields the best rawhide. Nobody doubts that that knows it, but it ain't everybody that knows it. The colleges don't teach it. You see I have the advantage over the city snoozers that braids reins for a livin', for they couldn't always get a red hide even if they was onto the trick, while I always can. Sometimes in gettin' a red cowhide I've almost lost my own pelt. But so fur I've managed to keep out of the way of mushroom and other breeds of bullets. Gettin' this here hide almost made me a regular boarder of the State. But I got that hide for a dollar, and some short-horns got run out of the valley for a bad shot they didn't make.

"Just a year ago now, I needed a red hide like a maverick needs brandin'. Of course I could have gone to Jim Harper's store and bought one, but that's too tame for me. What's the use of payin' for things, when all you have to do is to go and get 'em? A cow now and then ain't missed from a big band, or if she is, an old

bear gets the credit for puttin' her on the missin' list. I yearned for a little touch of high life, as you city sports say. One mornin' early I lit out from my cabin, glued onto that pinto plug, for Leach Lake Mountain. I had my old .44 Winchester with me, because I didn't know but I might see a big old buck during the day. I went past Gray's, singin' blithely that cow-song with the chorus:

An' it's hi yippie, yea, yea, yea,

the dogs there a-chimin' in, hit the trail, crossed Williams' Creek and began to climb. A little before noon I reached Brown's Camp. There was three tenderfoot men a-campin' there, and they wanted to know would I stop and have dinner. Now there are three things I can always do—drink, eat and smoke. It ain't often I get a drink; an' them short-horns did shore have some genuine nectar. Of course I stayed and ate. As soon as dinner was over the three short-horns said they were a-goin' to cross the cañon and hunt deer; they expected to stay for the evenin' shootin', and would I care to go along. I told them I had to go and herd cattle, and would they excuse me. If I had told them I was going to hunt cattle, I would have been nigher to the truth. From their camp I urged that pinto plug onto the trail and made my way to the divide on the North end of Leach Lake Mountain. Do you remember that place?"

I nodded.

"Well, there I found some fresh cow-tracks. I took up the trail of the cows and found they had back-tracked the horse-trail some little distance below it. I passed the head-waters of Williams' Creek, and made my way down the cañon. By this time it was beginning to get late. Once or twice I heard rifles crack, and judged that my tenderfoot friends were a-tryin' to make game scarcer. I looked across the cañon at the Horse Pasture. The Horse Pasture, as you know, is a long, meadow-like ridge that runs from Brown's Camp down to Williams' Creek at the bottom of the cañon. About half way down is a big spring surrounded by wire-grass, and there I expected to see my cows. I was disappointed at first, for I didn't see nothin' but a couple of white cows; but pretty soon a big red cow comes a-hikin' out into the openin' from behind a manzanita bush. I stuck the spurs into that old pinto, crossed that rough crick and made my way up the Horse Pasture. Of course them wild range-cattle was off like a lot of big bucks when a hound gets after 'em. Cow tails was just nacherally a-flyin' in there, as their owners skedaddled for the thick brush. I followed, and it was no easy work either. More'n one buckaroo has had his topknot cracked in that country while buckarooin'. There was Smiling Dan. He got knocked

off'n his horse by a overhangin' limb and never saw nothin' but angels after he got hit. And Blue Jay Ford. He busted his foot wide open in the same damn old brush-pile. Pretty soon the old pinto come up close to the runnin' cows. I pulls my old .44 out of the scabbard and rides up alongside of my bridle-rein-riata-hackamore material and lets a little sunshine into her. She just keeled over and that's all there was to it. I lets the old pinto's reins hang down, stood the gun up again a pine tree and starts to work a-skinnin'. I had just finished the job when I happened to peer through the brush and what met my eyes shore give me heart action. Who did I see across the cañon, a-ridin' along, but Tom Freeman, one of Frank Bell's Arizony importations—a lily-white except when full of conversation-water. The cow I had killed had Bell's brand on her. I could see Tom, but he couldn't see me unless I moved too much. I didn't move any too much. I rolls up the hide, grabbed the gun and clumb up onto the old pinto and hiked out for the trail, stealthy-like. The backbone of the Horse Pasture was just covered with tenderfoot tracks, and I rode right among 'em. Of course Tom seen me, as I thought he would. I knowed he was on my trail, and, as my trail means cowhide or rustlin' he was follerin' it. I thought if I come right out, he'd come right after me and so overlook the measly carcass. Tom whooped and I whooped back, and then Tom yelled for me to wait; but the echoes in that cañon always did make me hard of hearin'. I put my old pinto up to his best gait, but he ain't no genuine fast cloud of dust, and besides he was tired with the day's wanderin', and soon I see that Tom was a-gainin' on me. I didn't want to lose that hide, and maybe my own, and so I made for the main thoroughfare for the Valley and home. I rode close and the old pinto went up that Horse Pasture just a diggin'. I makes my way into that tenderfoot rancheria, which the same bein' situate on a small flat. By this time my old pinto wasn't frisky like a young lamb and I see I'd have to lose the hide or be nabbed with the goods. My hands were bloody, but I could explain that if pressed. There wasn't no tenderfoot men at home and the latchstring was a-hangin' out, but I wasn't as interested in that as I was in a clothes-line that was a-hangin' out too. I pulled the old pinto plug up alongside of it and hung my red cowhide out to dry. Then I moved on. No. I didn't leave no other cyard. I took and made my way to the Weaver—Round Valley Trail at the top of the ridge.

"Judas Priest! When I got to the top of the ridge, if there wasn't a big old four-point buck a-standin' with his head in the air, a-snuffin' the ev'nin' breeze. Buck meat always did look good to me. And I just put that old buck's rockin'-chair head onto

the ground in a second. I guess I could explain how blood come on my hands now. I goes down to where he was a-kickin' his last and starts to dress him, when up rides Tom Freeman, his bronco just a-pantin' and a-sweatin'.

"'Jake, why in hell didn't you stop when I hollered at you?' he says.

"'Was you a-hollerin' at me?' says I, innocent-like. 'I thought you was a-callin' to some of them short-horn hunters, or a-talkin' polite to stock, and so I didn't stop to investigate,' says I, 'whether you wanted me or not.'

"'What's that red hair a-doin' on your shirt sleeve?' says he suddenly.

"I looked at my shirt-sleeve in a deliberate manner, and there was several cow-hairs on it from that bridle-reins material.

"'That? Oh, that must be some hairs off'n my horse,' says I.

"'Red hair off'n a pinto horse,' says he, a-grinnin', 'that's a good one. When you tell a lie, Jake,' says he, 'you always tell a damn lie and so audacious-like that it makes a fellow too polite for to call the bluff.'

"I went on a-dressin' the buck.

"'Did you hear any shootin' just south of the Horse Pasture?' he asks.

"'Yes. I heard a smokeless-powder gun go off down in there,' says I.

"'Well I heard a rifle echo from over in there, and it was from black powder. You didn't shoot, did you?'

"'Nope. The only time I've shot today was at this here buck. But, thinkin' again,' I says, knockin' the brim of my Stetson back, 'I believe maybe I did hear a black-powder gun go off down there. It must have been Alf Redfield shootin'; he's down in there today.'

"That's another one of yours, Jake. Alf ain't there at all. I met him and Jim Randolph and Ike Wharton early this morning at the foot of Wylackie Hill, bound for Red Mountain.'

"'Oh well,' says I, 'what's there strange about who fired a black-powder gun down there?'

"'Nothin',' says he, 'except there's a fresh cow-carcass, with the hide off, down there, and your horse's tracks around the place, and I'm almost plumb positive I heard a black-powder gun go off down there about a hour ago, and you've got a black-powder gun, an' I think you're the man I'm after. I'm a-goin' to take you to Weaver, Jake,' he says after a pause, 'an' turn you over to the authorities for shootin' that cow.'

"'No you ain't, pardner,' says I, quietly turnin' the buck over on his back, a-holdin' my knife betwixt my teeth. 'I don't know

nothin' about your damn old cowhide, except I seen it a-hangin' on a clothes-line down at that short-horn wickiup. This time, for once, you're all balled up on the tracks, Tom. I think you'll find this here theery of the case is about right,' I says, rollin' a coffin-tack and lightin' it. I blew out a cloud of smoke and resooms. 'One of them short-horns must've killed your boss's cow, thinkin' it was a deer. That very thing happened down at Long's, on the South Fork, last summer when a citified chap with a new gun just nacherally bought more beef than he could eat at one sittin'. Tenderfeet mistake each other for deer all the time, and a cow looks more like a deer than a tenderfoot. I'll bet a tenderfoot or Alf Redfield killed your cow.'

"'Your theery of the case is mighty interestin',' says Tom, 'but it ain't convincin'. You leave some evidence out of all consideration, and as for Alf, why, as I say, I seen Alf down at Wylackie Hill.'

"'Well,' says I, 'Alf Redfield can back on his tracks, can't he?'

"He didn't pay any attention to this question, but says, 'There's a line of your horse's tracks a-leadin' from that cow-carcass to where the hide's a-hangin' and from there to here, and you've been suspected of this here same business before.'

"'Well,' says I, in a injured tone, 'I do hate to have anybody doubt my honesty and word.'

"'Oh hell!' says he, sort of skeptical-like.

"I lifted the buck into the saddle and began lashin' him onto the pinto.

"'I'll tell you what,' says I, 'I'll go back to that short-horn outfit with you—and they were shore enough tenderfoot. The way they packed a mule! If Johnnie or old Mr. Doyle could only have seen it!'

Here I laughed.

"You throw a hitch fair to middlin', yourself, but at first you was a regular lily-of-the-valley at the business. Well, them tenderfeet's packin' was rawer than yours ever was. They packed a mule so's he looked like a header-wagon. I says to him, 'I'll go back with you to that tenderfoot place and you'll be convinced that I'm as innocent of what you charge me with as Sam Blaine was of shootin' old Charlie Porter.'

"'That's a likely idea,' he says. 'If you are that innocent, you needn't go to Weaver, Jake. We'll go down to the tenderfoot camp.'

"I led my old pinto plug, loaded with the deer, and Tom followed. When we got down a ways, I saw a campfire through an openin' and heard a loud laffing. We kept on and the laffing

kept on too, and soon we came to the camp. Two of the three city chaps was still a-laffin'.

"What's the joke, pardners?" says Tom. "Tell it to me and my friend here, so's we can all laugh."

"The drinks are on Bill," says the fellow handling the skillet at the camp fire. "When Frank an' I came into camp, damn me if Bill wasn't here alone, with a red cowlhide a-hangin' on the clothes-line, lookin' at the same in a quizzical manner. Frank an' I killed a couple of big deer over there by that granite knob, but Bill seems to have killed a cow."

"Here he bust out into a laugh and Frank did the same. I laughed too."

"Tom didn't laugh. He acted sort of mad-like, and so did Bill."

"He looked at the hide, and so did I. It bore Bell's brand. I knew this before for certain, and so did Tom, probably. Tom looked because he wanted to make certain, and I looked because I had a part to play."

"Which way did you come up?" asks Tom, politely enough.

"Right up the Horse Pasture from the Spring," says Bill. "Before that I was south of the Horse Pasture in that manzanita brush-patch."

"That proves it," said Frank. "Ed and I just come through there and found a newly killed cow there, with the hide a-missin'." An' then they laughed some more.

"I felt real sorry for Bill. Innocence sufferin' for guilt ain't such a fine sight when they are both together and innocence don't know that guilt is along."

"I don't know anything about the affair," said Bill. "I came up through there and got to camp. Then I went to the Spring to get water for supper and while I was there I heard a couple of fellows a-hollerin', an' when I got back this cowlhide was hangin' on the line and the tracks of two horses was right through camp. I could see that gentleman on the black horse goin' up to the main trail."

"Give it to us easy," said his pardners.

"That's what I'm a-doin'," says he.

"Well, gentlemen, or whatever you are," says Tom, "I guess your friend Bill'll have to pay for the cow. She belonged to my boss and I'll give you a receipt for the money."

"It looks as if you'll have to pay," said Frank, and Ed nodded.

"Damn if I pay for any cow I didn't kill," said Bill. "I'll stand a lawsuit first."

"You might stand a suit, Bill," says Frank, "but it's my opinion you'd lose it. They tell me the only man around here that knows anything about law is Jack Johnson, an ex-convict, an' he's only up on criminal law. They always appoint him bailiff because he knows how to maintain the dignity of the court, havin' observed the bailiff in the Superior Court at Ukiah."

"Yes," said the grub-wrangler, "you might as well pony up. You'll get the rest of us into trouble. Besides you want to give up law and go into the cattle business, and here's a chance to begin on a modest scale—a cow-carcass and a hide."

"Some of you'll have to pay," says Tom, determined-like, "an'

you can't pay any too quick to suit me. I want to get home some time tonight.'

"What kind of a joke is this?" asked Frank.

"No joke at all," says Tom. 'It's business. That short-horn Bill has killed a cow, an' he's got to pay for it or I'll take the whole bunch of you clear to Weaver, an' I guess you'll find it'll be some cheaper to pay for the cow than to make that trip.'

"Their faces got as serious as a man a-gettin' married.

"Are you a-goin' to pay for that cow right now?" asked Tom, a-gettin' off'n his horse.

"Tom was shore throwin' it into 'em. An' they began to weaken. You could see that. If I hadn't a-knowed Tom pretty well I should have been scairt myself.

"How much is it?" asked Bill.

"Thirty dollars," says Tom, 'and you kin keep the hide.'

"Take your old money and be damned!" said the short-horn, holdin' it up to Tom.

"No, I'll take the money and give it to Mr. Bell, Mr. Short-Horn," says Tom, 'an' now that you've squared up I want to say that unless you want to run foul of some of the Round Valley boys and get your noodles busted, I'd advise you fellows to hike out for your native heath. This here white man's country up here is a-bein' overrun every summer by a lot of fellows that don't know putty from bees-wax—'nor deer from cows' says I,—'an' I'm a-gettin' plumb sick an' tired of it. What with shootin' of stock, settin' out fires, killin' all the does and bringin' in tenderfoot manners, this country here's a-bein' ruined. Time was a tenderfoot was as afraid to come into this Valley as a gospel-sharp, but now they're a-gettin' as thick around here as salmon in Eel River in spawnin' time. You'll have to move off'n Bell's land, anyhow. You can stay till tomorrow mornin' at 10 o'clock, an' if I find you here after that, you'll think you're in Tombstone on a palmy day. S'long.'

"With that he rode off.

"How much 'll you take for your purchase, Mr. Bill?" says I, politely.

"Oh, shut up!" says he.

"How can I?" says I. 'Do you take me for a knife or for a oyster? If you take me for either, you're mistaken. I'm under that gent you just settled with, and if you ain't polite to me, you ain't polite to him, an' so perhaps I'd better call him back'

"Don't do that," says he. 'I'll take a dollar for the hide.'

"Done!" says I, a-handin' him the dollar.

"S'long boys," says I to them.

"The next afternoon I seen them short-horns get into the stage bound for home. Tom was there to see 'em off. After the stage had rolled out, Tom asks me into the back room of the 'Dewey' an' we had a drop of somethin' strenghthenin'.

"Say, Jake!" says he suddenly. 'The matter's all settled now, but I'd like to know, didn't you kill that cow?'

"Tom," I says, 'just write that question in the dust and the rain 'll settle it.'"



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UNLESS substantial assistance is sent to them before November, there will be suffering and death among the Mission Indians of five reservations—Campo, La Posta, Laguna, Manzanita and Cuyapipe. The condition of these reservations has been known at Washington for forty years. Every year, for about a decade, the Department has been informed that these Indians are on the verge of starvation. Nothing has been done for them by the Department, and they are still starving. Everybody who knows the actual conditions of these God-forsaken little reservations on the edge of the desert—land given to the Indians because it is so absolutely worthless that no white man would take it for a gift—is sick at heart at the total incompetence of our Red Tape to keep from starvation the wards of the very department which draws an enormous salary-list to care for them. Indian policies, Indian education, and other

theories may be matters of opinion; but hunger and hardship are no matters of opinion—nor is it a matter of opinion that it is the business of the bureau to keep these people from dying wantonly. When they die of starvation it is because they have incompetent and heartless over-lords.

Not only has the Department been advised for a great many years in succession, and several times this year, of the destitution, the suffering and the probability of actual starvation on these reservations; not only has it been informed by its own agents and officials, by American laymen drawing no salary but at least as credible—bishops, journalists, business men and others of standing in their community—two years ago the Warner's Ranch Commission saved the government enough money to relieve these 130 Indians, and 600 others who are in distress; got this saved money made available for this purpose; and gave the necessary recommendations for the wise expenditure of it. This money has been diverted by the Department to other (and probably illegal) uses; but the Department has other moneys; and if it has not, it is its business to get them in a case of this sort.

The result of the incompetency of the Indian Bureau is that such private citizens of Southern California as have decent human feelings will have to go down in their own pockets to keep these Mission Indians from starving to death at the end of this year of cumulative drouth. It won't hurt the citizen to be merciful; but it is a disgrace to the government that the hat has to be passed around simply because the salaried officials in a certain department are totally unable to run their business, even close enough to steer between life and death for the poor devils whose unhappy lot it is to live or die according to the incompetency of the Washington office-holders.

Everyone who really cares about this cause knows that it is nicer if you can secure reforms by saying "Please;" every such person dislikes, for a good many reasons (and valid ones, so far as they go), to be impolite to a government department—but every such person has discovered that the politer you are, the more thousand years it takes to get Red Tape uncoiled. Certainly the people who object to having Southern California Indians starved to death by the Department cannot be accused of "impatience." They have "spoken softly" for forty years—a little more frequently, and with a slight elevation of tone in the last decade, yet always softly in comparison with the aggravation. But they have had with them all the time, a Big Stick; and as the speak-softly programme has not worked in time to keep

several hundred Indians from starving to death already, who would not have starved if the Department had not been absolutely incompetent, it is fair to presume that similar suavity would not avail in time to save any of the Indians still extant. This Fall a campaign is going to be made to show the public of this region, diagrammatically, the exact condition of these reservations which are a disgrace to the government, to us, to the American people; to show, by the official records, how abundantly, how repeatedly—indeed with what ridiculous persistence the Department has been informed of this state of affairs, and how heartlessly it has failed of the remotest attempt to remedy them. And if a campaign in Southern California is not enough, then the exact documents—both photographic and of the archives—will be taken East and set before the public there. Meantime a kindergarten department's imbecility does not absolve the people of California if they let these people starve. The Indians of these five reservations have not enough to eat, not enough to wear, not enough to shelter them from the weather—which is cold in the San Diego County mountains in the winter. Any contributions of money, common-sense clothing or food will be judiciously applied. Boxes can be sent to Frank A. Salmons, Pala, California; remittances to the Sequoya League, this city.

It is understood that H. Kampmeyer has been reinstated in the Indian service.

Kampmeyer is the Christian gentleman who was—until the Sequoya League took up his trail—the proud missionary of American Civilization to the Moquis. He was paid by the government of the United States to lead these, "the Quaker Indians," Forth into the Light. He didn't fully emerge them; but he Did His Best. By kicking women, cuffing children, shooting rifles "promiscuous-like," smashing the crockery in a house with his cultured boots, and cutting the bed-clothes to pieces with his knife, and so on, he showed Poor Lo what an ornament to the earth he could become if he would imitate Kampmeyer.

But this is an ungrateful world. Even his pinhead next-superior got Kampmeyer "transferred;" and when his gentle official career fell under official scrutiny (in the investigation brought about by the League), the Interior Department ordered Kampmeyer summarily discharged from the Indian service.

And now this convicted brute is in again, and is again being paid by the government of the United States to show its wards how much it cares for them—and for the opinion of the small majority of Americans who do not Hold Office.

Possibly Mr. Kampmeyer will continue. But possibly, also, he will not. And the Sequoya League will find out definitely.

C. F. L.



If the way that American politics "run themselves" (when they are allowed to) might well make a pessimist of Mark Tapley himself, the most lugubrious prophet can always find hopefulness when he observes how easy it is to rebel against Things as they Are. The reformer, indeed, in whatsoever line (of politics, civics, ethics or what-not), feels that the world wags mighty slow; he is right, he knows he is right, and he is more than human if he does not sometimes get dark purple in the face for the mental and moral inertia of the Crowd. But that is his fault as well as the crowd's. It is easier for everyone to sit still than to jump up and fight. Even the most strenuous nonconformist passively consents to ten thousand things that he knows are wrong for every single thing that he rebels against. But after all, while his personal disgust with those who do not see things as he does—and who 20 years from now will think they never saw them any other way than his way—is pardonable and natural, the large fact remains that the American people do approve of Better Things. If the apostle of Reform has not only faith but works; if he has some quality of leadership, as well as an academic idea; if he can stir people's red blood as well as their conventional consciences—why, he will have his adequate following.

A LESSON
FROM OLD
MISSOURI

Certainly the example of the average American politician is not a good thing to hold up to the American boy; but any intelligent American boy can come in the way of learning, now-a-days, that the average American politician is a Gibbering Failure. He Gets There once or twice, or several times; he draws down his salary; he tickles the easy ears of some disengaged reporter; he is a little tin god to the heelers for whom he can do something while he is in place. But when things are evened up (which is very soon) his salary is spent, the heelers, whom he can no longer feed, have forgotten him; his dent upon the history of his country, or even on the history of his township, is such as a suckling's fist might make on an iron-clad; his very name has to be mumbled after in a memorandum book; and his record has disappeared from the earth—except, possibly, he is prevailed upon to write his own praises for some parasitic Dic-

tionary of Biography, which prints such Immortals at \$25 per, which only the innocent ever read. Somebody had to be elected pound-keeper or congressman; nothing better offered; and he was elected; but he was only another example of the way in which a republic Kills Time.

But if the average politician, whose God is his Belly—which includes the perquisites and patronage, and what cheap food his vanity can glut itself withal—really cuts less into the daily life of the average citizen (whom the emotional reporter alleges him to “represent”) than the microscopic bugs on the said citizen’s orange trees do—it is another story when the Man comes into politics.

Americans are commonly charged, the world over—and by the thoughtful among themselves—with being careless of civic obligation, with condoning public dishonesty, with neglecting almost everything except the almighty dollar. And there is more truth than compliment in the charge. But Americans still do love Americanism. Even those whose noses are tightest pressed to the grindstone of the silver cart-wheel, are not yet so dried up that they do not feel a certain thrill when another American pursues better things than they do. And this is a plain lesson in politics—in all our politics—which can be shown the young American with a clear conscience.

President Roosevelt is an eminent type of this very thing. He is young for his age, and strong for any age. He makes mistakes—and some of them mistakes of very serious import to the country. But he does not make the supreme mistake of “Letting It Go”; and it is probably a safe prophecy that even the conservatives whom his unaged vigor affrights, will love him rather more for his vitality than they fear him for the same thing.

In some ways a still more striking illustration is the case of Joseph W. Folk, now nominated for Governor of Missouri. He is a chip of the same block—for that matter, it is rather reasonable to assume that without the heartening example of Roosevelt, Folk would not have made his splendid record. It is a long time since we have had another president of the United States under whom men of all parties felt that there was some Reasonable Expectation in fighting for clean government. But whatever the inspiration, Folk has made a place of his very own. A little tuppenny district attorney, so far as his office went, he has become a national figure because he administrated his office not “for the good of the party,” not according to precedent, not for the self-interest most nearly evident—but on the precise lines that an honest man would follow in his own business. That is,

he backed up honest officials; and pursued, indicted and punished the dishonest ones, without regard to any other standard than the standard every man recognizes in the conduct of his personal affairs. For this invention in municipal politics, Folk has been very nearly crucified. He may have been long-headed enough to foresee that the reaction would be in his favor; but the probabilities are that without any such calculation, and at best encouraged by the national example, he decided to do his official duty as almost any man knows his official duty to be, if he can divorce it from political considerations.

At any rate, Folk has chosen the better part. He has made his minor office of such a record that Missouri counts him the kind of man she'd like for the highest office in the State. He is such a man that even partisanship does not preclude the sober press even of the opposition party from condemning the folly of the Republicans in putting up an opponent to this young crusader.

Whether Folk shall be elected or not, is a detail. The vital point is that he has, beyond any question, made a larger mark even on the black blackboard of American politics, by simply being honest and fearless, than any man could possibly make in the same time by simply "following the programme." And if this is not a good lesson for young Americans, I don't know what would be. It means that whatever is bad in our politics is needless; it means that the "Practical Politicians" are fools, and that we plain Americans can keep our government as decent as we keep our own business; and it means that the way for a young American to succeed in politics is to follow the nose he had from his father and mother, and let the machine go hang—that machine made up of dirty little cogs of which the flywheel is often so foolish as to be afraid. In every other trade and profession in the United States honesty is the best policy—and honesty means more than keeping out of jail. It is also the best policy in politics; and Folk is entitled to thanks for his new demonstration of this truth.

A few years ago the sympathy of the American public was overwhelmingly with "Labor"—meaning the small minority of Americans who work and are "Union." The newspapers, indeed, do not reflect public sentiment, except in the vaguest manner; and it is less significant that hardly a newspaper in the United States then dared criticise any act of Organized Labor. Larceny, robbery and murder, if committed by Union men, found no severe adjectives. But this attitude of the press was not conclusive; the significant thing was that the Public did not condemn—that is, that the average individual,

AN AWAKENING
LATE BUT
UNIVERSAL

with whom you and I talked, had a similar sugar-coating for whatsoever illegal or outrageous act, if perpetrated in the Sacred Name.

Within a very few years, all these things have changed; and no one on earth has changed them except the Unions themselves. There has been no effective propaganda against them. Neither press, nor politicians, neither pulpit nor reporters, have argued them out of public confidence. Ten years ago, in case of a strike, the average American Reckoned there was Reason for it; today the average American Reckons it was a Mistake. This enormous absolute Right-about-Face of popular sentiment has been due solely to the Unions themselves.

It is so trite a truth of history that to insist upon it is little compliment to the reader's intelligence, that no human being, nor organization of human beings, can for long enjoy undisputed power without abuse. No government has ever had absolute power, no church has ever been all-powerful, without tyranny; and the Labor Unions (composed chiefly not of men endowed with the Divine Right by popular election, nor by the Grace of God, nor by centuries of heredity, but, more or less largely, of workmen who needed a bolster) have not proved an exception to the rule. We all need Opposition—governments, churches, parties, individuals. And Organized Labor has at last built up the strongest opposition that any human organization ever fathered—the practically universal opinion of its countrymen outside its own ranks.

"Capital" is as little to be trusted with full dominion as is any church, or party, or labor organization. "Capital" had undoubtedly committed acts of tyranny. There are still capitalists so sodden of mind as to commit them today—and it is for this reason that the sentiment of the American people backed up a small proportion of working Americans in their organization for self-protection.

But the lesson which has slowly been beaten in upon the American consciousness is that the Walking Delegate, who makes his living by stirring up strife, is no more to be entrusted with superior and permanent authority than the man who has made money and tries to spend as little of it as he can upon the men whom he employs. Intimidation, boycotts, strikes, picketing, murder and sudden dynamiting—these are some of the excesses of Organized Labor which have caused the American citizen to change his mind. They may be no more unjust, but they are certainly more abhorrent, than the tyrannies against which they protest.

Now the organization of Labor for its self-betterment will be a good thing when it IS a good thing—just as the organization

of Capital on decent lines is an advantage to business. Neither side of the present crisis has as yet learned its proper role. When Labor Unions are organized, not to hold the drunken, shiftless incompetent up to the level of the old-fashioned American mechanics who did all they could, as well as they could, as fast as they could for their employer (or, rather, hold the occasional competent workman down to the level of the botcher); when Unions are organized with a recognition of the fact that American boys and girls by the millions need to learn the honest use of their hands and heads together, and have a holy right to be permitted, in their native land; when Unions learn to make their standard one of competency and not one of submissiveness to the agitator; when Unions learn not to dynamite families nor murder the heads of families; when Unions learn, in fact, the American spirit—which is not a new invention, though it is sometimes forgotten—why, then, even the 20 per cent, of laboring Americans who belong to Unions will have very little difficulty in getting whatever they wish. The American people wish American workmen to get all that is coming to them. It is only when labor politicians, who toil not nor spin, but grow fat by making strife, demand more than is coming to the workingman or to any one else—that is, Something for Nothing—that is, large pay for short hours and slovenly work and incidental anarchy—it is only then that even the slow, patient mind of a republic wakens to deny the arrogant request. And then it is time for the sober men in the Unions to wake up also.

The San Francisco Chronicle, ordinarily a sane and reputable sheet, has of late been doing some astounding editorial stunts. Maybe all the vacationable editors are off “redwooding” and have left the agricultural oracle in charge.

IN THE
VACUOUS
SUMMER-TIME

For one example, the Chronicle presents its dog-day notion of what it calls “Sense versus Sentiment.”

“El Camino Real” it says “is a myth—probably always was. There are doubtless trails from one mission to another . . . in a few places the settlement of the country has arranged itself along lines which are alleged to be these old trails, upon what evidence nobody knows. The sum of these trails made a route having a general direction from San Diego to San Francisco. . . . As for the name El Camino Real, we don’t think it was ever mentioned in print in this state until after the capture of Manila, where there is a short stretch of road bearing that appellation which seems to have been imported as the basis for sentimental agitation. Some excellent but unduly emotional women of this state, possibly inspired by sharp agents of automobile factories, have become possessed of the notion that the restoration of this road is a patriotic duty to be attended to forthwith, at the cost of the tax-payers of the State. . . . If the people living along any line of travel between here and the South choose to make a good road, it will be of enormous pecuniary benefit to themselves and incidentally will help the automobile trade, and nobody would care a fig if they choose to call it El Camino Real, although it would show more horse sense if they called it a name that would advertise themselves rather than after some legendary king who built an imaginary road.”

The Chronicle further deplores this “sentimental agitation” in view of the fact that “we can’t get money” to “drain the Sacramento Valley,” “irrigate our arid lands,” make “decent provision for the business of our sea-ports,” etc.

A Kennebunk, Maine, paper might be as ignorant of California history and needs—and very likely would be. But it most

probably would not be so vicious. The Camino Real is not a myth, and never was. If the ensilage-editor of the Chronicle thinks that it was never heard of in California until 1898, he had better take a freshman course at Stanford to fit him for residence and articulate utterance in the Golden State. So far from being imported from the Philippines, the title is one which has been in daily use in every part of Spanish America for more than 350 years. It has been in use in California ever since there was a California. It may be that in the Chronicle office there are but "few places settled along the line" of the old inter-Mission road; but on the map of California—particularly in the South, the more active and faster growing part of the State—practically every community of any importance whatever is on that historic line. What the "evidence" is "nobody" may "know" in the cow-editor's corner, but scholars do—and grammar-school pupils can if they pay a reasonable attention to the predigested primers of California history.

As to the suggestion that the people who hope to rehabilitate this historic highway, not merely out of sentiment, but as a matter whose strictly business horse-sense would appeal to any of the men who really direct the Chronicle, would do better to call it "Smith's Pike" or "Amethyst Boulevard of the Bumptious West," rather than show their knowledge of, and respect for, the history of their own State, hardly needs comment. Probably the contractor who built the tallest masonry in the world would have "shown more sense" (in the mid-summer opinion of the Chronicle) if he had called it "Gilligan's Shaft" instead of leaving it to be titled by sentimentalists the Washington Monument. The cabbage-patch editor will succeed quite as soon in getting the name of San Francisco changed to Adamstown as he will succeed in getting the first through-State road that will ever be built in California—howsoever long the opposition fossils may delay its building—called by any other name than the historic one under which it is now being undertaken.

It will be very nice to drain at public cost the Sacramento Valley, with its enormous ranches and one or two inhabitants to the square mile. It will be entirely logical in the paternal programme to build wharves and other shipping facilities for the sole benefit of San Francisco, by public passing of the hat. Every plan to irrigate our arid area deserves not only public but communal and individual support—so long as it is really the next plan. But only a person whose mind is mostly in silo could ever think that it is less a public charge to assist in the building of a highway which will not only link practically every community of the 350,000 people in Southern California together, but link them also to the North. Has the Chronicle any objection to automobile parties riding from the Bay to San Diego? Or rather (not to ask too much of poor human nature) has it any objection if automobile parties from San Diego and Los Angeles tour to San Francisco? If automobiles can take the road, so can farm-wagons, express-wagons, buggies, carry-alls—the farmer with his load, the merchant with his delivery, the family with the babies, and even the country boy with his best

girl. The Lion sees no serious subversion of good morals in this. If a good road could be built between San Francisco and other parts of the State, that magnificent but handicapped metropolis might wake up to discover what has ailed it for so long.

Commenting on a recent righteous suit of three Yuma Indians against Superintendent Spear for damages because he chopped off their hair violently, the Chronicle falls into another blunder which hardly could have happened if the minds which make the paper (in the busy season) one of the soberest in the West had been at their desks.

"DISTINGUISH
AND DIVIDE
A HAIR."

"These suits are doubtless founded," says the Chronicle, "on the decision of Justice Field in the queue-cutting case rendered here in 1879. In that case the Sheriff of San Francisco was mulcted for damages for cutting off the queue of a Chinese prisoner who had been committed to jail for the violation of an ordinance. The Court held that the ordinance providing for the cutting of the hair of prisoners confined within the County Jail within one inch of the scalp was, in the case of the Chinese in question, an exercise of unwarranted authority and an infliction of punishment in excess of the penalty imposed upon the prisoner by the Court. Justice Field took the extreme ground that the cutting off of the Chinese's queue was 'degrading and entailing future suffering,' as its retention by him was a 'matter of religious faith,' and that 'the dread of misfortune and suffering after death' which it produced was 'cruel and unusual punishment.'"

"Haircutting has been adopted at all state and county prisons as a sanitary measure and to protect the prisoners from the assaults of vermin. But Justice Field assumed that 'the act has no tendency to promote either discipline or health,' and that the practice was followed at the state prisons solely as a precaution against escape.' Notwithstanding this judicial view of the cutting of the hair of prisoners, it is still practiced in the case of all white prisoners as a strictly sanitary measure and in the interest of cleanliness. The practice has never been condemned by any jurist as 'cruel and unusual punishment' when applied to whites. If hair-cutting is a benevolent and sanitary measure in its effect on white prisoners, it is unreasonable to assume that it is vicious in its effects when applied to Indians because they habitually wear the hair long, or to the Chinese because they cultivate the queue as a personal adornment. The law is meant to be uniform in its operation on all races."

It is perhaps hopeless to wrestle with the summer-solstice incumbent of the great paper as to the rather serious fact that the law in any free land—nor in any despotism—does not interfere with certain things. It is vain to argue, with one who knows nothing outside of udder statistics, that the Shaker's dress, the Chinaman's queue, the Quaker's broad-brim, the minister's broadcloth, are personal privileges that even the most medieval Czar of Russia would not have thought to dispute. The Indians' hair is equally traditional, equally sacred, and an etiquette of far longer standing than any one of these more familiar things which we all respect. Without going into sects or ethnic divisions, without requiring even a rudimentary knowledge of humanity, it is a truism that one's personal barbering is a matter of personal choice, not of ordinance. And these choices vary by epoch. Only a few years since, practically no man in the United States shaved his whole face, save priests and actors. Today a great majority of the "upper classes" do "shave clean." Yet, what would be thought of a police regulation which should force any man who now allows his outer countenance to grow full beard, or any of the old-fashioned people who still care to carry partial wool upon their frontispiece, to submit themselves

to a compulsory barber? All this, of course, is Greek to anyone who could have written the editorial in question. It is a matter of familiar observation to the student of man that the person who is most intolerant and antiquated in his own individual code is always last to understand that other people can be, and have a right to be, as unreconstructed.

But the astounding thing even for an alfalfa expert is that he should have betrayed a great paper into a flaw so obvious and so juvenile, from the everyday legal standpoint, that a grammar-school boy would hardly be pardoned the lapse. Criminals convicted of crime are, throughout practically all of the United States, shorn of their hair.

Justice Field, the greatest jurist California has ever developed, is quite right in setting forth that the reason for this barbering is less sanitation than for identification; everyone knows, who has had practical experience, that with proper care long hair is as hygienic as short. But this a detail. The vital thing is that this degradation—and there is no American now alive who would not recognize it as a degradation to be forcibly barbered as he didn't like—is applied by law only to persons convicted of crime. It shows the difference between the kind of mind which can become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the kind which remains in old age a newspaper hack, that the jurist saw the point. The other class of mentality—still in the stage of English jurisprudence in the dark ages, when there were 196 capital offenses—would brand a man upon the cheek for stealing a loaf of bread for his starving family, or for failing to take a box off his sidewalk over night. May be in both cases he deserved it; but the consensus of opinion among people who have minds wherewith to consent is nowadays a little less Inquisitional.

The Indians who brought suit in San Diego County for an infamous personal outrage upon them were not criminals; they were not convicted even of a misdemeanor. It is not in evidence that they had broken the law of the land or of the smallest township of San Diego County. They were alleged to have disobeyed that God-on-earth, the Indian agent, whose word is law to those who know no better; and he had their hair cut forcibly to humble their Bloody American pride. Incidentally, he did it under that disgraceful, discredited rule (not of any legislative body, but of the Indian Department) known as "the Hair-Cut Order;" the same order that President Roosevelt, after full investigation, personally, unceremoniously and forever wiped off the official slate.

Nobody pretends for a minute that the Indian is as good as we are, even if he behaves better, as he sometimes does. But he has a few things, at least, in common with us. None of us would like, particularly, to be seized by constables or dog-catchers, bound and gagged, and to have our hair clippered from off us. No Indian enjoys it, either. And this human reluctance to have our own person violated for the whim of some fool or some tyrant is one point, at least, in which we can sympathize with our predecessors upon a soil which is alleged to instill a feeling of independence into those who tread it.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



If I were obliged to deduce from her published works a relief map of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's skull, according to Spurzheim's phrenological chart, one of its conspicuous features would be a cañon lying between the cliffs labeled "firmness" and "benevolence." For of reverence, as ordinarily understood, she has not a whit. The halo which, for the intellectual proletariat, circles above a long-sacred social or economic creed is to her vision nothing more than the phosphorescent evidence of truth no longer vital. And she has the surgeon's instinct for exposing and removing dead tissue at whatever cost of pain and shock. Like the surgeon, too, she is apt to cut away a good deal of living and useful tissue for the sake of removing all that is necrosed or gangrenous. To complete the simile, she resembles the most daring modern operators in refusing to be barred from the inmost citadels of life, when occasion arises for laying them bare. All this may seem no more than a fantastic figure of speech, but a thoughtful study of her two most recent books, *The Home; Its Work and Influence*, and *Human Work*—a study which is earnestly commended to all who care for the frank, fearless and stimulating utterance of the thought of an original and penetrating mind—will reveal its sober truth.

The argument of the first of these books is summed up by Mrs. Gilman herself in a way not to be equalled by any reviewer, and I therefore quote at some length.

The position is this: The home, as now existing, costs three times what is necessary to meet the same needs. It involves the further waste of nearly half the world's labour. It does not fulfill its functions to the best advantage, thus robbing us again. It maintains a low grade of womanhood, overworked or lazy; it checks the social development of men as well as women, and, most of all, of children. The man, in order to meet this unnecessary expense, must cater to the existing market; and the existing market is mainly this same home, with its crude tastes and limitless appetites. Thus the man, to maintain his own woman in idleness, or low-grade labour, must work three times as hard as is needful to meet the demands of similar women; the home-bound woman clogging the whole world.

Change this order. Set the woman on her own feet, as a free, intelligent, able human being, quite capable of putting into the world more than she takes out, of being a producer as well as a consumer. Put these poor antiquated "domestic industries" into the archives of past history; and let efficient modern industries take their place, doing far more work, far better work, far cheaper work in their stead.

With an enlightened system of feeding the world we shall have better health—and wiser appetites. The more intelligent and broad-minded woman will assuredly promote a more reasonable, healthful, beautiful, and economical system of clothing, for her own body and that of the child. The wiser and more progressive mother will at last recognize child-culture as an art and science quite beyond the range of instinct, and provide for the child such surroundings, such training, as shall allow of a rapid and enormous advance in human character.

The man, relieved of two-thirds of his expenses; provided with double supplies; properly fed and more comfortable at home than he ever dreamed of being, and associated with a strong, free, stimulating companion all through life, will be able to work to far better purpose in the social service, and with far greater power, pride and enjoyment.

The man and woman together, both relieved of most of their personal cares, will be better able to appreciate large social needs and to meet them. Each generation of children, better born, better reared, growing to their full capacity in all lines, will pour into the world a rising flood of happiness and power. Then we shall see social progress.

The main thesis of the second book now under consideration is stated by Mrs. Gilman as follows:

Work is an expenditure of energy by Society in the fulfillment of its organic functions. It is performed by highly specialized individuals under press of social energy, and is to them an end in itself, a condition of their existence and their highest joy and duty.

In developing this theorem, Mrs. Gilman states many corollaries which will seem blasphemous to worshippers at orthodox economic altars. For example, she holds that the "Pay theory" and the "Want theory" of labor are alike mischievous and unsound. Instead of making consumption by the individual dependent on previous production by that individual, she declares that consumption is but a means to production. "Free consumption," she asserts, "would not increase any legitimate human demand, but it would increase our power, and skill, and so our wealth. Recognizing that human production is conditioned upon previous supply, upon right inheritance, right education, right environment of all sorts, it follows that the more fully and freely we supply that environment, the more we produce." No individual can properly claim ownership in what he produces—only in "all that the individual needs to consume. All the food he needs, all the clothes he needs, all the education he needs, all the tools he needs; to each person what he separately needs, and to each group what they separately need of the great fund of social advantages. Is not that property enough? All that a man can legitimately consume is his own, but not what he produces. That is his return to Society."

Mrs. Gilman makes no show of donning judicial robes. Her position is frankly that of resourceful and accomplished counsel, convinced of the justice of his case and pressing it home with every resource of wit, logic, mockery, invective, and persuasion. Her continual tendency is toward overstatement. At times, between incomplete knowledge (or at least incomplete statement) and unjustifiable inference, she verges dangerously upon absurdity. A fair instance of this may be taken from *Human Work*, page 207.

The humble squaw who drops corn into her stick-ploughed field is actuated by a concept, a knowledge of how in time there will be fruit for her children. There is no present stimulus, she pushes herself, urged by the accumulating nerve force of the larger brain. Her lord, the noble Redman, gallantly pursuing the buffalo, is acting merely as an animal, under direct stimulus of hunger and the visible beast before him. Being hungry, he hunts. Being fed, he does nothing. He can only act in the lower circuit of excito-motory nerves. But she, not hungry, makes the corn grow. She makes the tent. She makes the moccasins and leggings and beaded belt. She makes the dish and basket. She, first on earth, works, and she works for others.

This may be correctly described as eloquent but preposterous. However, I did not set out with the faintest desire to shatter any lances against Mrs.

Gilman's glittering armor—only to make it clear that her books are exceptionally thought-provoking and will repay the serious attention of any really intelligent reader. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50 *net*, each.

Race suicide, organized charity, the woman's club, the new woman as a nervous wreck, and other more or less cognate subjects are discussed by Mrs. John Van Vorst, in *The Issues of Life*, with a frankness not at all obscured by the web of fiction in which they are entangled. The pith of the author's thought can be exhibited best in small compass by a fragment of the conversation between the leading lady and her husband with which the book closes.

'TWOULD BE
A LOVELY
SCRAP

"Wait, Phillip," said Madeleine. "I am not through yet. There is still more news for you about the poor foolish virgins. You can afford to laugh, but I feel mortified when I think how these creatures of my sex rush headlong to their ruin as soon as they try to emancipate themselves in any other way than through the protection of an honest man who loves them and by following their natural destiny as wives and mothers."

"Darling," he murmured. "My wife!"

Any reader who delights in gory imaginations may endeavor to picture Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Van Vorst battling a *Poutrance* over right ideals of womanhood. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

It is easy to select honey-sweet stanzas from the poems included in Laurence Hope's *Stars of the Desert*, lines rich with such heavy fragrance as should belong to the lotus-flower; quite as easy to point out lines and verses that will barely pass muster as poetry at all. Compare, for example, the two following:

POEMS
OF DESIRE
AND REGRET

Let us lie still and drift away in dreams,
Back to the jewelled kingdom of the night,
Whose golden stars with dimly radiant gleams
Lit up your loveliness for my delight.
Once we are risen all the cares of day
Will seize and bind us to their wanton will.
Why should we own that night has passed away?
Oh, as you value love, lie still, lie still!

Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The Gods they serve, the Vintage that they drink
Nor by the way they fight, or love, or sin,
But by the *quality of thought they think*.

The general note of these poems is that of the same author's *India's Love Lyrics*—that is, of desire, passionate or langorous, or of sombre regret—but the later volume has not the same rich and unstrained quality of tone as the first. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

Mary Dillon has blended romance and history, in *The Rose of Old St. Louis*, in a fashion to please all but the crustiest of critics. The time is that of the Louisiana purchase; the scene shifts from St. Louis to France—and back again in time for the transfer of the Territory to the United States; and the heroine and hero are a most fascinating Princess of Condé (who appears in the first scene in a satin gown of pink and silver, revealing the high arch of the instep in its stocking of embroidered silk), and an American lad, with golden hair in close ringlets over his shapely head and standing full six feet in his moccasins, fringed and beaded in purple and yellow. It was most unfortunate that, at the moment of their meeting, the lady's great mastiff and the young gentleman should entangle themselves and roll down the stairs and into the ballroom, "a wild *melée* of doeskin legs and

WHO
CAN
GUESS?

shaggy paws and clanging sword and wildly brandished arms." It may be doubted whether it is fair to the reader to let the last sentence of the last chapter stand as an unsolvable conundrum. Here it is:

What would any man have done whose heart was running over with love for the most adorable maiden in the world, and her sweet face so near?

The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

DIFFICULT

BUT NOT

UNSOLVABLE

In the preface of *The American City: a Problem in Democracy*, Delos F. Wilcox states the purpose of the volume to be "to discuss what seem to me to be the fundamental principles of the American city problem, and point out, if possible, its real relations to the great problem of human freedom as it is being worked out in American political institutions." A little later he defines the problem of the American city as being "to make itself a place fit for men, women and children to live in"—a definition hard to better in as few words, or, for that matter, in a good many more. Dr. Wilcox examines the many and complicated questions involved with a breadth, a calm sanity and a hopefulness that are inspiring. He is of those genuine optimists who find nothing so bad as to be hopeless and very few things so good that they cannot be made better. The book is recommended without reserve to every person interested in the problems with which it deals. This ought to mean—though, unfortunately, it does not—All of us. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

WHO COULD

RESIST

SUCH WOOLING?

In the days of catapults and arbalisters, of battlements, bartisans and bowmen, men could make love like this:

Heaven and God's throne, you shall hear me to the end.
Woman, woman, my soul flows to you as the sea ebbs to the moon;
deep in the sky a new sun burns; the stars are dust, dust blown from
the coffins of the dead who loved. Life leaps in me like another
chaos. All my heart glows like an autumn orchard, and I burn.
The world is red with a myriad roses. God's in the heaven, Christ
bleeds on quaking Calvary.

At least that is the manner in which Flavian of Gambrevault (being at that time unfortunately married to the Lady Duessa), declares his passion to Yeoland of Cambremont, as reported by Warwick Deering in his *Love Among the Ruins*. Much blood flows, including that of the Lady Duessa, before Yeoland says: "Ah, like a white gull into a blue sky, like water into a crystal bowl, I give myself into your arms." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A STUDY

IN

CONSEQUENCES

Young and eager lovers, to be wedded within three weeks, alone in the still, green forest, with Nature and opportunity conspiring against them—this is the picture with which L. Parry Truscott introduces *The Mother of Pauline*. Within a few days it is discovered that the bridegroom-to-be is threatened with consumption and at the same time the chance is given him to start at once for a three months' yachting trip in the South Seas. To all concerned it appears that there is but the one thing to do—to postpone the wedding till after his return. His trip extends to almost a year, and when he returns he finds his gentle, trusting sweetheart the Mother of Pauline—his daughter and hers. His only way of earning a living for himself and her is to join his father in practicing medicine in the little English village where they both live. The secret of the child has been well kept so far, and must be kept forever, if his town's-people are to employ him as physician or if she is to be received at their homes. So at last she consents to surrender her child, and they go before the altar together. I cannot fol-

low the story further in detail, but may say that mother-yearning triumphs over "prudence" in the end and the parents assume fairly and openly the burden which belongs to them. The story is cleanly told, and is neither morbid nor unwholesome, as "problem novels" are apt to be. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Stephen Gwynn, in a prefatory explanation, justifies his *Masters of English Literature* on the ground, first, that "there are certain authors who may be classed as obligatory—concerning whom total ignorance is a defect at least to be concealed; and secondly, that the ordinary reader has neither time nor inclination to study all these authors at first hand." He has, therefore, undertaken to sweep across the whole field of English literature, hitting only the high places. The work is, on the whole satisfactory, though it is a mystery how the author could have wholly overlooked so conspicuous a peak as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.10 net.

I find *The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker*, as told by John Strange Winter, both pardonable and interesting. The story is of an "advanced woman," with grown-up daughters, who suddenly discovers evidence convincing her that her husband, of whose utter devotion she has felt entirely assured, has been fascinated by a younger and more attractive woman. She bravely sets to work to win him back by the aid of beauty-specialists, accomplished dressmakers and milliners, and other such assistants. That these "vanities" prove at last to be entirely unnecessary does not lessen the reader's sympathy. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1 net.

"Barbara," who first recorded her adventures in *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* and who later extracted from her "experience book" certain very entertaining chapters concerning *The People of the Whirlpool*, now draws upon her "wonder book" for the story of *The Woman Errant*—"she who, God help her, either from choice, hazard, or necessity, seeks a cause outside the protecting wall of her natural affections!" The particular woman errant of this witty and agreeable tale rejects scornfully at first the masculine arm which is hungry to protect her. But she learns better later on. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

In the "English Men of Letters" series appears a biography of Thomas Hobbes and his philosophical works (of which the *Leviathan* is the best known—at least by title), by Sir Leslie Stephen. This was the last work of importance to engage the attention of that scholarly and acute critic, and, as a summing up of the Hobbesian philosophy, leaves nothing to be desired. If any should ask, "What on earth do we want with a summing-up of the Hobbesian philosophy?" I can only shrug my shoulders. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents net.

Here is a sample from *Jingles from the Far West*, by M. A. Bowcher:

Tiny Toots
Spoiled her boots
Out in the mud one day;
She went home in despair
But her mother was there
And spanked her right away.

It is illustrated accordingly by Mae Smith. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1 net.

Henry D. Sedgwick furnishes a biography of Francis Parkman to the "American Men of Letters" series. It is interesting and appreciative, and

gives on the whole a vivid and convincing picture of the great historian, both as man and as workman. Yet I must submit, with all deference, that the sixth part of the entire book is an undue allotment of space for the diary of a young man of twenty on a European trip. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.10 net.

Of a certainty, no one is better qualified to tell the *Story of the Red Cross* than Clara Barton, who founded the order twenty-three years ago and has been its leader and inspiration almost to this day—indeed, the memory of her leadership will remain its most vital inspiration for long to come. She tells directly and simply of the organized relief the order has rendered to suffering human beings at times when relief was most needed. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 net; postage, 10 cents.

Vol. XVI of *The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898* completes Morga's *Sucesos*, and gives in full such parts of Argensola's *Conquista de las Islas Malacas* as fall within the immediate field of this work, with a brief synopsis of the rest. It is announced that the next volume will contain a chronological list of all the Spanish governors of the Philippines, from 1565 to 1899, with condensed biographical data concerning each. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

How the people of a western state fell into the hands of a gang of political pirates, how the pirates undertook to make their greatest haul of treasure by wrecking a railroad, and how they were beaten and overwhelmed at last—these are the principal matters in Francis Lynde's *The Grafters*. The love-interest is not neglected, and the story is altogether very well worth while. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, publish for school use *Topical Discussion of American History* (\$1.10 net), and a *Pupil's Outline* (25 cents net) to be used in connection with it—both prepared by W. C. Doub. Their object is stated as being "to reduce the teacher's work to a minimum and to provide at the same time a broad and progressive course in history and civics."

Connectives of English Speech, by James C. Fernald, treats exhaustively of prepositions, conjunctions, relative pronouns and adverbs, giving definitions, rules for use and decisions as to correct usage, and illustrating with numerous and well-selected quotations. The work is admirably done throughout. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

Elfin Songs of Sunland is a really delightful little book of poems for children, by Charles Keeler. Cover, title-page and initials are designed by Mrs. Keeler. This accomplished pair have collaborated on much good work—on nothing which was better in its own class, than this. The Live Oak Guild, Berkeley, Cal. 75 cents net.

Under the title *The Evolution of the Soul*, are published posthumously fourteen essays by Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, author of a number of works on psychic phenomena, mental medicine and kindred subjects. A portrait of the author and a brief biographical sketch are included. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.20 net.

Bradbury's *Travels in the Interior of America, 1809, 1810 and 1811*, forms Vol. V. in the series of "Early Western Travels." This traveler—a botanist—went some 2,000 miles up the Missouri, and proved himself a keen and impartial observer. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

Young America in the Hands of His Friends is described as a Political Drama. It was well intended, and I suppose there are people who like their criticism of men and events served up after this fashion. I do not. James H. West Co., Boston. 75 cents.

Kindly Light contains two pathetic stories, by Florence Morse Kingsley, in each of which the interest centers on a gentle old woman whose mind has been set wandering by loss of her dearest. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 50 cents.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



A REDWOOD GROVE.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



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OCTOBER, 1904.

CALIFORNIA'S CATHEDRALS.

By CATHERINE H. HITTELL.



A PILLAR OF THE CATHEDRAL.
Fifty-four feet around, four feet above the ground.

ST. PETER'S in Rome, most famous of cathedrals, covers nearly four acres, took three hundred and ninety years to build, and cost fifty millions.

California contains a cathedral that, until lately, covered two million acres, took thousands of years to build, and cost no money. It is a cathedral that, once destroyed, can never be rebuilt; it exists only in California; and is the most beautiful construction of fluted columns, clustered arches, tessellated pavements, fretted roofs, flying buttresses, and tapering spires in the wide world. Yet that whole unrivaled and unreplaceable cathedral has been sold by

our government for the average price of two dollars an acre, and is being destroyed as fast as fire

and water, steam and electricity, dynamite and huge hand-saws can mow down its columned grandeur.

Other countries may have higher mountains, more picturesque lakes, greater cities, and more wonderful art treasures, but no

other country has any thing that can approach the beauty and majesty of the redwood forest of Northwest California.

"Morituri te salutamus!" say the trees, each year that I make my pilgrimage.

It was spring when, accompanying the botanist of the Academy of Sciences on her botanical explorations, I last visited the forest cathedrals of Mendocino and Humboldt. Joying in the use of our muscles and in the independence of being our own horse and cart.



A UKIAH OAK.

we wanted to walk; but, being short of time, we first gained a good start by boat and train.

The Tiburon boat carried us to the Northwestern Railroad, which whirled us past Tamalpais, guardian of the Golden Gate, through the wheatfields yellowing beside the dimpled hills of Petaluma, past the oak groves, the vineyards, the orchards of the Santa Rosa, the Healdsburg and the Cloverdale sections of the enchanting valley of Russian River. Alternately we glanced from the plushy redwood hills of the west to the oak-embroidered eastern hills; after which our eyes were filled with the beauty of the romantic Russian River Gorge, piercing the mountain wall between Cloverdale and Ukiah valleys, where the rocky Lovers

Leap is silhouetted against a radiant sky. Next we rejoiced in the oaks dipping their giant boughs to Sanel. But it is in Ukiah Valley that we saw the noblest of these weeping oaks (*Quercus lobata*). I measured a trunk nine feet in diameter, while another was said to exceed thirteen and a half feet. Their height frequently overtops one hundred and fifty feet, and their spread of foliage, two hundred feet: for it is their banyan-like breadth rather than height that makes them the largest of oaks.

But beauty is more than size, and these oaks unite the grace of pendent branches sweeping from summit to base to the majesty of huge trunks and limbs supporting royal, dome-like crowns.



AT THE EDGE OF THE REDWOODS.

They usually stand in open order in grassy meadow lands, and independence induces perfection. In spring their tender green enraptures; in summer their cool massed foliage delights; in autumn their russet and copper tones charm; and in winter the exquisite hanging mosses, festooning the delicate tracery of drooping branches, bewitch. In grace, these trees are elms; in grandeur, oaks; in weird effects they are southern swamp trees. Notwithstanding all this marvelous beauty, and though useful only for firewood, when cut, the money-greed of Californians has doomed them nearly all, and year by year sees them growing pitifully fewer. Some of the best are on the lands of the Ukiah Insane Asylum. May they there find protection!

The nobles of Europe count trees as their best possessions, rivaling castles and picture galleries; but in California these noblest of oaks frequently perish to buy chromos and tawdry ornaments.

From Ukiah the train climbs a long hill to Little Lake Valley. On the near side lies the sleeping beauty of Walker Valley with its center of Sequoia spires; on the further side is Little Lake Valley, another of the lovely vales strung like jewels on the road between the two sunken valleys usurped by the San Francisco and Humboldt bays.

At Willets, then the railroad terminus and the chief town of Little Lake Valley, we left the train, and, giving our knapsacks to the stage, were ready for our tramp.

So exquisite was the spring that we shouted aloud, like children, in our glee. Never had I dreamed of such beauty as those flowery meads serpentine between hills and forest. We had only a short walk of six miles to Rowe's, where we planned to spend the night, but the flowers were so many and so new that the botanist could make only slow progress. During this trip she discovered several new species, and added many new specimens to the herbarium of the Academy of Sciences.

On that first day we were especially delighted with the iris named after Carl Purdy of Ukiah, and with the wild white lilacs gleaming like snowdrifts on the hillsides.

Breakfasting with the dawn next day, we wandered through the woods cresting the divide between Little Lake and Sherwood valleys. Our glances hung entranced on the blooming dogwoods; sometimes we pleased in the white-blossomed trees bordering dark forest belts; again, we looked through lanes of tall trees along the banks of streams, which have cut a way through dense redwoods. These large-flowered dogwood naves in the forest cathedrals are far more beautiful than the cherry avenues of Japan to which its people make pilgrimages. Does our sense of beauty lack Japan's strength, that we do not pay devours to our own more beautiful spring flowerings?

In Sherwood Valley the cultivated lilacs and fruit trees were all abloom two months behind those of the San Francisco Bay regions. Along the roads the dogtooth violets (*Erythronium*), whose spotted leaves suggest the name of fawn-lilies, were hanging shy heads, while the achlys, sweet in death, snuggled close to the edge of the forest. We gathered handfuls, and were glad that this sweet-scented plant had stepped across the northern borders into our state.

We climbed Strong Mountain, and looked over league on league of forest rolling westward to the sea.

At a spring near the mountain-top we lit a fire, made tea, ate

our luncheon, and wondered why in those sweet months of May and June all California does not go on walking trips.

On our afternoon walk down Strong Mountain we encountered a lonely horseman—a tall, gaunt, grey man—whom we judged to be the redoubtable ex-Sheriff Stanley. He and we turned for a further look; possibly he was more perturbed at seeing two women-trampers than in the old days when he came across fugitive law-breakers. Further on, a well-dressed Indian flew by on a bicycle; many Indians of that region are well-to-do and “up” in the new fads. At the mountain’s base we came up to the first



MENDOCINO REDWOODS.

team met that day, and were invited to ride, but we were out for a walk and walk we did until we reached Cahto, in Long Valley, where we spent the night after a nineteen-mile tramp.

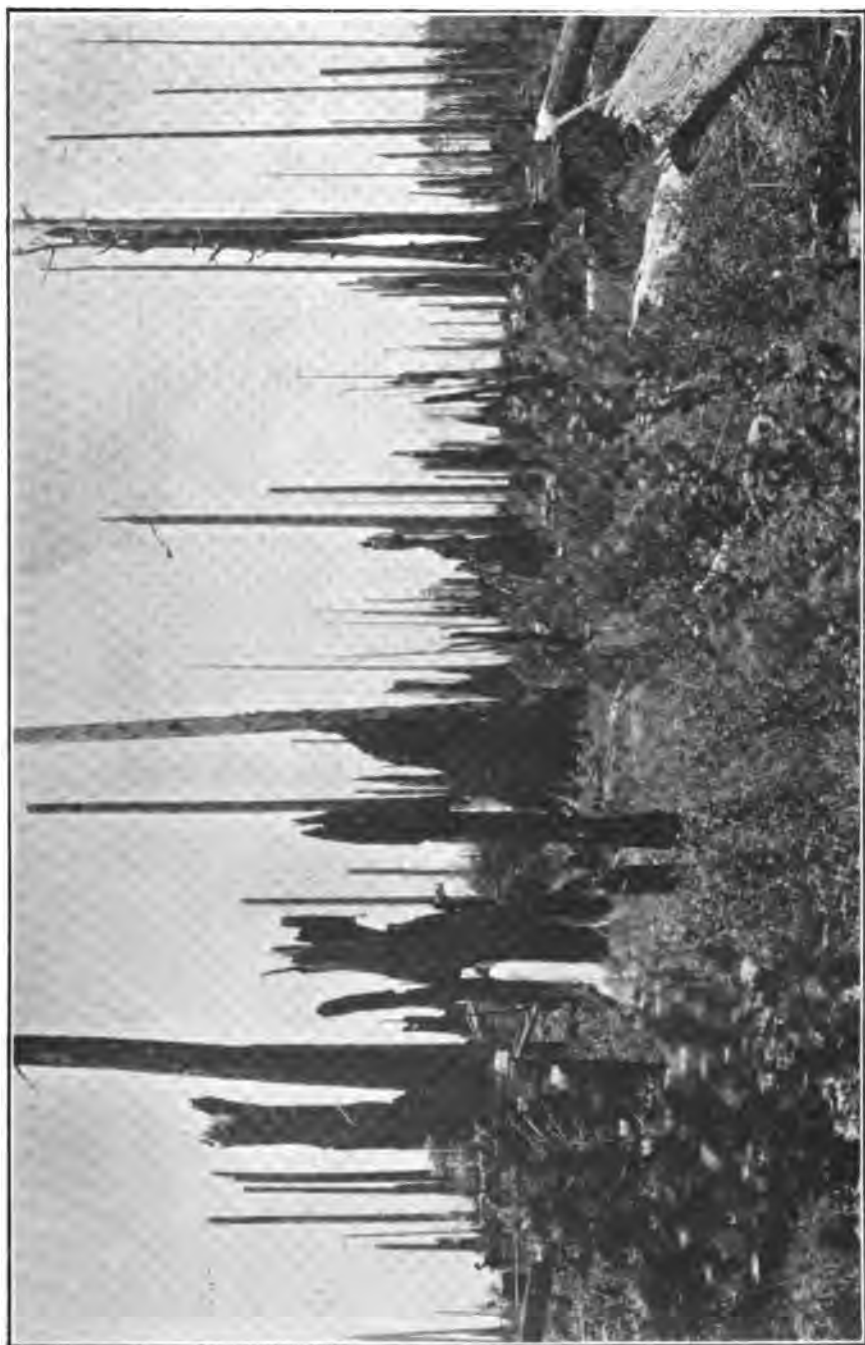
The dewy freshness of next morning found us again on the road with a walk before us of only sixteen miles. Very slow was our pace, so interesting were the plants and so great the beauty everywhere. Wild fruit trees white with bloom margined the water courses, and the loveliest of rose-colored pinks (*Silene Hookeri*) dotted grassy plats between pines and oaks. The black-oaks were particularly fine, and one measured six feet in diameter, almost a white-oak in size.

Having traversed the length of the valley, we began the climb of the great hill closing Long Valley. Wide views lightened the



AN AISLE IN A FOREST CATHEDRAL.

Photo by Cal. N. W. R. Co.



THIS IS THE WAY WE LEAVE OUR FOREST CATHEDRALS.

way until we dropped from the crest of a spur into the cañon of Rattlesnake Creek, where even in the most garish daylight a dark enchantment seemed to hold possession of the weird yew-embroidered banks.

We reached Cummings at 5 p. m., and were pleasantly housed for the night by the dear old couple at that time keeping the wayside inn. Nearly everywhere the charges to us walkers were about one dollar a day.

Next morning we continued our climb. Lured from the steep main road by a rumored shortcut—shortcuts, whether to mountain, art or fortune always attract the unwary—we lost several



A GRAVEL BAR ON EEL RIVER.

hours, and had to fight our way back through chaparral to the highway.

At Blue Rock, monumenting the ridge's summit, we turned aside from the stage road into a trail to Red Mountain, which swings out from the main ridge like a flying buttress, and is noticeable scores of miles for its odd redness and the independence of its position. By noon we came, in the roadless wilderness, to a delightful ranch-house, where the gentlest of white-haired ladies was chatelaine, and her two stalwart sons were knights-errant, with their cattle browsing on a hundred hills. We accepted the guidance up Red Mountain of one of these knights, and, spurning the offer of horses, we footed it. Thus were we freer, and could see better what grew at our feet.

We found the mountain's independence to extend from its appearance to its botany and geology, and even to its inhabitants, for on it dwelt on old hermit, strangest of mortals. Bent double by rheumatism, he climbed with aid of gun and cane so fast that he had often to wait for us. The poor man looked like a decrepit four-footed animal; like an animal's, too, was his wild desire for freedom and isolation. Neighbors had tried to induce him to be cared for at some institution, but he would sacrifice neither his mountain nor his independence. Like the carnivora he lived on other animals, shooting with unerring aim from the entrance of



BOATING ON EEL RIVER.

the dark windowless burrow in which he dwelt, and where he was found dead last summer by some young women: for toward the end he feared so much the loss of his freedom that it was a risk for men to approach. His diary, evidently written up to the last day, told of his growing weakness. In the grave he had dug for himself his remains now make part of his beloved mountain.

Connecting Red Mountain with the main ridge is a knife-edge, whose rocky skeleton is smothered in greenery except where it projects in a few chimneys or columns, one of which has the featured profile of the lady of the ranch.

Passing this knife-edge, we were back on the main ridge between the two forks of Eel River. Thence for sixty miles runs

a great highway along the axis of an undulating park-like ridge reaching almost to the height of Mt. Hamilton. On every side are dark forests, "dropping by their weight into the deep ravines," and a wild medley of hills and mountains. Some twenty miles to the west the ocean draws its horizon line, and perhaps thirty-five miles to the east, Mt. Linn and the Yallo-Balleys lift snowy heads to the eight thousand level. In between, innumerable lesser peaks loom like a tented field of purple. Some are the culmination of mountain masses; others are great rocks superimposed on the ridges, where the rains of centuries have washed bare of soil the stony cores. Among the signally bold masses



REDWOODS ON BULL CREEK.
Perhaps the finest forest in the world.

are Napho Peak, Bear Buttes, Blue Rock, San Hedrim, St. John, Bell Spring Mountain, King Peak and Island Mountain.

I doubt whether in the broad United States there is a more varied and beautiful route than this mountain and valley road. The Sierras and Rockies have grander peaks, but this coast-range road looks upon more charming and less forbidding heights; it surpasses the higher mountain roads in its grassy uplands, in park-like openings among the forest, in chains of wonderfully fertile valleys, in the greater luxuriance of vegetation and in the bewitching glamour of a soft coast atmosphere. The Sierra roads may rejoice in lakes nestling among the folds of



REDWOOD STUNTED AND DISTORTED BY THE WIND.



FISHING ON EEL RIVER.

higher mountains, but the coast road has the color and glimmer and sublimity of the near ocean.

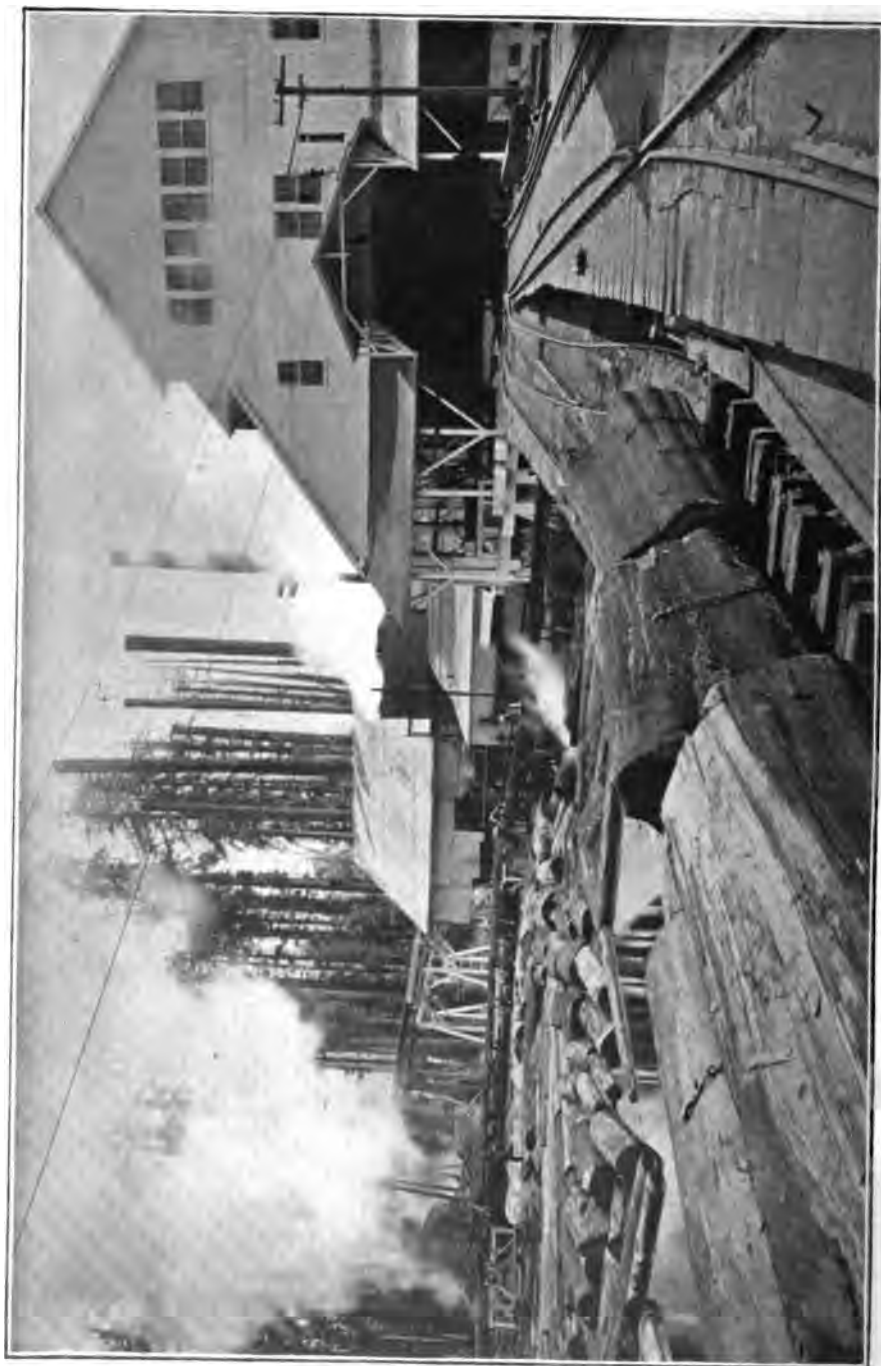
As to the famous roads in the Eastern States, few look upon real mountains, and few follow a long mountain crest overlooking from open parks a wilderness of mountain peaks. Not one Eastern mountain road is so near the ocean, nor passes through such giant forests, nor looks down upon so rich and dense a vegetation. Not one ranges through scenery brilliant with the color and clearness of the interior and soft with the atmospheric effects of a coast climate.

Along this road we walked slowly, staying all night at Bell Spring and again at Harris, or Spruce Grove, fourteen miles beyond. Here the botanist, having finished her planned labors, left me, but I determined to push on to my Mecca, the forest cathedral on the forks of the Eel.

I engaged passage on the stage line, but so enamored was I



A GROUP OF WIND-BUFFETED REDWOODS.



PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY, SCOTIA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY. "THE SCOTIA MONSTER."



EEL RIVER REDWOODS.

with the independence of walking and the beauty of nature's spring vestments that I walked on ahead, alone. The stage was slow and there were many hills, so I kept ahead much of the way. Later the stage was changed for a one-seated buckboard with a broken-winded horse in the span, and this for six passengers. We refused to torture that horse; so we walked.

I would have viewed a bull-fight with less concern, as the torture in those affairs is only for a little time, while we knew that this poor animal would be driven day after day until he died. I had the promise of all the passengers to add their protests to mine if I should write about this matter to the government, for that horse was carrying the United States mails. Three days later, in climbing a hill for a better look at the forest, I broke my arm, and could not write for months. Then I ascertained that our government has as yet no ear for such protests.

When it grew dark the stage-driver, a good soul, not at fault about the horse provided by the stage-company, gave us one



A TRIBUTARY OF EEL RIVER.

of the buckboard lanterns. We six floundered on through the black night in the dense forest, over a muddy road, whose puddles only sometimes caught the lantern's gleam in time to be avoided. The women took the adventure in good part, though the long dresses of my companions were ruined. In spite of the pain of listening to our poor horse's labored breathing, we could not help being impressed by that night trip. The giant woods marched by in the lantern's flickering rays, and the dim light, reflected from colossal trunks, low drooping branches and fairy ferns, pictured a scene of mystery and enchantment.

At Scotia, where the big mill, a veritable Moloch, is feeding on forests—the finest in the world, twenty miles of them along Eel River—I turned and came back. From the terminus of the logging train I walked, without even the pretense of taking the stage—and oh, that walk!

I was alone in the dark mysteries of the forest, for ten miles all alone with nature. The beauty of the colossal trees, with



A FERRY ON EEL RIVER.

shadows so dense that there was little underbrush but a matting of wood-sorrel, anemones, ferns and banana-leaved arums, is overwhelming; but all this magnificent forest is doomed, and already it hears the shrill whistle of its funeral train.

At Dyerville, a pretty little inn at the junction of the South and Main Forks of Eel River, I found good rest and good meals after my thirty miles' walk without a night's rest and with only one meal.

The two branches of Eel River pass like broad aisles through the crowded trees, but the grove that is perhaps the finest in the state—which means the finest in the world—and that shows the cathedral in its fullest glory, begins a mile south of the river junction, and extends along Bull Creek, a tributary to the South Fork. This forest belongs to the Scotia monster, and it, too, is doomed.

As I approached, the exterior of the cathedral woods charmed me. Here we see the great tree-spires tapering upward hundreds of feet. Professor Sargent of Boston measured a felled tree 340 feet long, and lumbermen told him that there were trees a hundred feet higher, thus excelling the Sierra Sequoias. John Muir, just returned from Australia, says that they excel even the Australian giants. The diameter of the base of such columns is sometimes from twenty to twenty-eight feet. Around the higher trees are often smaller ones resembling the pinnacled flying buttresses of a Gothic edifice. These smaller trees include the elegant laurels, with dense rounded foliage-masses of deep bronze-green; the beautiful "tanbarks," half chestnut and half oak, whose clusters of infant leaves, wrapped in white fur, cover the trees with a seeming shower of white blossoms; the graceful white-stemmed alders; the red-berried, white-flowered madroños, Bret Harte's harlequin trees, whose charms transcend all art; and the big-leaved maples, which autumn turns to trees of gold. With such associates, and with the fern-like branches of the redwoods sweeping the ground, does nature finish the outer edge of her most splendid groves; and behind these groves she paints a background of green or gold-and-purple mountains.

The age of these trees alone should induce veneration, for with the Sierran Sequoias they are the oldest of living things; and, curiously enough, many of the associate trees and shrubs of other families, though not so old individually, are yet survivals of an older vegetation not found elsewhere.

I entered where the trees stood rank on rank, the columns of the sublimest of living cathedrals. Their colossal trunks, with slightly curved flutings, like the twisted strands of a wire cable, and tinged with the softest of copper reds, rise to heaven. I once saw a festival in Santa Maria Maggoire of Rome. The huge cathedral columns were covered with red velvet fringed with gold, but their rich color would pale beside the soft beauty of the corded velvet bark of the redwood, flecked with spangles of sunshine. The sunlight filtered through the needles, as if sifted by stained glass; it gilded the ground, and set aflame the red tree-trunks. Delicately arched branches of green, with the blue sky showing through, roofed the mighty corridors, and through the side arches burst rays of purple and gold. I have seen the sun pouring through the cathedral windows of St. Peter's of Rome, and flooding its noble altar with light. I have seen the sunlight paint the floor of Notre Dame of Paris with the many colors of stained glass. I have seen the light shining through the arches of Des Invalides and touching with sublimity the red porphyry catafalque of the great Napoleon; but never

was there a splendor like the glory of the blue and golden sun-bands that every bright day embroider the soft haze of a redwood forest. The ground was tessellated with clover-leaved wood-sorrel, and plumes of delicate ferns drooped over fallen trunks, mammoth tombs of bygone giants. The sough of the wind as it whispered in the tree tops alone broke the deep silence of the solemn aisles. The perfume of lilies and azaleas and the balm of the coniferae were like the breath of angels. Everywhere was the peace of God's temples.

As I walked in that cathedral I remembered the acts of vandalism that, in the world's history, have gained everlasting censure—Alexandria's library burned by the Arabs, the great temple of Diana destroyed, and Rome's mighty buildings despoiled, have marked the perpetrators as criminals. Will not the destruction of our sublimer forest temples brand us as greater barbarians? The vandalism of previous ages destroyed what can be replaced; but who can replace the giant redwoods?

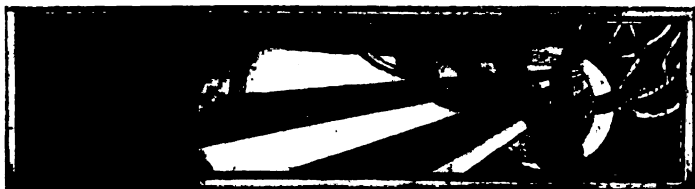
Sau Francisco, Cal.

UNDER A PINE AT THE GRAND CAÑON.

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

BENEATH a friendly, towering pine we lay—
 Its sun-smit needles dancing in their bright,
 Gem-glittering sheen—and breathed the deep delight
 That seemed to stream through all the veins of day.
 Below, the awesome cañon's vast array
 Swam silent in its sea of azure light,
 While far beyond, within our wondering sight,
 The desert stretched illimitably gray.
 Above us screamed a rapture-hearted jay;
 And while the breeze swept music to our ears,
 Whose murmurs deepened all the joys of rest,
 Dream's noiseless pinions wafted us away,
 Beyond the toils and tumults of the years,
 To farthest regions of the peaceful blest.

Sau Francisco, Cal.





PART OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BATTERY IN A NATURAL BREASTWORK, MASKED WITH TREES.

CAMP ATASCADERO.

By E. O. SAWYER, Jr.



PROVISIONAL Division, composed of regular and State troops, camped on Rancho del Encinal in San Luis Obispo county for two weeks in August of this year. The encampment was for a two-fold purpose. First, the government has had under consideration the purchase of a ranch of about 20,000 acres to be used permanently as a drill-ground and camp for troops going to and coming from our island possessions in the Pacific. This ranch had been recommended for the purpose and it was decided to camp a division here and test its availability. The second object was to accustom the State troops to field service and to improve their knowledge of military tactics. A similar encampment will be held each year.

This ranch, if accepted, will cost the government \$500,000.

Camp Atascadero, then, may fairly be called a school of war, the term of which was fifteen days, from August 13th to August 28th, with an average attendance of 4500 men, including bankers, judges, lawyers, clerks, laborers, men from every calling in civil life, West-Pointers, and a part of the regular army, with a corps of teachers composed of officers trained in long campaigns.



MAJ. GEN. ARTHUR MACARTHUR, U. S. A.

Some had helped to stop Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, others had chased the Sioux for many a weary mile, most of them had seen service in Cuba, while one had "carried the message to Garcia," and another had been in command of the Army of the Philippines.

The camp was situated on Atascadero Creek, a mile and a half south of the railroad, in the center of Rancho del Encinal, which contains 20,000 acres of land and is about midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was under the command of Major General Arthur MacArthur, of the United States Army. The details of the manoeuvres were directed by Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Major W. P. Duvall, and Capt. S. A. Cloman of the General Staff.

The third Squadron, 9th Regiment of Cavalry (colored), U.



GOV. PARDEE, GEN. MACARTHUR, AND STAFF.

S. A., from San Francisco, and the 1st, 5th and 24th Batteries of Field Artillery, from Monterey, arrived in camp about the middle of July. They marched overland to the ranch, arriving early, in order that the Artillery might engage in target practice and the Cavalry learn the trails and roads in order to act as guides to moving commands during the manoeuvres.

The 15th Regiment Infantry and the Provisional Regiment arrived early in August, the former from Monterey and the latter, a temporary organization composed of four companies from the 10th Regiment, four companies from the 13th Regiment, a band, and three companies from the 28th Regiment, all under command of Lieut. Col. Wm. L. Pitcher, from San Francisco. They laid out the camp and made all preparation for the coming of the State troops.

Company C, U. S. Signal Corps, arrived at the same time, and installed a complete telephone and telegraph system between the various camp headquarters, nearby towns and the outside world. They laid eighty miles of wire.

A general hospital was set up by the Company of Instruction, Hospital Corps No. 2, which was complete in every way, having accommodation for more than a hundred patients.

All the State troops left their barracks on August 12th and proceeded to camp by rail, arriving on August 13th. The 1st Regiment, having the shortest distance to travel, arrived first, reaching camp at 5:40 o'clock in the morning, the last being the



SEVENTH CALIFORNIA INFANTRY "ON THE MARCH."

6th, which arrived ten hours later. On the night of August 13th, the troops in camp were the organizations of the regular army before mentioned; the 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th and the 7th Regiment California Infantry; 1st Battery Coast Artillery (acting infantry); troops A, B, C and D 1st California Cavalry; 1st and 2nd Brigades California Signal Corps, and the Sanitary Corps.

The instruction given to the troops was in getting ready for battle. According to the official definition, there were no "sham battles" during the manoeuvres, although 500,000 rounds of blank ammunition were used, besides some thousand or two charges for the artillery. The firing was done to show the location of the opposing armies from the time they came in range

of one another until they reached the point of contact. All manoeuvres ended just before the forces came in contact or while they were within thirty or forty yards of each other.

Six problems were solved during the manoeuvres. In two of these there were three distinct exercises, as they were for small bodies of troops; while in the other four the entire forces took part.

The troops, both State and regular, were not hardened to field-work, and the first day of the manoeuvres was devoted to brigade drill, advance and deploy, in order to "break the men in easy." The day was hot and the ground covered was very rough,



THE FIFTEENTH, REGULAR ARMY.

which increased the hardships of the march. When deployed, the first brigade was in line of battle some five miles long and had advanced about five miles. It proved anything but an easy start, and resulted in the death of one private in Co. I, 6th California, who succumbed to heat exhaustion.

About thirty others, some of whom were regulars, gave out on the road and had to be brought home in ambulances.

A strict order was issued that no sick men should take part in manoeuvres and all men giving out on the march should fall out and await the hospital ambulances, one being assigned to each column.

The opposing forces were known as the Blue and the Brown. The uniform of the Blue army consisted of the khaki trousers

and blue shirt, while the Brown wore the khaki blouse and trousers. The Blues were easily distinguished by the naked eye when miles away, while the Brown force often marched across an open hay field at a thousand yards without being seen.

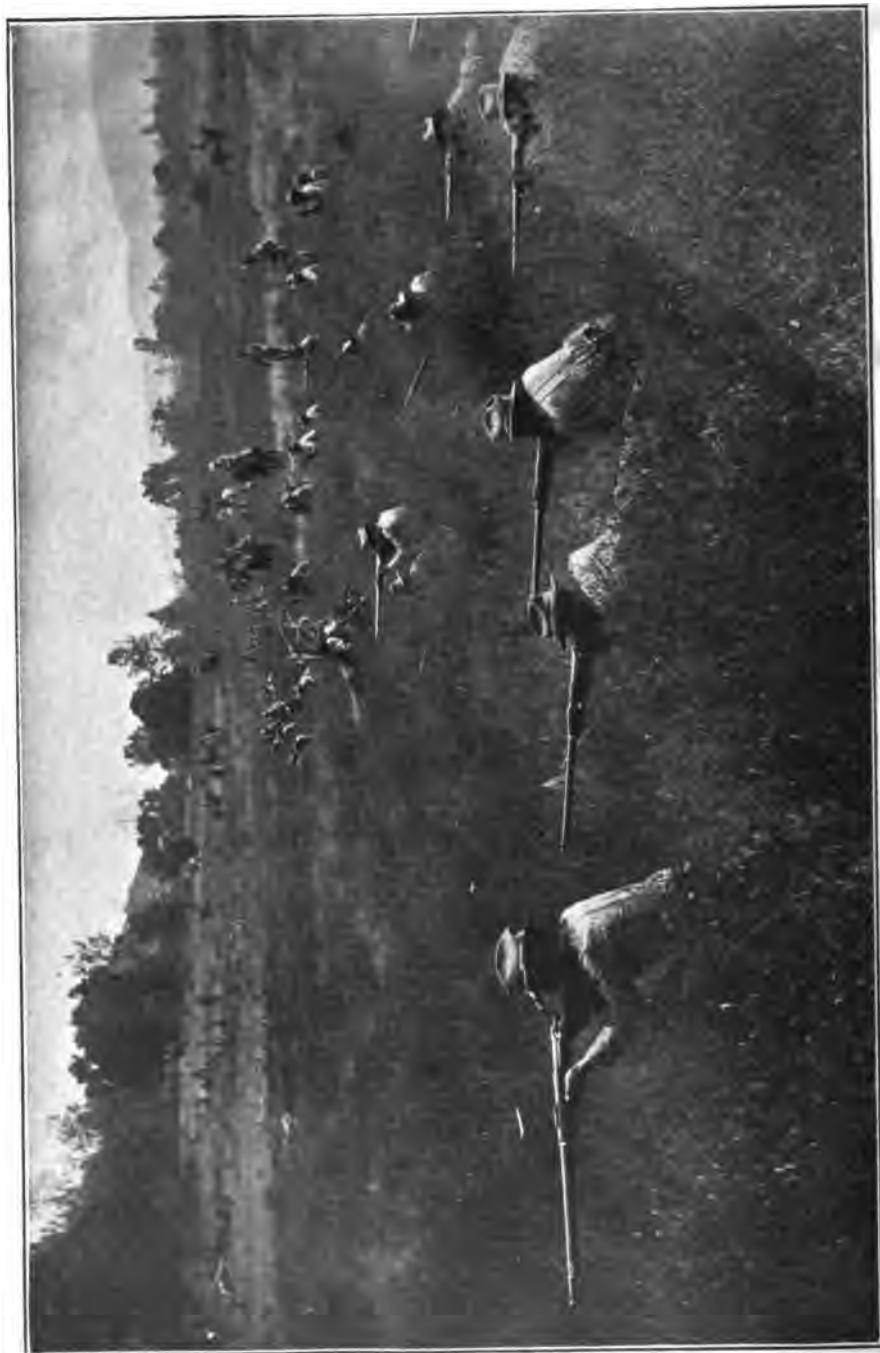
The first problem consisted of advance- and rear-guard work. There were three different exercises in the same thing, so that the hills around the camp fairly shook with the roar of battle. In all instances, the force acting as advance-guard was led into rather embarrassing, if not fatal, ambushes by the retreating rear-guard who knew the country and took advantage of every chance to make a stand.

A force of 3,000 men, including one battery of artillery and one



A LITTLE SPORT BETWEEN TIMES.

troop of cavalry, tried to rush a convoy of 100 wagons through a force of about 1,000 men, in the second problem. The convoy started from Henry's Forks for Eagle Gate, a distance of eight miles, and reached a point within two miles of the gate when the "Recall" was sounded. The point of vantage was Tarantula Hill, a high peak overlooking the "Gate," and to reach and hold this was the object of both forces. It was six miles from the Blue force, which had the wagon train, and two miles from the Brown. The latter, thinking they could occupy it first with ease, proceeded leisurely, keeping to the best roads, and were suddenly surprised by the roar of the first gun from their opponents' artillery (the 24th, known as the Black Horse Battery), which had made a wild run over the hills and through the thickets from Henry's Forks, starting just at the stroke of eight, the time set



THE ATTACK ON PINE RIDGE. Firing on the trenches from the open field, the attacking force was ruled to have lost sixty per cent. of its men.



THE DEFENSE OF PINE RIDGE.

for the moving of the Blue Army. An attempt to storm the hill and take the battery proved a failure; for Company H of the 13th Infantry and a troop of cavalry (K, of the 9th) had been brought along as a support, the former riding on the caissons and the latter on their horses, which they left at the foot of the hill.

The third problem was in outpost duty, there being three exercises. They were to teach the camp to take proper precautions against a "surprise," and in no case did the enemy get close enough to inflict damage before they were discovered by the outposts.

General MacArthur took command of the Army in the fourth problem, which was the forming of a division in an enemy's country from a base in the rear and was to demonstrate the high



DEFENSE OF TARANTULA HILL.
Twenty-fourth Field Artillery (Black Horse Battery.)

value of the signal service and the automobile in warfare. The advance was made by brigades. Two brigades, starting six miles apart, were brought together and deployed ready for the attack after a twelve-mile march. This was accomplished by aid of the signal corps, which laid twenty miles of wire, the base being at the starting point of the march. When the division was ready to attack, Gen. MacArthur stepped into his automobile and was taken to the firing line in thirty minutes.

The temperature on this day stood at 110 degrees for three hours, and more than 200 men fell out of the ranks on account of exhaustion. The manoeuver was a success so far as the automobile and the signal corps were concerned, but the men learned

nothing and were so worn out that they had to rest all the next day.

Detachments of men were taken from each regiment for two hours' instruction in digging entrenchments along Pine Ridge during the first week; and, in the fourth problem, these entrenchments were defended by a force of Blues and attacked by five times as many Browns.

The Brown Army started from a point eight miles distant and so skilled had the officers and men become in the art of covering their advance that they were not seen until a long, thin line ad-



FIELD TELEPHONE IN OPERATION.

Signal Corps in foreground, mounted orderly waiting for orders.

vanced from the woods 600 yards in front of the trenches. Prior to that time the artillery had engaged in a duel at long range, but now pandemonium itself broke loose. The entrenched troops fired by volleys, at will, and then when the Browns came nearer and the second line came out of the woods the command "rapid fire" was given. The artillery joined in the row and the result was—a rainstorm in the afternoon. The charge ceased when the Browns were within a hundred yards of the trenches, and it was decided that there would not have been enough of them left to attempt the storming of trenches, had it been real warfare.

The last problem was the defence and passing of a defile. This



CAPT. J. F. FREDRICKS,
Troop D, Cal. Cavalry.

COL. FINLEY,
Seventh Cal. Infantry.

resulted in a defeat for the defenders because the contour of the surrounding country was such that the enemy's artillery could not be kept from obtaining command of the defenders' position.

The progress and result of the manoeuvres were decided by a corps of thirty-one umpires, under command of Major Duvall, who were assigned to the various organizations of the opposing forces. Their duty was to see whether the orders of the commanding officers were carried out; to keep track of every incident pertaining to the battle; and to rule out such men as would in their estimation be put out of the action in real warfare. They met each night at the assembly tents, together with all the commissioned officers in camp, and discussed the problem of the day. Here it was that the real lessons in warfare were taught to the officers of the State troops by their more experienced brothers of the Regular Army.

The men were taught to take advantage of every possible cover,

to fire while laying close to the earth, and never to congregate or allow any part of the line to get crowded together, because it takes plenty of firing carefully aimed to do harm to a thin skirmish-line while one shell fired into a bunch of men will result in death and destruction.

Two reviews of the division were held during the manoeuvres, one at Ascencion by Gen. MacArthur, for the benefit of the public, and the other at camp by Gov. Pardee.

It is the belief of the officers in charge that a camp could be obtained which would be better in several ways. "It should have been near the sea, then the weather would have been cooler," said Col. Goodwin of the 9th Cavalry, an officer of 43 years service. "I believe," he continued, "as do my brother officers that an untrained soldier should be given his lesson in warfare in open country. It takes a trained man to move successfully over a rough country like this."

The water supply was also criticised. There may be an ample supply of water if it were properly developed. As it was, there was plenty for the men, but two pumps, one driven by horse power, and the other by man-power, had to be kept going to supply the horses.

The troops from the southern part of the State stood the hardships of the camp better than the others. This was attributed partly to the fact that they were more accustomed to warm weather, and partly to their having veteran officers who knew how to care for the men.

Colonel Finley, of the 7th California, and Col. Whitmore, of the 6th, received special mention from Gen. MacArthur. Both displayed a good knowledge of tactics, winning the problems in which they were in command. Col. Finley's defence of Long Valley, in the problem on outpost duty, was considered especially clever. Troop D of the State Cavalry, under command of Capt. J. D. Fredericks, was considered by Col. Goodwin, the senior cavalry officer, to be the best trained troop in Camp.

"The soldiers of the California militia are returning to civil life weary, but wiser in ways of war," said Gen. MacArthur, as he watched the last tired soldier board the military train that was to carry him to his far-away home; "and I am sure they will all come back next year to learn more."

DAVID JOSEPHS.

By A. B. BENNETT.



IN THE outskirts of Gloriana lived old David Josephs, in an old adobe house that he had built when the camp was booming; the first mines had been opened up down the cañon from Gloriana, and he had striven to "get in first" among the swarm of people who jostled for place near the mines. The Greaser Gulch placer diggings had failed, and the gold bearing ore on Domingo Hill had been discovered, when he moved over near the "Arizona" mine, the first to be opened up, built the first house in the Gloriana camp, and opened a store and small saloon, intending to skim the earnings of the workmen in the new mines; for good wages were paid in those days, and the money went as freely as it came. The wages did not come altogether easily; for it was an abomination of desolation there, where the men toiled by day, sinking the early prospects under a sun that heated the drills left out on the ground almost too hot to touch; and after the days work, there was merely the long waste of coyote-inhabited juniper stretching miles and miles to the far horizon where blue hills without a name floated like low-lying clouds. Above the pigmy industry of the miners Domingo Hill loomed high and steeply for three thousand feet, a mass of rocky mountain overgrown in places with manzanita and other brush as tall as the height of a man, but appearing on the higher slopes like a smooth, passable underbrush. The toil was hard—the life was hard—and money was for spending for what would while away the tedium.

Old David calculated on this, and opened up a stock of good things—fine wines and liquors, cigars, silk handkerchiefs, combs, and dainties in bottles and cans such as the soul lusteth after when it has become tired of beans and bacon and flapjacks of a substantial homemade pattern. What the miners made during the week, David raked in on Saturday night. He gave them what they required, room to drink and chaff and gamble in, and sold them the necessities of life at lower prices than they were able to get them up town for. The miner could not be fooled on the price of flour, bacon, baking-powder and overalls, and David did not attempt to impose upon him in these things. He knew the chagrin the miner would feel when a comrade told him he had bought a sack of flour from Lyon for four dollars and a half, if David had sold him a sack for four sixty-five. He sold the sack of flour for four twenty-five, and made a couple of dollars on a bottle of olives, or a score of dollars on a drinking bout

that a little chaffing, perhaps, precipitated. Not that he precipitated it himself, for he was too sour to attempt it. But two or three strange faces in the crowd when the boys came together, tired and depressed after a long siege of work, would perhaps break the crust of moroseness upon them, and, to escape awhile from the oppression of the huge, silent, unmapped hill that towered above them, they would think lightly of their money, and spend it as though it were mere tin for the purchase of the ruby fluid that unloosed the sparkle and imagery of the mind, counting themselves lucky to be able to buy something for nothing. As the evening wore on, and jokes and songs—such witty ones, and pretty ones—replenished the spirit, they thought old David a veritable good angel to have brought some luxury from the outer world within reach of the poor God-forgotten outcasts of Gloriana, a hundred miles by desert beyond the jumping-off place. They told David this many times during such an evening, but he did not smile, unless it were an occasional sardonic twitch to himself behind his beard, while his bright eye watched the course of the glasses, and the beck of a finger or slightest remark that hinted of business—money.

It was common talk that he smuggled his goods in from Concho way, but the hint was all that could be said of it, for David did not, like Lyon and Murphy, advertise his cleverness at the business. They all smuggled, and it was looked upon as a legitimate risk of the trade; but whereas Lyon and Murphy looked upon it as a sport, and could not resist a little boasting after a successful trip, David was otherwise—he was wise. He did not answer either way when bantered by the boys, but turned to his bottle and arranged his shelves, and said, "It was a risky business."

We were surprised then, when a party of gendarmes came riding into camp from the Concho frontier one summer evening. There were six of them, thoroughly well tired, mounted on ratty ponies nearly played out—sore-backed and tender-footed little beasts, hardly able, one would think, to carry the gaudy Mexican saddles, to say nothing of an obese rider, through forty and sixty miles a day of rough desert trail under a burning sun. They dropped into old David's place, as he kept a sort of lodging place, and sold hay, a precious article also in that region, which had to be kept under lock and key like gold—for every pound of it cost five cents in freight across the desert. The chief of the gendarmes was Fidel Osuna—Capitán Osuna—a mass of grossness of about two hundred pounds in weight, given to drinking and a terror to the poor devils under him. He had been sent down to catch old David, and, after making his men and horses

comfortable at David's, he broached the matter to the old man without further ado.

"Well, amigo, Don David—I have come for the stuff."

"What stuff? Foolishness. Someone has been telling you falseness," replied the old man. "Passes through Concho someone who has been refused credit—some broken-down borracho—some tramp—some loco fool, and tells you I have done this or that, and you come trailing down here a hundred and fifty miles in the hot sun. What for? God knows!" He laughed sarcastically.

"No," said the Captain; "this time the advices are worthy of trust. "You have been at it, and I have been sent to get the goods. I am sorry, amigo, on account of this good wine and Josefina."

Old David slightly cocked a bushy eyebrow, then said quietly, meditatively, as to himself:

"And Josefina. She will be here to morrow; I had a letter a week ago, saying she had left Mazatlan, and would arrive by the steamer at Catorce on the sixteenth. I wrote at once in haste to Lozano, telling him to send me Josefina in a special conveyance, in case there was none starting at once for this place, and I do not doubt Lozano will comply. It is refreshing to an old man, Señor Capitán, to see the childish face—h-m!"

"Caramba!" The Captain held a ruddy glass aloft towards the light. "Yes! But she is not a mere child now, you remember. Josefina," he said tenderly, "Josefina was already a breaker of hearts when I last saw her before she went South, and that was—how long?—near two years ago."

"Two years and a month tomorrow," said old David in measured tone. "The wine is one the Lejarzas had since the time of old Miguel, who got it from Spain, and they parted with it as though it had been their teeth. Do you not perceive a certain quality in it? A something a little out of the way? A slight bouquet that these wines here seldom can boast? Eh, Captain?"

"Oh, the wine," he replied a little thickly, "is a thing of the gods. Ha-ha," he chuckled throatily, "it is worth coming down these fifty leagues to get a mere taste of it and to see old Don David again! The last time, you remember, I was compelled to close you up at Catorce for maintaining games not permitted by law. Ha-ha! no malice, though: all duty, Don David, all duty; and—here we are again. In truth, I am sorry to do with you that which I must do; for it will be a long business—a confiscation of the stock here,"—he cast a wandering gaze over the store—"perhaps a few years in Catorce, also. But no malice; duty, duty." He lovingly sipped a deep glass of the smooth

wine, and chuckled at old David's predicament. The latter soberly brushed the dust from a fresh bottle, cautiously stripped the tinfoil from the cork preparatory to uncorking it, and replied grimly: "It is all in a lifetime, *mi querido Capitan*. Malice none, malice none."

In fine, the Captain was too weary that evening to undertake the search for the hidden contraband, and was not transacting business on the following morning either. Don David had used a baser firewater during the latter part of the evening, when it was evident that the Lajarza vintage was being consumed in such quantities as to warrant the belief that its flavor was not being truly appreciated, and the effect on the Captain's system was very severe.

"Ah, *amigo*," he remarked to old David in the morning after many curses, "that wine leaves one as crude as though he had drunk excessively of common *aguardiente* and *mescal*, of the sort they sell in *Catorce*."

"What would you? All things are paid for, my dear Captain," but the Captain took the remark ungraciously, and muttered curses. By noon he was slightly mended, and sent word out to his men, who had scattered through the camp, to return to duty, and disappeared, himself, with the Customs' officer who was stationed at *Gloriana*, for lunch. This meant that the search would be made early in the afternoon, and the word soon went round that old David was to be caught at last, for it was said he had a cellarful of goods for which he had no importation papers. If this were true, they would be considered as smuggled goods, and the penalties the Captain had mentioned would certainly follow. Old David closed his store, and a messenger who came up from the mines with an order, finding the store closed, hung around, as he had come nearly a mile on his errand. Finally applying his eye to a chink in the shutter, he saw old David pacing like a panther back and forth, wringing his hands. Suddenly, seeing a shaft of light cut off, perhaps by the messenger's closing the chink, he stopped and sprang towards the window, his face transformed with rage and fear, and the veins swelling on his temples. This for an instant, but enough to terrify the messenger, and then he opened the door and called quietly: "What do you want?"

The messenger was despatched, and went away. David watched him as he disappeared down the trail, and, turning, closed the door and locked it again.

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Mi papá!"

It was Josefina who stood before him, slender, eager-eyed and anxious.

"Speak to me in English!" he said harshly. "Do away with that cursed Spanish speech!"

Her lips trembled, and she said:

"It is my mother's language."

"Yes, curse—the language!"

"That is as though you cursed her."

"Curse her, then! What is she? An outlandish woman—one of these Indian savages! My God! Savage! Savage!"

"You shall not say so. She is better than you are. She has a heart—why should you curse her if she has been that which she has been? Besides, I cannot speak English well. I must speak it slowly, and I am ashamed to speak it." Then the lines of her somewhat proud face, that was not made for weeping, relaxed, and, turning aside her face from the stern visage of her father, she raised her hands to her face, her eyes streaming with tears.

"Ya, niña, ya! no mas de eso," he said gently, as to a small child, and she dried her tears suddenly, and looked up like sunshine on an April day to catch a gleam of kindness on his hard face. He kissed her, and continued in a matter-of-fact tone, "Your room is there; where are your things? What negligence! Bring them in, bring them in!"

This was Josefina's greeting from her father after two years' absence, and she was the only child he allowed to call him father. Her mother and brothers had not seen his face for thirteen years, during which he had traveled, God knows where, in mining camps, cities, and hither and thither as the prospects of gain led him.

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The Captain was, as usual, later than he was expected, and it was nearly evening when he approached the store with the local Customs' officer and a couple of his own men to make the search of old David's premises. He had not troubled to make the search before, knowing that his men lying around the corral would detect any movements towards spiriting away the contraband. He looked upon the work as finished, lacking only the unpleasant necessity of unearthing the goods, and listening to old David's entreaties and curses. He had looked upon it as a finished matter, even when he was first sipping old David's wine; for the information had reached him upon the moment of his arrival in camp that the goods were there in the cellar, and he knew he sat above them as he drank and jested with the old smuggler.

"Abra, viejo!" he called, as he hammered at the door, in sudden haste at finding it suspiciously closed. There was no reply.

"Demonio!" he exclaimed stepping back and looking at the

house. "He has not flown, has he?" he enquired of the local officer.

"No," said one of his men. "He is here, and also arrived passengers in the vehicle you see in the corral."

At this juncture the door swung easily back, and the Captain took off his hat and wiped his head, stifling the oath he had ready for old David.

"Ca—cáspita!" he uttered.

It was Josefina, as dainty as a tea-rose, smiling at him.

"Mi Capitán!" she cried gaily. "Miracles! How do I see you here! How could you leave Doña Luz so long alone in sadness! Pase, pase. You have grown young in two years; for when I said 'goodbye' to you when I went away (do you remember that sad occasion?—I said I would come back!), you were as sad as a neophyte, and now you are fatter than a fraile!"

The Captain rallied from his surprise, and, brushing away the cobwebs of his whiskey-laden brain, answered like the gallant he was, and soon he was so put to it to maintain his wit and dignity that he found no time for the search. He barely caught a moment to say to one of his men:

"Tell them to go to supper!" and returned again to Josefina, who was giving him the news of Mazatlan, to which he listened with the interest the stranger has for news of his own city. It was, "Yes, the Olas Altas is altered now; the band plays there on Thursdays." "Oh, poor Don Pepe died in May; Doña Josefa is at Rosario; Ricardo went to the City of Mexico—No, Carmelita is not married yet; todavía hay esperanzas para usted, Señor Capitán—ha-ha-ha!" All this gossip brought the Captain back to the home of his heart. Every name brought up the blue skies of Sinaloa, and there is that witchery in life, that whatever place it is in which we have spent youth and long years, is the most beautiful land after all. He could hear the rumble of the breakers and feel the cool, grateful ocean wind steal over the spirit on the Olas Altas after the sweltering tropic day; at mention of such and such a name, a well-beloved habitation, whose arms would open to him as a son or a brother, would stand before his inner eyes, causing his rather blear optics to clear a little and light up.

"No, not Lucecita!"

"Yes, my Captain, time flies! She was married in the Cathedral on the Sunday before I left, and everyone was there; ah, how beautiful she was! Poor Lucecita! she even wept when we parted, and yes, she said, 'Recuerdos á mi querido Tio Don Fidel; tell him I am married, Josefina.'"

Thus the late afternoon wore into evening, and, engrossed in

gossip, the Captain sat down to supper with old David, who remained morose, and Josefina. The Lejarza wine was drawn upon, and fat Vera Cruz cigars appeared in their time; the Captain became gay, and before he remembered his duty, it was far too late to make the official visit, which nevertheless troubled his inner mind at intervals dimly.

"And what brings you here, Don Fidel?" asked Josefina at an interval of pre-occupation on his part. It was in the nature of a challenge, for she knew, and he surmised as much. It meant to say: What do you intend to do, as between your duty and your regard for Me? The Captain was staggered in mind a moment, and then replied above the cigar smoke:

"My duty, Josefina."

He continued, as though justifying what was practically a rebuff:

"Twenty-five years I have been in the service here and there, and whatever else they say of Fidel Osuna, his enemies do not assert that he has allowed his family, friends, love or liquor to interfere with the compliance of his duty in the service of the Government. For this reason I have served with those who have favored me and with those who have hated me, unmolested alike by one and another. Were I sent to apprehend my father, I would bring him—that is my fame in the service. I do not boast. Everyone knows that that is true."

"If you are as faithful in love, how happy Doña Luz must be!" cried Josefina gaily, but with an undertouch of sarcasm.

"Have you not heard, then?" he replied.

"No; what?"

"Hm—Doña Luz and I disagreed a year ago; I am single."

Her face fell.

"Then I will say that it is through fault of yours," she said with some vehemence. "She was a good woman. Of what avail is it that you should say duty, duty, duty, and be false to a faultless wife? Who has suffered for you? Who has worked for you? Who left her father's house for you? Who waited for you when you were away, and greeted you with gladness on your return? What do you know of duty—"

She had approached the Captain in her earnestness, and her face was alight with sparkling anger; her face was beautiful, for her beauty depended upon her expression, and it was expression, now gay, now sad, now lighthearted, now serious, that flitted in her face that had held many a one besides the Captain much longer than he knew. The clock ran swiftly, when one spoke with Josefina, because of this. She was near him and placed her hand upon his shoulder by the time she had finished speak-

ing, and he trembled slightly. Looking down, he answered in a low voice:

"That is true, Josefina."

"Ay, certainly it is," she jeered.

"It is the part of a good woman to justify a good woman," he said thoughtfully. "No one has spoken to me as you have, nor would I let them if they had attempted to do so. But you have said that which I have often thought in my heart. I think you are a sorceress."

"No need of sorcery," she replied. "When did you last hear of her?"—and in the Captain's reply, another hour was run by the tin clock ticking in the corner.

A good while after midnight the Captain departed. Old David quietly closed the house, and soon the house was dark, the search having been delayed for another day.

On the following morning the Captain, the local officer and three of the Captain's men marched into the store, and began the search.

"To the cellar, amigo," he commanded old David.

With great deliberation and much searching for keys, old David unlocked the cellar door and they descended, searching the dark recesses with lanterns. There was nothing there beyond what old David could verify with his documents as having been properly imported through the Customs. The local officer and the Captain talked aside in low tones.

"But Castro saw them here on the night before you came!" protested the officer.

"How then?" answered the Captain. "My men have not left the place; they are then in this house if they were here at that time; they could not have been taken away."

"Truly," replied the officer. "They are then in the house."

"Malice, none, mi querido Don David," said the Captain jestingly to the old man. "But come, where are they? They are in this house. Kindly avoid me difficulties, and yourself. Where are they?"

"Por Dios!" said the old man, raising his hands, "You search, and pry, and noise, and spy, and ferret, and find nothing, and then ask for that which is not! There is nothing! Excepting a heap of lies that some accursed creature has spoken against me for a purpose, and to which you have given belief. But search on! Tear down the house! Only remember the law; the violation of habitations is a serious matter, Don Fidel; remember the law! I have friends! someone must pay for this!"

"Vaya!" ejaculated the Captain in a tone of disgust. "Little we could expect of you in any case. Come; we will search the house."

They ascended the steps, and went to old David's room, he hovering over them with threats and imprecations. They searched the warehouse and barn, and there was no place left but Josefina's room.

"Not for less than blood shall you enter there!" swore old David hotly, placing himself before the door.

"Come, come," said the Captain; "this is not your part in this matter. Stand aside!"

"I will not!"

The Captain became angry and grasped the old man's shoulder and arm, and with considerable force heaved him away, when the door opened slightly, and Josefina spoke quietly;

"What is this, Señor Capitán?"

In an instant her charm was upon him, and he bowed and answered gently:

"It is the search, Josefina; it must be done. We must search—your room."

As he spoke, he looked into her eyes, and at the finish his eyes dropped like those of a dog before an angry master.

"Ah, well," she answered after a moment; "how many will search my room? Are five enough, or will you bring more? Bring in all the rabble you may find about the street. Here you have Valenzuela," she pointed to one of the Captain's men, an ill-favored wretch be it admitted, "and this is that notorious Paderes," another equally disreputable in appearance and fame. "What canaille have you omitted to bring to this door?" She spoke as though it were the altar of a sanctuary.

"Basta, basta!" said the Captain quickly. "I will go alone for the compliance of the order which must be done. Remain!" he said to the group beside him.

In a moment he returned, and said quietly to them:

"It is not there." There was finality in the tone. The local officer looked up, surprised, and seemed about to speak, but desisted. The Captain's face was set. The men wavered a moment, as though something more needed to be said, but the Captain walked slowly towards the door, and they followed him, straggling out. The search was over, and old David was free.

During the day Captain Fidel loitered about, although his duty was over, and his course was to take the road back to Concho. He drank heavily at Murphy's, and seemed to avoid his men, but at sunset came around to the corral and gave them orders to make an early start on the following morning.

"A hard journey we have had on a fool's errand," muttered Valenzuela. The men had been downcast since the search, and had talked darkly together, slightly fired with mescal, during

the long hot day; a few minutes' speech by the Captain would have removed a certain uneasiness among them concerning the genuineness of the search. But the Captain had avoided them, so that they felt a certainty of having been sold and defrauded of their proportion of the fines on the smuggled goods, which they had confidently expected to be as much as fifty to one hundred dollars apiece. This grievance, heated by alcohol, became reckless insubordination. Don Fidel leaned waveringly against a post, furious at the insulting tone of Valenzuela's remark. The time was ripe for trouble, and it came.

The Captain approached Valenzuela, upbraiding him violently.

"I allow no insubordination! I enlist canaille, but enlisted they bow to discipline or death. I arrest you! Stand away from your equipment."

While speaking, he had unslung his ponderous revolver, advancing with boldness of manner as was his custom; for his habit had taught him that promptitude was usually sufficient at the first mutter of insubordination to break up a band of a dozen or fifty or a hundred men. But Valenzuela was a class by himself—a long-faced, evil-eyed cattle-thief and suspected murderer, of the cold-blooded sort who seldom drink, but who, when drinking, are fatal men to quarrel with. Valenzuela's eyes glittered, his teeth showed in the contraction of something that resembled a malicious grin, and, raising his carbine deliberately, he shot the Captain through the body. This done he stood a moment stupidly, then quickly saddled his pony, mounted and galloped away, the men remaining agasp with sobering surprise and fear. In half an hour a hundred persons were on the spot, and the Justice of the Peace did valiantly, taking depositions, proofs, measurements, arms and an occasional drink for several hours. When the crowd cleared away, the result showed one Capitán less, and one corpse laid out in a neighboring shack. They made short work of the interment, and on the evening of the following day it was one Capitán the less and an inconsequential mound of fresh earth and granite down the cañon; for they had to partly blast out the grave.

On that evening, old David moved with a certain suppressed vivacity about his store, and even invited a good customer who dropped in to have a drink at his expense. After the usual throng of customers had departed after the evening trade, he closed the store and barred the door. Josefina stood, about to say good night. She had been much of the time in her room weeping, and they had not spoken together since "that evening." He turned to her and said, as though she had finished a declamation:

"Excellent!"

Evidently she did not comprehend.

"He closed me out in Catorce five years ago. I offered him a hundred, then two hundred, then three, and up to five hundred to forego, but it was 'no!' 'Duty!' he said, 'duty!' Bah! What do they know of duty—the swine! It was malice, malice. He wished to see one hard to break, broken. So he pursues also here, bound on duty, duty. He sees me ruined, and perhaps imprisoned. He laughs about it over the glass, as he laughs over his amours and debauches—and now? His troubles are over, and so are mine. We have finally reached a point of agreement—ha-ha-ha! Excellent, my daughter, excellent!"

"How can you say so?" she replied.

He stopped his ecstasy suddenly and looked at her.

"What! Would you have it otherwise!" he exclaimed.

"I would, though it cost you all this," she said, waving her hand to indicate his goods.

"Then I am mistaken in you," he said slowly. "You will return to your mother, who is an outlandish woman. I thought you were my daughter, but you are hers."

"But I cannot return!" she exclaimed. "She—she sent me to bring you back and—how shall I return and say—Oh, my heart, my heart!" And she bowed and wept.

"Did I not know that when I learned you were coming?" he replied. "It was very plain to me, that you were sent for the purpose, but I was mistaken for a time into the thought that, from a certain spirit or expression, you were mine, of my race. But that was folly—you are also an outlandish woman; my race is cut off, and yours shall fail also. Ah God," he said bowing his large head on the counter, "I shall be cut off at death!"

"Look to it," he continued calmly, raising his head, "and see that you have your equipage ready. You shall have ample means in recompense of the service you have done in this matter, and you can tell your outlandish mother—tell her—to wait undefiled for my return—and she will die while she waits."

"And Maria—and Ricardo—and Jorge—and Margarita!" she said breathlessly. "They who shed tears with joy at the hope of your return through me—what of them? What of them?"

"I do not know them," he said deliberately; "I had some foolish hope in you, but it was a dotage. Enough of the matter! Good-night."

THE SPIRIT OF THE FOG.

By FREDERIKA B. HENDERSON.

THE sea-fog through the Gates of Gold,
Comes creeping in!
Comes sweeping in!

She wraps the mountains fold on fold,
She mocks the fortress grim and old,
She bends the grasses with her weight,
She closes fast the Golden Gate,
As she comes creeping in!

Then, sporting in the west-wind's arms,
Goes singing by!
Goes swinging by!

She casts abroad her blinding charms,
She mocks the mariner's alarms,
She tints the white sails on her way,
She skims the ripples of the bay,
As she goes winging by!

She wakes the fog-horn hoarse and loud,
This airy fog!
This fairy fog!

She spreads the heavens like a cloud,
She wraps the islands in a shroud,
She covers deep the cañon's gloom,
She hides the meadow's golden bloom,
This airy, fairy fog!

Above the city's noise she floats,
In light of day!
In shadows gray!
She calls to life the brazen throats
That answer in a hundred notes,
She whirls about the tapering spire,
She dims the glory of the fire,
And shades the light of day!

She flies along, this shining mist,
In banks of light!
In ranks of white!

She leaves no hidden spot unkissed.
She's past the sentry—Hist, oh, hist!
She steals upon the camp at rest,
She lulls it on her snowy breast,
In banks of shining white!

Then once more to her ocean home,
Goes lifting back!
Goes shifting back!

To join her sisters of the foam
At twilight on the beach to roam,
To mingle in the breaker's dash,
The rocky walls to sting and lash,
As she goes drifting back!

A FRONTIER JUSTICE.

By R. M. WALLACE.



YUMA has been made the scene of action for many a baseless fabrication of fancy. For instance, it seems to have been proved that the mosquitoes which swarm up from the Gulf of California do not use diamond drills upon their victims. Also that it has never yet been so warm there that hens were fed cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs; while the hoary tradition that a man from Yuma once telegraphed back from Gehenna for his blankets and overcoat is now very generally discredited. Even the ordinarily truthful "Arizona Kicker," while generally correct in reporting the news of Giveadam Gulch, has on more than one occasion been known to exaggerate slightly as to happenings at Yuma. But if any one should be incredulous as to the present relation, he has but to journey to that far-famed city beside the raging Colorado, and, at random, interview any reputable citizen of twenty years' standing, or examine the court records of that date, to verify every allegation herein set forth.

The visitor to Yuma twenty years ago would have found the court house very much as it is now—a big, square, adobe building, unpretentious without, but with comfortable court rooms and airy, well-lighted offices. The jail, also built of adobe, joined on to the temple of justice. An open court furnished quick transit from judge and jury to jailer, as well as a breathing spot for inmates during heated terms. The jail was double-roofed—a very necessary arrangement for the comfort of the inmates. A haymaker, ordinarily truthful, once asserted that he worked in an alfalfa field in Yuma county for a whole week when the sun was so near the surface of the earth that he could have stuck a pitchfork in it from the top of a stack any hour in the day. This may have been an exaggeration, but it suggests the reason for the double-decked arrangement. The jail was all that could have been desired, and in proof of its popularity it was generally well filled.

With such ample facilities for dispensing justice it was a warm day when there wasn't "something doing" by the blind goddess with the scales. What with a justice of the peace holding forth in one corner, a board of supervisors issuing scrip and interpreting the statutes in a room hard by, and at times both the district and supreme courts in session under the same roof, a citizen was hard to satisfy if he could not get all of the justice coming to him and have some left over for a needy neighbor.

Twenty years ago the important and honorable office of justice

of the peace for Yuma was held by Capt. G. A. Ringwald, a gallant ex-confederate soldier who had seen service with the Louisiana Tigers in many a long campaign and on many a hard-fought field. He was dignified in his bearing, courteous in his manner, slow to anger but plenteous in wrath when once aroused. He was thin-visaged and swarthy; his piercing eyes beamed kindly on a friend, but blazed with baleful fierceness upon an offending foe; his raven locks hung well down his shapely neck. He was in all things conscientious, earnest and above reproach.

Capt. Ringwald had been elected without serious opposition, and was serving his first term with credit and distinction. His law library was not large, but it was ripe with age, and every page in every volume, from preface to the last fly leaf had the thumbed imprint of the persistent and careful reader. A teetotaler in practice, he nevertheless accepted the verdict that whiskey is valuable in proportion to its age—and he rated his law books by the same standard. His copy of the Revised Statutes was of the vintage of '76, notwithstanding the fact that several sessions of the territorial legislature had been held since that particular edition had been issued. The judge knew in a general way that officious members of the legislature had attempted to mar certain sections of the statutes to make a show of earning their per diem; but he had paid good money for his copy of the laws, and that cherished volume was taken as his infallible guide.

His duty, as he understood it, was to see that everyone brought before his court was made to feel the heavy hand of the law in such strenuous way as would leave its impress for a year at least. It was but a few steps across the open court to the county jail, and many walked that way in pursuance of the judge's decrees. In each case he taxed the costs for citation, information, pleading, conviction, decree of judgment, commitment, etc., etc., according to the code of '76, in the amount and mode therein provided, regardless of the fact that later legislatures in pious fits of retrenchment had cut the fees down to an average of about one half.

The board of supervisors, composed of Frank Townsend, William Meeden and David Field, good men and true, had ambled into town that fine May morning feeling the weight of responsibility attaching to faithful watch-dogs of the county treasury. In the course of their routine work it became their duty to pass upon the fee-bills of Justice Ringwald; and, inasmuch as they had taken for their guidance later copies of the statutes, they were compelled to reduce Justice Ringwald's fees something like forty per cent. The corrected bill of costs, accompanied by a warrant for the amount due him under the revised code, was sent to Judge

Ringwald by a court attache—and then came an explosion which startled the entire community.

The hapless victim who had just broken into his court got the extreme penalty, and got it quick. Court was adjourned with a snap which could have been heard all round the block. The room was cleared instanter, and the court closeted itself for a few minutes that it might study law and reach a decision which could not be reversed. The Declaration of Independence was given a brief inspection to see that the premises were correctly laid; the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the United States and the Territory of Arizona were hastily scanned. The heavy arm of the judicial battery, however, consisted of a sheep-bound history of General Andrew Jackson, and sweeping away the statutes and codes and digests as mere impedimenta, he unlimbered this siege-gun and settled down to real war. Half an hour's studious application settled it. He had the supervisors dead to rights, and he resolved to teach them a lesson in law and court etiquette which they would remember to their dying days. Quicker than a wink he wrote out a warrant for their arrest, summoned Sheriff Mike Nugent post haste, and placed it in his hands. It commanded that the offending supervisors appear before Judge Ringwald, p. d. q., if not quicker. But for the thunder-cloud which hung ominously over the Judge's classic brow, Sheriff Nugent would have treated the whole matter as a joke. As it was, he proceeded to follow the orders of the court literally and punctually. When he read the summons to the supervisors he was greeted by a salvo of gusty guffaws.

"Come, be off wid ye, Mike!" said Townsend. "We have work to do, and can't be foolin' with you and Ringwald."

"Well, may it please yer Honors," said Mike, "I'm ordhered to arrist yez, an', be the gods, I'll do it if I have to call out the militia. Don't resist me authority or-r I'll handcuff the whole av yez. The dignity av the laws must be uphild."

The board saw that Mike was in real earnest; so, leaving the unfinished road case for future consideration, they hurriedly rose, fell in as gracefully as an awkward squad could do, obeyed Mike's "Attintion, company! R-right face! For-r-rard, march!" and moved into the court-room. Half in doubt whether it was all tom-foolery or half madness and half fun, they ranged along the redwood table in front of the frowning justice and waited instructions.

"Set down there," roared the irate judge, "and I'll teach ye to set aside the findin's of a superior court. Won't allow my fees, won't ye, ye insignificant ignoramus!"

"Hold on there, Judge," remarked Dave Field. "Don't ye abuse me! I ain't used to it, and I won't have it."

"Shet up yer chops, ye ignorant creetur, ye! Don't you know that yer here under arrest for contempt of court?"

"But," said Meeden, "can't you allow us to explain what we've done?"

"None of your explainin', Bill Meeden. You've broke the law, and you've contempered the court, and you'll have to suffer the penalty," snapped out the irate court.

"But, your honor, this is unprecedented," meekly suggested Chairman Townsend on behalf of the board.

"None of your lip, nuther!" roared Ringwald. "None of your demurrin' or objectin', or continuancin', or I'll hang the last one of ye! Ye ain't got as much legal learnin' and common sense in all of your one-horse court as would be needed to run a free-nigger debatin' society. Cut down my fees, did ye, ye pusillanimous punkin heads!"

"But," said Dave Field, getting his second wind, "we conformed to the statutes of '81, and gave you all the law allows you."

"Don't give me none of yer sass about yer laws of '81. This court is run accordin' to the statutes of '76, in such cases made and pervided. You are arraigned for high crimes and misdemeanors against the suvrin state and the courts of the land. You've violated the constitution, and broke the statutes, and withheld my fees, and you'll have to suffer the consequences."

By this time the news of the arrest of the supervisors had been well circulated, and most of the hangers-on about the court house had put in an appearance. Business was temporarily suspended in fourteen or fifteen of the neighboring saloons, and the patrons had moved in straggling column to the justice's court to learn the cause of the disturbance. District Attorney Knight elbowed his way through the clogged passage, and, taking in the situation at a glance, determined to unravel the tangled skein by his official intervention.

"How's this, Judge?" said he. "By what right do you arrest members of a co-ordinate branch of the judiciary?"

He got no further.

"Cheese yer racket, ye drivellin' idiot! You never did know the first principles of law. You're a disgrace to the perfession, and I've a good mind to impeach you from office this minit. Take yer seat, and don't ye never open yer mouth in the presence of this court, or I'll send ye to the penitentiary for life."

The attorney was game, and, raising a hand deprecatingly, was about to speak in solemn protest, when all of the pent-up wrath of Justice Ringwald broke forth in a roar.

"Not a word outen ye!" and raising a ponderous first he let it

fall with the force of a pile-driver upon the redwood board before him. "I told you to hush, now hush!"

The highly punctuated order was heard over at old Fort Yuma, across the Colorado river, and everything and everybody in ear-shot hushed. It is needless to say that Attorney Knight, being a law-abiding citizen, hushed also.

Knight having been fully and finally squelched, Justice Ringwald turned his fierce and glaring glance along the line of offending supervisors, and thus administered his verbal castigation:

"This court don't have to give any reasons for your arrest, and it don't have to give any reason for imposin' a heavy fine and imprisonment on ye. You've put yerself outside o' the statute o' limitation, and they ain't any mercy comin' to ye; but I'll take enough time to show ye the error of yer way and to prove to ye how yer legal edication has been neglected. The statutes of '76 is aginst ye, the constitution is aginst ye, the common law is aginst ye and Andy Jackson is aginst ye. You've tried to talk to me about the law and the evidence, but I've got something here that'll eternally knock out all o' yer law and yer evidence." So saying, he reached impressively for the sheep-bound history of Andrew Jackson, opened the ancient volume at a page previously marked by a dog-eared corner, took a liberal chew of his flat tobacco, and poured a withering fire along the whole cowering line of defense.

With tragic effect he read how Andrew Jackson, the greatest man of his day, had suspended the writ of habeas corpus, arrested the United States District Judge, imprisoned him and finally banished him from New Orleans. Again he read how the stern "Old Hickory," during the Seminole war, hung Arbuthnot and Ambrister in defiance of the decrees of the District Court. But the heaviest shot in his locker was loosed when he read how the same old Hector had bowed his haughty head to the decree of a civil court, and paid a heavy fine imposed upon him.

"And now, what have ye got to say to that?" queried the court, with the exultant ring of victory. "If General Jackson, big a man as he was, could be fined for contempt of court, what's the matter with this 'ere court puttin' it onto small fry like you are real good and hard? Stan' up thar, Frank Townsend, and get yer sentence. Air ye guilty er not guilty?"

Townsend rose with mock solemnity and attempted to enter a plea of innocence. "I don't quite see the bindin' force of your authority, yer honor. I haven't violated any law and you can't fine me for doing my duty."

"Can't I though!" retorted the court, with fine display of sat-

casm; and reaching for the record he wrote hurriedly a fifty dollar assessment against the culprit at the bar. "Can't fine you, can't I? Well, Mr. Frank Townsend, yer fined already, and it's fifty dollars and fifty days in the county jail."

"Stan' up, Bill Meeden, an' get your dose!" ordered the court. "Guilty, er not guilty?"

"Well, accordin' to your damn fool reasonin', I think I'm guilty," said Meeden.

"I'd have made yer sentence lighter for yer plea of guilty, but I'll give you the same fer yer sass, and fer cussin' the court. It's fifty dollars and fifty days in the county jail. Set down, sir, and next time don't ye monkey with the law till you know somethin' about it." A suppressed titter went the round of the crowded room, and the sentenced supervisor sank resignedly into his seat.

"Stan' up, Dave Field," roared Ringwald. "What 've ye got to say about Andy Jackson? Guilty, er not guilty?"

"Andy Jackson's all right," chirruped Field, who was the only Democrat on the bench. "I'll swear by Andy Jackson, but I fail to see any connection between him and your dash blanked jackass court. Guilty? Of course I'm guilty of keeping you from stealing fees you were not entitled to."

Field was mild mannered and self-possessed, but when occasion required it he could swear beautifully. He had meant to be grave and respectful, but the indignity to which he and his confreres were being subjected so wrought upon him that he was about to let loose a volley of invective hot enough to fire a powder magazine, when he was cut short by the stentorian command of the court:

"Order, sir! Order! None o' yer dad blasted cussin' in this court, er I'll hang ye fer sho'! Yer political edication orter kept ye out'n such trouble as this, but yer into it good and plenty. Yer sentenced by this court to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and ye'll have a hundred days to cool off and study law in the county jail. Mr. Sheriff, take charge o' these prisoners an' lock 'em up!"

A howl of derision welled up from the multitude assembled, and the supervisors, supposing that the opera bouffé had been played out, started to walk away to their council chamber. But, fearing to disobey the order of the justice, the Sheriff laid hands upon two of his prisoners, and, beckoning to the third to follow, started across the court yard to the county jail. Still thinking the joke prolonged ad nauseam, the officials shuffled dubiously along, mildly propelled by the suave sheriff, and cheered on by the hilarious crowd behind. The jail door swung open on its well-worn hinges, and the supervisors were urged to enter. The

grin which had hung, more or less uncertainly, upon the lips of the trio now changed to an angry snarl.

"Walk in, gentlemen," urged the urbane Mike. "I'm ordered to put yez in jail, and I'll do it if I have to handcuff the last wan o' yez," and the words were uttered in such a tone as convinced them that he meant it. They stepped inside the pen, the door swung to its place, the massive bolt clicked as it yielded to the key, and the honorable board of supervisors for Yuma county stood upon the same plane with the toughest offender within the walls.

Of the profanity which followed, stimulated by the mock sympathy of the crowd without, and urged to even greater intensity by the vision of Judge Ringwald placidly smoking the pipe of utter content, no adequate record can be given. When the supervisors had cooled down to about 120 in the shade they sent for Sam Purdy, the largest legal luminary within reach, and urged him to get them out by the shortest practicable route. By this time District Attorney Knight had sufficiently recovered from his collapse to whisper some valuable suggestions through the jail door, under promise that Ringwald should not hear of his offensive partisanship.

The combined wisdom of the attorneys in time unravelled the judicial tangle. Supreme Court Judge Porter was applied to for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted without delay, and the supervisors again breathed the air of liberty. The decree of Justice Ringwald must, however, be satisfied, or revoked by appeal to a higher court; for the lawyers and the courts concurred in the opinion that in a community such as Yuma there must be no irregularities in the records. It was but a pro forma proceeding by which the higher court, under appeal, set aside the judgment against the supervisors, and then they set about "getting even."

An information was filed charging Geo. A. Ringwald, a justice of the peace for Yuma township, with having exercised the functions of the said office when mentally unfitted so to do. A court "*de lunatico inquirendo*" was ordered, and the men whom Judge Ringwald had only a week before sent to jail in disgrace now sat as a trial court to pass upon his sanity.

He was brought into court in the custody of the versatile Mike Nugent. Apprised of the heinous charge against him the rugged old justice went prepared to make the fight of his life. He carried his entire library in his arms, and deposited his formidable array of authorities on the desk within the bar with a startling thud. His stoical demeanor argued ability to endure all things for righteousness' sake, as he heard the insulting citation

repeated, and listened to expert evidence offered to prove his moral and mental obliquity.

When he was at length given an opportunity to be heard in his own defense, he pleaded the supremacy of the judiciary as compared with the position of a measly board of supervisors which at best could only locate county roads and draw warrants against the treasury. He quoted sundry authorities to prove the inviolability of the decrees of the justice's court, the common people's first and strongest bulwark of safety. Reaching for the history of Andrew Jackson, he was in the act of unchaining the lightning which this last and best battery contained when he was admonished to subside. It was galling to his pride to be silenced when he had so much to say; but schooled in the ethics of court etiquette, and with due regard to the amenities of the bar, he stopped short and sank resignedly into his chair. The world will never know what it lost by the unconstitutional abridgment of speech in this particular instance.

The verdict, brief but conclusive, was, in substance, that any justice of the peace who used Arizona Statutes more than two years old and sent as honorable men as they were to jail to prove the infallibility of Andrew Jackson was either crazy then or soon would be. The defendant was declared non compos mentis, his decree as touching the Board of Supervisors was nullified in conformity to the order of the higher court, and the office of justice of the peace for Yuma township was declared vacant until the next regular election. The spokesman for the board gave to the deposed justice the most unkindest cut of all by declaring that Ringwald was a harmless lunatic, and it would not be necessary to keep him in duress or to commit him to the state asylum.

Thus the law was vindicated and a peaceful adjustment of a judicial tangle successfully accomplished. It was a warm and woolly week, even for Yuma; but the staid, peaceable and court-respecting community proved itself fully equal to the emergency, and the succeeding month showed not even a ripple on the surface of the body politic. The superheated supervisors in time forgot how it looked inside the county jail and cooled down to a tolerable temperature. District Attorney Knight measureably emerged from the shadow of his total eclipse. Mike Nugent recalls the event as one wherein he showed the "suprimicy av the law" as few others could have done.

But to this day Judge Ringwald swears by the statutes of '76, quotes General Jackson, and believes that he was the worst-abused man who ever wore the judicial ermine in the Southwest.

THOROUGHBREDS.

(The fifth extract from the autobiography of Jerry Murphy, prospector).

By PHILIP NEWMAN.



IGH as a bird looks over the sea was the view from me cabin in the Rincon. Like the old boys in the song, I drank from the clear crystal brook, I hunted me grizzly in the nook, and I sat before me cabin after mining all the day. And around me camp-fire, like warrior braves, shone the red trunks of the big dark pines.

One evening the night hung close, and me fire played light and shadow on the troubled face of me young friend, Harry Winter. "Boy," I says, "what brings you to the Rincon? There is nothing here for you; nothing you can put money into; what are you doing here?"

He didn't answer me question, but spoke his own thought. "I thought I would like the life," he says.

I smoked me pipe, stirred the fire, and said nothing. There was no making the young fellow out; he wouldn't talk about himself.

It had been stage-day, and I had knocked off early to go down to the Gulch Store for me mail. I was expecting a letter from me pardner, Dutch Johnson, and was anxious to know how our lead was panning on Mineral Creek. While we were waiting, the young fellow came up the grade ahead of the team, and stopped on the point where the road gains the saddle, cooling himself in the soft rush of air over the divide. He stood silent and unmoving, lost in the wide view of time and water carving out a country below. From the looks of him, it was the first time he had been where he could see more than a block ahead.

Every spring for twenty years, capital had been coming to the Rincon to work the deep placers, and every stranger was supposed to have millions back of him. Every old mossback, glued to a bench, sucking his old dudeen, was wondering who the young fellow was.

Their "deep placers" was an old josh with me. "There's your young mining expert, just out from school, boys," I says. "He's come to put some gold into your deep placers."

Old Johnny Norton, that never could agree with anybody, pulled out his pipe to remark: "Well, they make men where he came from, anyway." Which had nothing to do with the argument.

Whoever he was, the lad had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and had never done a day's work in his life. Tall and straight and springy, with his shoulders setting square on

him like a young Indian, he sauntered along the trail over to the store, and stood in among us, looking around over our heads as cool and superior as you please. He was one of your dark men with a pretty complexion. There was a hard-hammered red color in his smooth cheeks, and his eyes, brown and tawny like a wild animal's, met you steady and straight from under heavy black eyebrows.

Reading me letter from Dutch, I kept me eye on the young fellow. If he was looking for mining property, I wanted the first chance at him. Our lead was going down like a wedge with the small end up, and if she kept her values, she would be a world-beater.

The old boys shied off like children from the stranger. He noticed me watching him and drifted over. "Can you direct where I can find accommodations for the night?" he says, chipping his words out clean and pretty.

I could. Dutch's bunk was empty in me cabin, and I was glad of the chance; he could come along with me. And when supper was over, I hung up me frying-pan, cooled off me dutch-oven, and entertained me visitor while me camp-fire showered sparks to the stars through the black wings of the pines.

The young fellow was a hard man to handle; he had a polite fence around him I couldn't get through. I took it as a matter of course I knew what his business was, and made me play as best I could.

"I'm not a man to run down other men's property, boy," I says, "but there's nothing for you in the Rincon. It's only a stomping-ground for old-timers that are out of the game. It comes on a man when his hair gets gray to take root in a piece of ground, and love it, no matter what's in it. There's nothing in their deep placers but little streaks of rich channel to gopher a living out of. If there was, you couldn't follow anything up, the country's shot up so. Here, hundreds of feet above the camp, we've got a bit of channel cutting the divide, and I wouldn't give a drop of sweat off me brows for it except to dig a grub-stake out of. I'm keeping me pardner, Dutch, in beans and bacon now while he prospects our strike on Mineral Creek. We've got a showing there, boy, that's mapped on the surface for a bonanza. If you're looking for mining property, I'd like to have you go over and look at it. Here's what Dutch says," and I handed him me pardner's letter.

He turned the letter to the light, and read. "It looks like you've got it, and I hope you have," he says. "And I should think you would have little difficulty interesting capital," he went on, studying the fire, and hesitating. "I met an old miner in town who

spoke very enthusiastically of the prospect here. He said capital was coming in, and the camp was sure to boom. He assured me I could easily form a working partnership in developing some property here."

I was that hot at the young fellow I could have taken a shot at him. There was a tenderfoot for you! He couldn't believe a sensible man telling a reasonable story, but give him a yarn about mineral the ground couldn't hold, and he'd swallow it, horns, hoofs, ears and all.

I got out me tobacco, and held me tongue. I saw his game. He wanted to get his beak in, and buy up on the q. t.; these fine-feathered birds are always hunting something for nothing. I was through with him; he could buy the whole camp as far as I was concerned.

The night deepened, and me fire burned low. Across the Rincon, on the south slope of the Durango spur, set against the sky in an inky fringe of pines, was a light that glittered with the stars. The young fellow broke the silence. "Have you noticed how queerly that light behaves?" he says, pointing.

"Ah-h—I had forgotten. That's me little wild-rose, Nannie Benson, signalling to pardner that her father's well of rheumatism this evening." I got me canvas, and flashed me light twice to show that I understood.

The young fellow stood with his mouth round, wide open. "A child—here?" he says.

"Yes," I says, "she's a child, she's a woman, and she's a fairy. Her mother's dead and she lives over there with her father. Old man Benson discovered placer gold here twenty-five years ago." Benson's Gulch was the name of the camp in the Rincon.

The lad's eyes shone. "How very interesting!" he says—he was always so damn polite—"Tell me about it."

"I threw a pine-knot on me fire. It's always an "old miner" with these paper-collar fellows; the trees whisper the secrets of the ground at their roots to an "old miner." The old man was the boy to feed this tenderfoot his dose of talk, and me old friend might win something out of it—the young fellow might get stuck, and buy him out.

"The story of the old man is the story of the Rincon," I says, "and there's nothing much to tell except he's a good man that's had his day. This circle of mountain wall is house and home to him; his wife is dead here, and he can't get away.

"The Rincon boomed for a couple of years, and the old man owned pretty much all the ground in the Gulch, but he held it too long; capital wouldn't touch it, and every man got out that had the sand to quit a losing game. But it was here or nowhere with

the old man; old association held him; he couldn't make a fresh start. Year after year he prospected the country 'round, selling his claims one by one as the old-timers drifted in, and finally he dreams a great dream. There's a dike of bull-quartz, on a contact of slate and granite, on the spur yonder, and the old man dreams he's got what Dutch calls 'de mudder lode' of all the mineral in the Rincon."

I couldn't bring meself to lie to that tenderfoot—he wasn't man enough—but I put in as good a word for the old man's property as I could. "Now," I says, "all his placer ground is gone but one claim, and he placers in summer and drives his tunnel to catch the contact in winter. That's slow work when you're hundreds of feet under ground. He's been after me to go in with him, and I've prospected the cropping several times. It carries a dollar or so in gold, with a little galena and copper-stain. It may be a deep mine carrying values below, as the old man says, but I never could see it meself. If you'd like to look at it, we'll go over in the morning."

"I would be very glad to meet the old gentleman," he says. That was as near to the point as he could come about anything.

Next morning me young sucker was up bright and early with the sun. He was full of questions, as I led him off down the mountain-side, but I scarcely heard him—I was busy with me own thoughts. Dutch wanted me to come right over, but I was willing to waste a day, giving the greenhorn a steer against the old man.

At the bottom of the ravine we crossed the wash of big white boulders, running flush with melting snow, and took the long trail leading 'round to the old man's cabin on the south slope of the spur. Above the trail, old water holes, dug in days gone by, were running fresh from the slushy ground. "There's a relic of old decency," I says, kicking an old rocker hidden in a fall of ferns.

But the lad was gone. Spots of red among the melting snow patches had caught his eye, and he was up the mountain side, among the tamarack, picking flowers.

"What is this plant?" he says, coming back, holding his bouquet with muddy fingers.

"I don't know, boy. We call them snow-flowers. They come out just as the snow leaves the ground, and last but a little while."

"It has the most brilliant color I have ever seen," he says, stroking the leaves, and I pushed on, leaving him to nurse his posy.

The old man had been cleaning bed-rock, and was down to his spring, putting the gravel through the rocker. We caught

him in the act of panning out the gold, as he rose, surprised to see us, pan in hand. His face was furrowed like the mountain-side, and he was that tall and raw-boned, and had such a flowing of hair and beard he reminded you of a patriarch. How such a fine-looking old man ever took such a fool notion about a hole in the ground, was a puzzle to me. I believed he was crazy—his eye showed it. They were gray eyes, bright and dreamy, and glittered like raw steel whenever he talked of his mine—and he would talk of little else. He was that simple and earnest in his belief, you had to get away from him, or believe what he said was gospel.

I gave the tenderfoot his knock-down to the old man, and explained he was in the Rincon looking for property. The old man cleaned his gold, and put it away in his buckskin, getting ready to show us around. The Bonanza Queen was not for sale, but he was proud to show every stout stick of timber in her to whoever happened along.

The lad stood blushing and biting his lip; he hadn't a word to say for himself after the send-off I had given him. "Would you like the flowers?" he says to Nannie, and she reached her hand and took them because she didn't know how to say no.

Little Nannie stood by her father in her poor little calico dress, her cow-hide shoes, and her squirrel-skin cap stitched with buck-skin, twisting her leg, and looking up with a funny wondering look on her face. She had never seen a young man that looked like that before. In the tunnel she followed along after us, looking out for herself as she always did, holding the flowers tight in her little chapped hand. The long, dark tunnel, eating its way into the mountain and pushing its dirt out behind like a worm, was Santa Claus and Christmas to the little girl; every night of her life the old man had told her it was to make her a princess. She knew by heart the fairy tale that her father read from the rock, and once, I remember, when he overlooked a point, she pulled him down and whispered in his ear.

The long, dark gallery that echoed dumbly with the steady drip of coursing water—the slow pulse of nature—had no mystery for the old man; the mountain-side was clear as a glass ball to him; he had made it the study of years. Every turn in the long tunnel had followed a slip or fault of the formation, and he could read to you from the raw face of the broken rock every cough and splutter the old mountain had made.

The breast, torn by his last shots, brought us to a halt, and the old man gave us his theory of what he was working for—his mine. From the crystallization of the rock, and the presence of the base metals, it was a human certainty the vein would live

in the formation, and with depth, would carry high values; he had seen the conditions duplicated twice before. The ground had long ago been cut where the vein should have been, but, hoping against hope, he had fashioned theory after theory to account for the shift and throw of the ground, and back in the rock his dream burned bright—always there, but further in.

The tenderfoot grew as excited as the old man himself. It was all so wonderful, yet so real! There ahead, in the blank solid formation, walled in by the masonry of the ancient sea, was the treasure of the earth, the pride of nations—the yellow gold!

They were a happy family, and I wasn't needed. I excused myself, saying I wanted to nail up me cabin to pull out for Mineral in the morning. The old man asked the lad to stay for dinner, and they would go over the cropping. That afternoon, stowing away me junk, I would slap me leg, and laugh. I could see that poor devil with his eye screwed to a tinkle of colors. The old man knew right where to get the mineral, and there are few men that are not fooled by gold in the pan.

The night brought him back flushed and excited, but still not giving away free information. He was to stay with the old gentleman, he said, until he made other arrangements; and he tossed all night in his bunk, thinking it over.

When we were both ready to start off next morning, I began to bleed inside over the chance I was losing, and laid down me pack to make him a talk to quit that fool's dream, and come with me. He laughed at me. "You are mistaken with regard to me, Mr. Murphy," he says. "My best wishes go with you, but I have very little money; I must work my way."

I let me eyes travel from his feet to his head, looked him in the eye, whirled on me heel, and walked off. "Many thanks for your kindness," he called after me, but I never looked back. It was not until I got down in the Mineral Creek country among the foothills—hills as round and as furry with underbrush as a bear's back—that I got back me temper, and could lift me voice in a little O-be-joyful song as I sweated on.

I never had much to say afterward about our strike on Mineral. It went the way that nine rich strikes out of ten go—the values left her. Dutch said she was going down all right until I came over; we had some words about it, and split the blanket, taking different forks of the trail.

I dropped down to the Territory, and made for the Burning Moscow, a new camp. The Moscow was a booming camp in her first and best days; the amalgam fell like snow on the plates, and the camp was filled with the roving element from over all the mining country. From the Super down they were free and

handy with their cash, and all "first-class drinking men," as old Johnny Norton used to say, spinning his yarns. I got a place as shift-boss, and held it for a couple of years, working me head off to make a name for meself, until I fell foul of too much powder-smoke and high living, and took down with a fever. The doctor with his quinine, and the boys with their whiskey, pulled me back out of the fire, but I was sick of the bare, hot camp, and couldn't get back me strength. In the delirium of me fever I had heard the pines whistling above me cabin in the Rincon, and I took a sick man's fancy to dig a little gold from me own ground. I bundled me traps and took the train for Colorado, catching the stage for Benson's Gulch.

The gray-whiskered old baboons were down to the store as usual, and gave me a cool how-d'ye-do. They hardly seemed to think I had been away, and I dropped back into me old place among 'em—there was no flight of time in the Rincon.

Listening to their talk a name caught in me ear—a new name, but a familiar one—Harry Winter. A good man was Harry Winter; his word was law and gospel among 'em; every argument was settled by him.

"That tenderfoot here yet?" I says.

Old Johnny Norton looked up at me like a pouting girl, over his spectacles.

"Harry Winter is old man Benson's pardner," he says, "and they're two fine men well met," and they went on with their talk.

I felt as proud as any old-timer in the Rincon to sit under me big smoky pine, and feel I was me own man again. With the soft summer night in the mountains, and me roaring out-door fire, the old-time feeling came over me, and I was back with Solomon and Moses when the whole human family were on the move. Across the Rincon me old friend's light shone, as it had for many years. I got me canvas, and flashed me light after me old habit. They had seen me camp and answered back, sending their fire blazing up from fresh logs to welcome me home.

As soon as I could steady me legs with me mahogany stick, I went over to see them. The day was still and drowsy on the mountain-side, the cabin door was open, and dinner was frying in the fire-place. The cabin, with its old, smoky, Indian smell, was so dark I could scarcely make out Nannie and the young fellow, with their heads together over a book.

I hardly knew me little girl; she was fast turning woman, and had grown tall and round as a willow. There was a soft light in her eye, and the kiss of the wind lit the flame in her cheek. She

was shy and strange, but the lad shook me hand, and said he was glad to see me back.

Two years' hard work had made a man of the young fellow. There wasn't much of the white-handed, high-and-lofty young persimmons about him as he knelt on one knee before the fire, tending the dinner. Boots and overalls, heavy woolen shirt, and battered miner's hat, splashed with mud and candle-grease—he looked all that the boys claimed for him. His shoulders had broadened and thickened, but he carried his fine head stooped from ducking the timbers, in and out of that long tunnel. I felt ashamed of me work as I looked, and made up me mind I would take him out with me where there were men and mineral.

I was resting in his big pine-slab chair, and asked for the old man.

"Father's in the mine," said the pair of them together, and I went 'round to the tunnel.

The old man was coming out to dinner, but turned back to show me his latest development. The formation looked as dead to me eye as ever; there wasn't a sign of an ore-body. The pitch of the rock had turned flat, the leaf of the formation driving straight into the mountain like snow before the wind. It was the same old story; the old man had shifted his hope a long jump ahead. He couldn't expect to cut anything, he said, until the formation straightened up. The whole thing grated on me nerves, and I broke away to me camp as soon as I could.

Summer in the Rincon was a monotony of perfect days; I scarcely noticed it was gone until the nights began to nip me toes. Winter set in early, and there was a brave hurrah of wind and snow over the divide. Watching the snow piling in drifts on the south slope where the wind split among the trees, I saw I would have to get out, and marched over to the Bonanza Queen to do me duty like a man.

The change in the weather had laid the old man up with rheumatism, and I found him before the fire-place in his big chair, with Nannie at his knee before the blaze. The rafters hung with the winter supply of hams and bacon, and in the tunnel I found long ricks of wood. Every time I close me eyes, I can see that young fellow whipping his drill in that lonely tunnel. Me light blew out and I went in, and the black outline of him stood out from his light in the breast.

"Sorry to see you leaving us, Murphy," he says, "but I suppose you'll be back next summer?"

"No, boy. There's too many old mossbacks chasing their shadows 'round the stump here for Murphy. I'm going down to a country where the fish pack their canteens, and Sunday never

comes; but the lads there haven't taken the paper-collar degree, and know a man when they see one.

"Boy," I says, laying me hand on his shoulder, "I need a pardner. It's the ambition of me life to find a mine; I'd rather have ten stamps falling on forty-dollar ore than be king of the United States with the Omaha girls thrown in. I can't see what you are doing here. There's a little mineral scattered over all this western country, but good mines that go down are few and far between. Never depend on anything in the rock that you can't see. The way to prospect is to get out, and cover lots of country, and if you find a lead, pile onto it, and see what's there. If she pinches, be man enough to quit her, and get into a new district. The boys say you're a good miner, and I can see for meself you're a first-class man. Come with me; I've got a fair piece of money—I'll put you on your mettle in a mineral country—and we'll share and share alike until it's gone."

He laid his hammer on his knee, staring hard into the rock. He didn't say anything, and I pried down a loose piece of ground with me candlestick, and went on with me talk. "It's a sure shot there's nothing here, Harry. You're going it blind on an old man's dream, and it's the pride of his love that's got him. You couldn't trade him the United States Mint for this hole in the ground. And you can't bank anything on his luck. I know these old fellows like a book—it would kill him if he did find it. You'll leave him better off than you found him. Come with me!"

I felt as I talked that it was no use. I couldn't get a hold on him.

"I believe it's right here," he says, every word weighing a ton, and flew to flogging his drill, the sullen young brute, not to hear another word.

That evening there was a knock at me door, and I let in Harry Winter. "Can you lay over a day at the station, Murphy, to do us a favor?"

"Yes, boy—or a week. What is it?"

"Something's got to be done for Nannie," he says, "and we're sending her east." Would I send a telegram, wait for a reply, put her on the train in charge of the conductor, and have him put her on the through-train at Denver, and fee the porter to look out for her.

That was a long jump in the dark for me little girl, but he made me sure everything was right. "I'm sending her to my people," he says, getting up to go. "I think they will do that much for me."

That gang in the east was a bitter memory. He looked out on the Sierra, high and white above the world and its meanness, his face clouded, and he went out, with a short "good night."

Nannie was not afraid, she told us going down. Harry had told her everything. The air was keen and cold at Windy Gap, the station, and I was glad when the answer to me telegram rattled back over the ticker, and I got her on the east-bound overland. I bought her everything the newsboy had, telling her she would soon come back to us, a fine young lady. White-faced and miserable, she shrunk away from so many strange people, and gulped down her tears—Harry had said she must not cry. The Rincon Range, white to the foot, soon circled slowly back, forty miles away across the mesa, and the child Nannie we never saw again.

As I have said, the story of the Rincon is the story of old man Benson—and it's the story of the mistake of me life. I went back to me old stomping-ground, and for four years lost all track of the Rincon. But right down in the dumb heart of me an idea grew up that I couldn't root out—a belief that the old man was right.

I was a man haunted by an opportunity let slip. Nailing me drill in the roof of a stope, I would lay down me hammer for a smoke, and the regret of it would rise up in me before I could think it down. And off on me trips, raking over the dry bones of a desert range and camping with me burro at a lonely water-hole, I would look up from me blankets to the dazzling sky with a dream fresh in me mind of a great vein that rode down through the country, cutting everything clear as it went, and the mineral filled the pearly quartz like stars in the sky.

Up from a six months' stay in Minas Prietas, I laid over in Tucson. The bartender in the Legal Tender knew me, and set 'em up.

"Murphy, were you ever in Rincon, Colorado?" he says, pulling out a folded paper from under the bar.

I turned sick; I knew what was coming. "Yes," I says.

"I've been looking for someone who knew the country. I'm thinking of going there, and starting a game. They struck it rich three months ago. Like to read about it?"

The newspaper called it "The Romance of Thomas Benson," and told of all the years he had tunneled the mountain, against the advice of his friends, to cut what was believed to be a barren dike.

It read like an old story. I never knew a man to strike it rich when he was old and gray that lived a year afterward, and it came like a dreaded afterclap when I read: "Like many men who have done a noble work in the world, Thomas Benson will never know the value of his great discovery. It seems the very irony of fate that after he had accomplished the end for which he had heroically struggled for years, he should arise from his

bed shorn of his great strength, and with the mind and will of a little child. He had suffered a stroke of paralysis in a form dreaded by the old placer miner. During long years of hardship and exposure, rheumatism becomes chronic in the blood, and clots form that clog arteries entering the narrow apertures of the skull, and the brain is starved of blood. It was a pathetic picture this noble ruin of a man presented, sitting by the window of his old cabin as impassive and inert as the grand mountains rising about him. The wind that whispered through the pines stirred his lion-like mane of hair, and toyed with the silvery beard that swept his breast. Little birds perched upon his window-sill and sang, but his ear was deaf to it all. Nor will he ever hear the clatter of the busy camp, and the tugging pant of great engines, bringing to the surface the golden treasure of which he dreamed, and for which he toiled so long."

I took the next train out of the old pueblo, off for the Rincon, to see it for meself and satisfy me mind.

The log-cabins in the old camp were empty; a donkey saw-mill had been put in, and a town of pine buildings had sprung up on the mountain-side across the ravine. The old man's cabin was shouldered off to the side—a thing of the past. I found Harry taking care of him there, and asked him why he didn't move into one of the new buildings.

"It seems more natural and homelike here," he says, looking at the old man, and I held me tongue.

I took me old friend's hand and shook it, but I could not tell him I had come 'round to his opinion before he made his strike. His good old days were over, and his tunnel—the work of his life—was boarded and locked, while a triple-compartment shaft was being sunk from above by the new company.

The Super of the concern was a brother of the old man's who had come out from what Johnny Norton calls "the small eastern states." He had a wife and nine children at home, and was what Johnny would call "a tenderfoot of the pizen variety." I hated the first sight of him. He was a little, black, dried-up, bald-headed, spider-legged fellow, with a dead-fish eye, everlastingly cracking his lips in a grin. He was too polite to tell the truth, and was always asking your health. He must have thought it bad luck to rob a sick man. He had had himself appointed guardian of the old man and the girl, had raised money to develop the mine himself, and was strictly the great man of the Rincon.

Harry got the key to the tunnel from him and showed me the ore-body, exactly as I had seen it in me dream.

"Well!" I says, "Silver is in place, and gold is where you find

it! That's in the Bible, it's in the United States law, and it's in every miner's experience. You win—you know what my opinion was."

"It was one chance in a thousand, Murphy; I can see it now."

We went through every drift and crosscut the company had run to satisfy themselves. She was a great mine.

"Would you like a place here?" says Harry. "I can get you anything you want. The superintendent will do anything for me—to save doing one thing."

"No," I says, "I wouldn't work in her for fifty dollars a day. The rock would fall on me."

When we got outside, Harry turned to lock the tunnel door, and I took a look off over the country.

"Where do you think you'll go, Murphy?" he says.

I told him when the weather got right I wanted to take a trip in the Skull's Eye mountain. There had been a great mine there in early days, and rich float was being picked up over the range from it.

"Do you want a pardner?"

"If I can find a man to suit. Why?"

"I want to go with you," he says, looking at me with his clear eyes.

I was thunderstruck. "What's the matter here? Haven't you got mine enough?"

Harry fixed his eyes away from me, making a hard confession. "The discovery here," he says, "brought in a new order and a new day, and I found I owned nothing. When the old man was taken down, I didn't have a scratch of a pen to show. We never had had a written agreement, the way the thing came about. Now, Mr. Benson refuses to recognize me in any way whatever."

"You can collect it," I told him. "The whole camp knows you were the old man's pardner."

"A decision against capital, Murphy, is a hard thing to get in an undeveloped mining country, and no miners' jury will decide against a woman, in any case. The old man's days are numbered. Whatever I collect must come out of Nannie's inheritance—that is Benson's trump card. I could win, of course, by carrying the thing to the higher courts, but that I cannot do."

"And why not?" I says. "It's yours, isn't it?"

"There are reasons that make it impossible," he says. "In the first place I don't want that kind of money, and—there are personal reasons."

I let him have it out with himself. He looked down into the cañon of the Rincon, a scene he had often looked over, and went on in a lower tone: "The romance of my life was lived here with

that simple old man, and the quaint child with her womanly ways. Her letters to me now are as free and open as the day she left here, and show the moulding of a noble woman. I'll acknowledge to you, Murphy—since we're to be pardners—that I love her; there'll never be another woman in the world to me."

He faced me, carrying his head high in the old way. "When I came to the Rincon, Murphy, I gave up a fortune—a fortune that would buy the Bonanza Queen twice over—because I could not take dirty money. Now I can't go on record dragging the name of the woman I love through the courts to get it back. I need money, and need it badly, to prove myself, but I must have the gold with no stain upon it but the clinging earth."

"But, boy," I says, "marry her. You're the man for her. I'll go me oath, there's times she don't hear what the girls say, and the big mountains are living in her dreams. She's a little girl again, and there's the fine lad handing her the flowers, treating her like a lady. That's an easy way out. Marry her."

"Under the circumstances," he says, slowly, reading his sentence, "absolutely impossible. She is a very young girl, and her feelings must not be played upon. Her life is all before her. I have nothing to offer her. Six years of mining—the most direct hand-to-hand wrestling with brute nature—has left little of that light spirit in me that women love. I should have sought to cure her of any sentimental recollection in any case."

"There," I says, "you're wrong. The girls like these pretty boys to play with because they're like themselves, but I've lived long enough to know they get the ha-ha when it comes to a show-down."

I wouldn't let him go out with me. That girl was his luck—it was her signal off in the night that brought him to the Bonanza Queen—and I wouldn't take him away from it.

The day Nannie was due at Windy Gap, I was on me way out. Going down, I caught sight of red flowers where the snow had lingered on the north side, and stopped the stage to gather the only posy I ever picked in me life.

At the station the air was keen and clear, and I watched the winding column of smoke for an hour before the train slid down the track to a halt. The windows of the long wagons were plastered with fancy mugs, looking for Indians, so I kept back; I was looking rough, and didn't want to hurt the girl's feelings. She came to me, tall, straight as a pine, and graceful as the lands that flow from the mountain's foot, and I was ashamed of meself. Anxious to catch the train, I stood apart with the girl for a few minutes' talk while the boosters strapped her trunks on the stage.

I couldn't tell her her father was dead at the top, and dying

at the root, but I said he was as well as could be expected. Harry was taking care of him, so he couldn't come down for her, but he had sent her the snow-flower to welcome her back to the Rincon.

Uncle was there, too, and Uncle was as low-grade a cayuse as ever I clapped me eyes on. He was a black spider, and out of the lad's golden honor and love for her, he had spun a web that had him foul. Harry's hands were tied, and it was up to her, standing in her father's place, to square the deal.

A queer little smile played on the girl's lips. She buried her face in the flowers, her breath broke into a sob, and when she lifted her eyes the lids were wet. The car wheels began to roll.

"Good-bye, Nannie," I says. "Remember you love each other, and there's nothing else to it. Let him know that you know he loves you, and let the camp see that you love him. He's a hell of a good man, Nannie—I beg your pardon—and good men are damn scarce."

When I got me seat, I raised the window and looked back. The girl was standing as I had left her, every line of her figure taut as a fiddle-string. I watched until it narrowed down to a point, and was lost from view. The train passed through a dark tunnel, and her kindling eyes seemed to live before me. They were me old friend's eyes come to life again, and I knew in what steadfast hope they were fixed on the great blue-gray wall of the Rincon.

Vista, Cal.

A THRONE LAND.

By ANNA BALL.

"**B**UILD me a throne-land where that I may rest;
And let the purple shadows deepen there
Of rainless clouds that, passing east or west,
Move ever in a dream along the air.
For I am weary of the wind and rain,
The hurricane, the whirling waterspout,
The fell bolt of the lightning flung amain,
And human love forevermore in doubt
If I be friend or foe.
Build me a land where I may lean
And reign a Mother-Queen;
Where all my children, clinging to my hand,
May look up fearless in my face serene."

So ordered Nature. Purple height on height,
The land of California rose in light.

Colton, Cal.

A ROMANCE OF THE CAÑON.

By HARRIET BUNDY.



ONZALES ORTEGA had finished his work and stood idly leaning against the old sycamore in the corner of the corral. He was dreaming again. The object of his dream stood watching him through the vines that curtained the porch, but Gonzales did not know this. Ever since the first promptings of manhood began to stir within his breast he had loved Ylaria Moreno. His love, however, had been a sort of far-off worship bringing him little joy except in dreams. Faulty as he was, Ylaria was his ideal, and her seeming perfection made him more conscious of his own defects. When away from her he dreamed of a time when she would smile upon him and heaven would be near; but when with her his habitual diffidence was so apparent that the only smiles that fell to his lot were those of derision.

But lately Gonzales had changed for the better—an improvement of which he himself had not been conscious until now. The real manliness of his nature was making itself felt. "What if her father does own land and horses and cattle? He is old. When I am old, I will own more. May be, when he was twenty, he had no more than I." He looked with satisfaction at his strong arms and added, "I will work hard and long for Ylaria. A long time I have been a sheep. Now I will be—will be—yes, I will be a man," and, with his head a trifle higher than usual, he started for the little detached building where he slept.

One day weeks before, Ylaria had suddenly discovered a change in Gonzales. His slouching gait was gone; his figure was stalwart and erect; his hair, which used to bristle out from his head, had become soft and waved a little. A dark line, following the curve of his upper lip, was plainly visible, and added much to the beauty and interest of his face. Ylaria had attended the public school in Los Angeles for two whole years, so she was not without education; but her home was far away from the fashionable world and she was quite ignorant of prevailing modes. Poor girl! She did not even know that moustaches were out of fashion, and, as the faint shadow on Gonzales' lip grew into a crisp and beautifully curved certainty, she regarded him with different eyes. He looked very picturesque leaning there against the old tree, and behind her leafy screen Ylaria imagined herself the subject of his thoughts. Sheerly from force of habit, she began to plan mischief for his discomforture. She wondered what that proud uplift of the head meant. "It makes him look nice, anyway," she acknowledged to herself.

Gonzales passed by the porch without suspecting her presence there, but, when about to open his own door, he heard a voice from the porch call his name. "Gonzales!" it said softly, and the sweetness of it thrilled him more than music. He turned, and it came again, lower and sweeter still. "Oh, Gonzales!" He stepped back with a beating heart and Ylaria said with charming petulance, "Why do you go always by? Do you think I am never lonely?" She gave him a bewitching smile, and at once the heaven of which he dreamed seemed very near indeed. Full of caprice and coquetry, some mischievous sprite had prompted Ylaria to call him and she would have a little fun at his expense. He was usually so bashful, she expected to see him blush and look sheepish at this mark of her favor, but, instead, there came to his face a look of determination which quite startled her. In her most derisive moments she had not been blind to the beauty of Gonzales' eyes; now they shone like stars and she caught a look in them she had never seen before. They told her so much in one glance that her own fell before them. This was a new Gonzales! What did it mean?

"Ylaria," said Gonzales wonderingly; and then, "Do you think I like to go by, when an angel I know is on the porch?" Hesitatingly he took her hand and said, "Oh, Ylaria, I have dreamed this over many times."

"Dreamed what?" asked the innocent Ylaria, but Gonzales heard the slight tremor in her voice.

"Of Heaven," he replied in low, tender tones.

"I not know what you mean," she said, with a little laugh meant to be flippant; but her eyes fell, and a swift color came to her face.

Gonzales looked at her with shining eyes; then, emboldened by that shy look of surprise, he drew her toward him, "Ah, Ylaria, you know—you do know! It is love I mean," he said. "It would be heaven if you would love me back again."

Ylaria gave him a swift puzzled glance, and again her eyes fell before his. "You are another Gonzales tonight," she said. "I don't know you like this. How can I tell if I love a man when I do not know him?"

"We will get more acquainted," declared Gonzales daringly, as he put his arms around her.

It was very strange! Ylaria could never understand how she was so easily won. "I call Gonzales to make fun. I see his eyes and something queer comes in my heart, something glad, too. He says, 'Ylaria' so soft, and it is like when he touch the violin. The glad something in my heart is like a string on which he plays, and the music is more exquisite than any violin. It is heavenly. Yes, it is like the heaven Gonzales dreams about."

During her brief school days Ylaria had been a favorite with teacher and pupils. She was so bright and quick to learn, so light-hearted and affectionate, and the angelic beauty of her face inspired love. Ignorant and inexperienced at first, her keen enjoyment of her own mistakes disarmed ridicule just as her unflinching good-humor warded off snubs. The boys vied with one another to do her favors, but one of them, Jack Gordon, seemed to Ylaria very different from the rest. Ylaria was a modest girl, quite unconscious of her own charm, and it seemed unaccountable to her that Jack should prefer her, the untutored Mexican girl, to the better-trained girls of his own race.

"I wonder why he all the time looks at me," she said to herself naively. "He must be fooling. And when he smiles at me, I wish that queer tremble would not go over me."

I shall not tell how Jack convinced Ylaria that he was not "fooling," nor speak of the unalloyed joy of their acquaintance. Recall the sweetness and witchery of your own first love affair, and you will know how sweet and fair life seemed to them.

But alas! The childish lovers came suddenly to a parting of the ways. Jack was sent to an eastern school where among companions of his own age he soon found consolation for Ylaria's loss, and, about the same time, the period allotted for her education having elapsed, Ylaria returned to the loneliness and isolation of her mountain home. Before going to the city she had loved the mountains, the cañon, and every tree and plant that grew about her home; now even her favorite nooks seemed desolate and full of gloom. If she were to spend her life in these wilds and among these ignorant people, why had she been sent to school! Was all she had learned worth this agony of unrest? The knowledge she had gained only served to make her home life seem more narrow and restricted. "Oh, I hate it here," she said to herself, "I hate the mountains, the work, the people, and everything. It is only when I sleep, I am happy. Then I dream of the dear school days—of Jack."

We all know how dreams contrive to give a sort of witchcraft to the most commonplace and trivial circumstances. So beguiling were Ylaria's, she fell into the habit of continuing them when awake, and in this way she found solace for many an otherwise lonely hour. Her dreams were much alike. There was always a maiden—an idealized conception of herself—and a prince who bore an astonishing likeness to Jack Gordon. The prince invariably appeared on a great black charger, and, after a vehement, but always successful, wooing, bore the maiden away to a life of untold delights.

As months and even years went by, recollections of her school life became less vivid and alluring, and Ylaria became partially

reconciled to the simple mountain life among her people.

The discovery of oil in a neighboring cañon brought a new and diverting element into the life of Ylaria. A crew of young Americans came there to work and she, being "the prettiest girl in all the mountains," was soon besieged by lovers. With these to enliven the dull monotony, and the amusement she found in teasing Gonzales, she decided life was fairly worth living. The spirit of coquetry which sprung eternal in her breast found excellent and most welcome material in the young workmen on which to practice, but not one of them was able to banish a boyish face which still haunted her memory. It was left for Gonzales, the humble care-taker of her father's herds—Gonzales, who for two years had been a martyr to her whims and raillery—to awaken a new and genuine love in her heart. It was so strange, so marvelous, that in her simple heart Ylaria thought a miracle had been wrought. "Is Gonzales changed?" she asked herself, "or are my eyes only opened to see how good and how smart he is?" Yes, I am the changed one. I see now through love; I no more want to tease and make him feel bad." Yes, Ylaria was certainly changed.

And Gonzales was changed too. Love and self-respect are wonderful developers. From a bashful, self-distrusting boy, he had suddenly become a manly man. For him the heaven of which he had so long dreamed had come—heaven could hold nothing dearer than Ylaria's love. "There is nothing now I want," he told her, "but to get a home where I can be always with you. A long time I miss my mother—my sister. Now I have your love—it is enough."

The beautiful California winter had come. Cool showers refreshed the brown hills. The sycamores turned yellow, then brown, and the leaves began to fall. The live-oaks gleamed against the hill side, every leaf clean and polished by the rain. The little brook sang a new and cheerful song as it hurried toward the sea. And joy sang in the heart of Gonzales.

But a day came when the voices of nature sang to him in vain—he ignored all her beauty and sweetness. An interruption to his blissful enjoyment had appeared on the scene in the person of Jack Gordon. Jack was a stockholder in the oil company, and came to the cañon to inspect the work. He did not know that Ylaria's home was near; in fact, he had almost forgotten her, until they came face to face with one another at a Mexican dance. Their eyes met with instant recognition, and both faces lit up in glad surprise. Gordon had not expected social entertainment in the cañon, and had come to the party for want of interest in anything else; but when he saw Ylaria, he joined the merry-makers and danced with ever-increasing pleasure. At seven-

teen his boyish love for her had been genuine and free from guile. But he had grown worldly wise since then, and at twenty-two liked to think of himself as quite unimpressionable. How absurd that a smile from Ylaria, or a touch of her soft hand sent a thrill to his heart. As for Ylaria, she had never before come in contact with men of his type. He was so well dressed, so self-confident, and, oh, so handsome. And whenever she looked at him, the old days would come back and make her blush. Small wonder that she forgot the dances she had promised to Gonzales. No one suspected that they had met before. A man like Gordon was sure to attract a girl of Ylaria's nature, and her grace and beauty attracted everybody. But they knew that the charm of being together was chiefly due to past association. This renewed acquaintance brought to them a thousand fond recollections, and they secretly studied each other, thrilling with sudden delight whenever some well-remembered trick of voice or gesture was discovered.

Poor Gonzales! The night was long and black to him, followed by days of bitter disappointment. Gordon remained at the oil wells, ostensibly superintending the work, but a day seldom passed that did not find him at Ylaria's side. Ylaria knew the Spanish name and haunt of every flower and humble weed that decked the mountain side, so Gordon's interest in botany was turned to account and furnished an easy pretext for long rambles.

Unlike most men of his race, Gonzales never showed the jealousy he felt, though at first it was keen and bitter. Watching and studying Ylaria in all her moods convinced him that he had little to fear. "I can tell she feels not true love for Gordon," he said to himself, "and Ylaria is too good a girl to marry a man she does not love. He is so good-looking, he talks so smooth, and knows so much about books, it makes Ylaria proud to be with him. She likes to show off and get ahead of the other girls. It is fun for her to see them jealous." Then he would chuckle at some remembered instance of Ylaria's cleverness, and add, "No more will I be a fool, no more will I listen to the howling of the coyotes"—for thus he described the stings of jealousy.

So he went about his work in a quiet manly way. When opportunity offered, his devotion to Ylaria remained unchanged, and he seemed totally blind to the fact that he had a rival. Ylaria had been prepared for hot jealousy, but this apparent indifference puzzled and then piqued her. Gordon fascinated her, his attentions were very flattering; but when Gonzales was not looking, her eyes followed him with yearning tenderness. "He is getting handsomer and gentler every day," she thought; "and

he is so good, so kind, I can find no fault. But hardly ever now does he talk about getting married. He seems not to care if I go with Mr. Gordon. Well, I will just go with him more."

It had been raining for a week, but one morning the sun came out for an hour or two, and Gordon and Ylaria, whom the storm had kept apart, started for a long walk. Many new plants had sprung up during the rain and they found the study of botany so interesting that they failed to see the returning clouds until a tremendous rain began to fall. Then they ran to an old shepherd's hut for shelter. Gordon resolved to make the most of the situation. He must go away soon and might never have so good an opportunity. He was not sure he wanted to take her with him, but could not bear to leave her. "She is too good and too pretty for that Mexican fellow they call Gonzales," he said to himself; "and I'll at least find out whether she cares for me or not."

He began by telling her of a new strike in the oil-fields which would make him rich. He dazzled her with a description of a home he had planned, which would be furnished with an elegance and luxury of which Ylaria had never dreamed. He described the woman he hoped would "grace his home"—and she was the very counterpart of Ylaria. They would have a garden filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers. He would set aside a large plat in which to plant wild mountain-flowers. All Ylaria's favorites would be there. A fountain would play upon a rockery where all varieties of mountain fern and water plants would flourish. His voice grew very soft and persuasive as he added: "But there is one sweet mountain flower which I love more than all the rest, and I cannot transplant it without your consent, Ylaria."

Ylaria's thoughts were for the moment far away. She had made a swift mental excursion back to that blissful evening on the porch with Gonzales. The present scene recalled the other—by comparison, how studied and artificial it seemed. The face of Gonzales had been glorified by his love, his voice had trembled with mingled hope and fear. Gordon was too confident. "I think he does not love me so much as Gonzales does, and after all I care not much for him. I feel not the heart-beat and the tremble I did then," she said to herself. Looking up she met Gordon's speculative eyes, and blushed deeply. Emboldened by the blush, Gordon threw his arm around her; but she eluded him, and, going to the one window, exclaimed, "It isn't raining much now—we must go." Giving him a quizzical but bewildering smile, she hurried through the open door and tripped lightly down the path toward the bottom of the cañon.

All the time they were in the cabin, the rain had been falling

like a deluge. Every little rill had become a torrent rushing madly down to join the larger stream, which was usually a mere thread of silver marking the bed of the cañon. When the storm-stayed couple reached the foot of the hill, they found the broad bed of the cañon covered with a shallow stream of water. After a brief parley as to the best method of reaching Ylaria's home on the other side, they started, hand-in-hand, to wade across.

"By Jove, it's cold!" exclaimed Gordon, as he felt the water rise above his shoe tops.

"I always like to wade," replied Ylaria gayly. "Let us enjoy it; we have never before waded together." Her spirits were rising and an imp of mischief danced in her lovely eyes. All compunction and thoughts of Gonzales had retreated to the back-ground.

The noise of the water as it glided along was like a real voice indescribably sweet and gentle. Pungent herbs lent themselves to give it expression, and willows bent their slender limbs to listen. Poison oak, brilliant but treacherous, trailed along the surface of the water, a menace to unwary feet. Absorbed in each other, and dallying with their safety, the young couple did not hear an ominous roar in the cañon above them.

"How pretty the water sounds!" said Ylaria. "It talks to me. I know what it says."

"Does it talk to you of love?" asked Gordon. "Tell me what it says. I think it tells you to be more kind."

Ylaria listened intently; then, lifting a warning finger, said solemnly, "It says 'be-wa-a-re Ylaria! Be-wa-a-re!'"

"Oh no! It says, 'Be mine, Ylaria! Be mine.'"

Again Ylaria listened with a look of comic gravity on her face; then announced, "It says, 'Never—never!'"

"'Forever and forever,' is what it says," declared Gordon, and was about to add other words of love when that terrific roar, now drawing near, arrested his speech. Ylaria heard it too, and gasped, "A cloud-burst! A cloud-burst!" Tightening his hold on her hand, Gordon sprung forward and both tried with frantic haste to reach the nearest bluff. Nearer and nearer approached the awful roar. They could see the rising spray where the water pressed through a narrow place a hundred yards farther up. And now it is through—it is coming—a great wall of angry seething water! Ylaria caught her foot and fell full length. Gordon helped her to her feet, and they struggled on a few steps: but Ylaria's wet, heavy dress was like an enemy holding her back. Within three feet of the bluff the flood caught them. Their weight was as nothing to the powerful current, and they were whirled like two fallen leaves down the stream. They

clutched each other's hands convulsively, and once, when his head was above water, Gordon shouted, "Courage!" to Ylaria. It was impossible to add more. The top of a sapling separated them, and they were dashed apart.

A little farther down, a giant sycamore grew in the very edge of the cañon. Ylaria had always loved this tree. To it she had carried her childish joys and sorrows. It had been a trysting place with lovers, and the scene of countless happy associations. Without any volition on her part, she was dashed among its branches, which now hung over and in the water. The thick brush checked her speed and enabled her to grasp a large limb above her head. With no foothold, and in imminent danger from passing debris, she hung with only her head and shoulders above the water. Chickens and their coops, bee-hives and an infinite variety of household utensils rushed past. She held on in desperation, hoping that the water would subside, or that some one would rescue her. Oh, if Gonzales were only here, he would not let her drown. She began to shout his name, but, amid all that noise and turmoil, her young voice could not be heard ten yards away. Unexpectedly a hoarse cry joined her own. Turning her head, Ylaria saw that Gordon had also found lodgement in the sycamore. "Courage!" he shouted once more. "I can't save you, but someone will."

His plight was even more precarious than her own. The branch that held out to him a hand of succor was too slender for his weight and every now and then his head was submerged, so that it was only at intervals that he could speak. A word at a time he encouraged Ylaria, "The water—will soon—go—down," he assured her between gasps; then she heard no more, for Gonzales was at hand!

Accompanied by several of his friends, he had reached the top of the bluff just as the couple were carried down the stream. He stood for a moment paralyzed with horror; but, when he saw that Ylaria had lodged in the sycamore tree, he at once became alert and active. It needed but a glance to see that the branch to which Ylaria clung was too small to bear his additional weight, and the next was too high. He ran to his horse and secured his lariat—the lariat with which he was expert. With one swift throw, he could surely guide it between Ylaria's head and the limb to which she clung, but he could not catch her by the neck like a colt. Oh no, to lasso Ylaria was out of the question!

Gonzales had not paused while reasoning thus. Giving one end of the lariat to a companion, he sprang down the hill, tying the other end securely around his waist as he went. "When I get Ylaria, pull us out," he shouted back.

To the inexperienced it seemed certain death to enter that raging flood, but if Ylaria were lost, what cared Gonzales for life?

He sprang in as near to the tree as possible, counting on the brush which he knew was below the surface of the water to help him resist the current. By the same aid, added to the strength of a young giant, he pulled himself along to Ylaria's side.

Ylaria forgot her natural timidity and her failing strength. Heroic blood flowed in her veins. "Save him first," she said,

indicating Gordon with a motion of her head. "He is worse off than I. I can hold on a little longer."

Intent on rescuing Ylaria, Gonzales had not given his rival a thought, and at sight of him a great wave of malignant joy swept through his pulses—this was just the picture over which his imagination had gloated. With Gordon drowned, Ylaria would surely be his own. But Gonzales crushed the ignoble impulse almost before it was born. Ylaria loved Gordon. He would save him for her.

With great care and at considerable risk, he worked his way toward the man he now regarded with conflicting emotions. Gordon commanded him to go back. "If you—don't go—back to Ylaria—I'll—let go," he gurgled.

Gonzales had at last found a solid limb for one foot. Catching a higher one with one hand he swung forward and grasped Gordon's collar. "Well, let go!" he yelled as with a sudden jerk he loosened the latter's hold. Then, by a tremendous effort, he dragged him forward until he could reach a firm, unbending branch of the tree.

Without a word he worked his way back to Ylaria. He grasped her slender form, and the rescue was easy. His friends needed no second bidding to "pull them out." The twigs of the sycamore and other underbrush whipped and scratched them, passing debris knocked against them, the muddy water strangled them; but they were alive, the lariat was strong and life was sweet.

Without waiting for Ylaria's thanks, when he had safely deposited her on solid ground, he sprang back into the water by the old tree, whose profusion of brush seemed providential. Gordon's deliverance was similar to that of Ylaria. The men on shore pulled them out with hearty good-will. They scrambled up the last little eminence, and rose to their feet dripping and ditry, but magnificent types of young manhood. Both faces were eloquent with feeling. Both were thinking of Ylaria—wondering what she would do. Suddenly Gordon grasped Gonzales' hand. "You're a splendid fellow, I owe you my life," he began, but an impatient hand pushed him away. Two slender, wet arms were thrown around Gonzales' neck, and in her own beautiful tongue Ylaria told him things at which Gordon could only guess. Not knowing what else to do he stood regarding the lovers with a gloomy face. His teeth began to chatter. The chill had crept to his heart. Had Ylaria no word for him? He would go then.

He had taken but a step when Ylaria hurried to his side with a little cry of self-reproach. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried. "You are brave, too. I owe you much. You helped me and cheered me so I could hold on. I like you—yes, I admire you very much. But Gonzales, yes, he is of my people and I love him." Having delivered this incoherent little speech she turned once more to Gonzales.

"The Mexican has won, but he is worthy," said Gordon to himself as he walked away.

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IT seemed hardly probable that anyone could surpass the extraordinary achievement of Doña Adalaida Kamp, of Ventura, who, during June and July, recorded upon the phonograph of the Southwest Society no less than sixty-four of the old Spanish folksongs of California. We talk loosely of knowing "hundreds of songs"—but test all your friends, and find how many of them can sing from memory, and without the notes, all the words of sixty-four songs. It is a rare person who fully knows even half that number. Furthermore, Miss Kamp's songs

are of so long ago that few people alive remember any of them. How many Americans today can sing off-hand the American songs of the same period—"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "Old Resin the Bow," and all that forgotten category?

But remarkable as was this record of Miss Kamp's—and deeply valuable to science—it has been broken, in what may pretty safely be regarded as the most astonishing "score" in the recording of folk-songs.

During the last two months, Miss Manuela C. Garcia, of Los Angeles, has already made eighty-four records direct—not counting a score of other songs recorded by persons to whom she had taught them. Thus she is sponsor already for fully 100 songs of a marvelous range, from the veriest Mother-Goose ditty of the humble, up to the most highly developed song of the old-time Californians. Nor is she yet done. So fast as may be permitted by the exigencies of her voice—a peculiarly mellow and sympathetic organ, seriously threatened by an affection of the throat—she will make something like as many records more! It would be hard to overestimate the indebtedness of science to this young woman with an old-fashioned heart and memory.

Nor would it be just to omit present mention of the Misses Luisa and Rosa Villa, who have given the Southwest Society many of its most presentable records in charming duets; Don Rosendo Uruchurtu, the inventor of his wonderful harp of a single string, who has recorded some of the most poignant and some of the most humorous of the collection; and Don Porfirio Rivera, a young man who has been most successful in recording, in baritone solos, several songs of the highest musical and ethnologic value. To many others the Southwest Society is already in debt—and expects to go deeper. In the volume of folk-songs, each will have full credit given to the person who recorded it.

The Southwest Society has now about 480 records, and will very largely swell this number before the year is out. Prof. A. A. Stanley, of the University of Michigan, came in August and made a careful examination of the transcription being done. Like every other competent person who has examined this work, he was astonished and delighted by the richness of the field. Meantime, Mr. Arthur Farwell—than whom probably no one in America could better meet the manifold requirements of such a task—is rounding out his third month in steady application to the transcribing of the phonographic records. Somewhat over 200 are already transcribed accurately. Few people—few musicians, even—realize at all the enormous labor of transliterating these infinitely-varied songs. Even when the last note shall have been put on paper, the task of collation, comparison, translation—it would scare off anyone except such as know how need-

ful the task is. But it is worth while. There "isn't a cent in it" for anybody—but there is the duty of decent Americans both to the Past and to the Future. The mule has cleverly been said to be "without pride of Ancestry or hope of Posterity"—but that is where, on two counts, the mule is not a type of Americanism. Most of us had fathers; a good many of us may soberly hope for grandchildren—and anyhow we have ourselves.

* * *

August 30th, at an even nine months of age, the Southwest Society counted twelve Life Members and 100 annual. No such record in the first year—nor in any other year—has ever been made by any other affiliated society of the American Institute of Archaeology—and there are fifteen societies, ranging in age from twenty-five years down to this, the youngest. Since the last printed report in these pages, the life memberships of the Southwest Society have been swelled by St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles; and the annuals by Robt. J. Burdette and Clara B. Burdette of Pasadena.

The Southwest Society was founded November 30, 1903; so its natal year is well-nigh rounded. It has already cut some teeth and learned to walk. With its second year, it expects to surpass the only record it has not already distanced—its own. It expects to keep its present membership, and to add at least as many more. It expects this, because it will earn it—even as it has earned its success thus far.

* * *

A 32-page illustrated pamphlet has been issued by the Southwest Society, in place of the ordinary "year-book." This reprint tells "something about its aims and its first year's work." Besides a richly illustrated account of the thirty-four oil paintings (formerly hung in the old Franciscan Missions of California) which the Society was so fortunate as to secure (by a special fund, and at possibly one-tenth of its real value), the pamphlet contains a brief summary of the other activities of the Society, its constitution, and the roster of its membership for 1903-4. This pamphlet will be sent free on application.

"Public Opinion," (N. Y.), of September 15, gives unusual space to the paintings pictured in this pamphlet, and now the property of the Southwest Society, in trust for the free public museum it will build in Los Angeles.

* * *

The only one "bad luck" the Southwest Society has had in all its short, but strenuous career was the departure, last month, of one of its most devoted workers. At a meeting of the Executive Committee the following resolution, which speaks for itself, was adopted:

"With the departing of C. J. K. Jones from Los Angeles, after six years of broad usefulness in more than local lines, the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America desires to enter its own official and explicit record of its regret for the going; its respect for the Man who goes. Not after the way of conventional formulas, but in literal truth, we deem the departure of Dr. Jones a substantial loss to the scholarship and the good citizenship of a whole community. To the Southwest Society, his removal is almost a bereavement. To its foundation he has been indispensable. As a member of the Executive Committee during the crucial first year, he has won the unreserved admiration of his associates by his sagacity, his sanity and his unvarying "dependability;" by his rare combination of intellectual alertness and two-fisted "business sense," of strength with gentleness, of tolerance and backbone. Beyond even this, a certain personal quality—a peculiarly lucid, direct and lovable manfulness—has endeared him to those who have tried him in many scales, and never found him short-weight. Whatever proportions the Southwest Society shall attain, his name will not be forgotten from the cornerstone.

"Dr. Jones's associates in the Southwest Society wish him godspeed, whither-soever he may go. But if suggestions be not impertinent to the Future, we hope his next long journey may be back to a community which begins to realize how much it loses with him."

In place of Dr. Jones, Rev. S. Hecht, his successor on the board of directors of the Los Angeles Public Library, was unanimously elected.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Southwest Society will be held in the latter part of November; at a date to be announced, and at the home of the secretary. Officers will be elected for 1904-5; and new members will be received. It is the intention of the Society to mark the coming year by steady prosecution of the folk-song work; by extensive archaeological exploration in Southern California; and by the actual foundation in Los Angeles of a great, free, public museum of the Southwest.

C. F. L.

THE EXPATRIATE.

By EDWIN WARREN GUYOL.

WIND of the West, as you sweep down the mountain,
Gathering fragrance and strength in your flight,
Hark to the voice of a far-away comrade,
Calling across the dark wastes of the night.

*Wind of the West, I am heart-sick and weary!
I want to go home—to go home!*

This is no place for us, Wind of the Westland;
This is the city of many-wheeled death.

Here "life" means but the barest existence—

Only one fierce, ceaseless struggle for breath.

*Wind of the West, I am heart-sick and weary!
I want to go home—to go home!*

Home! where the fighting is done in the open—

Home! to the country where boys become men—

Home! to the rivers, the plains and the mountains—

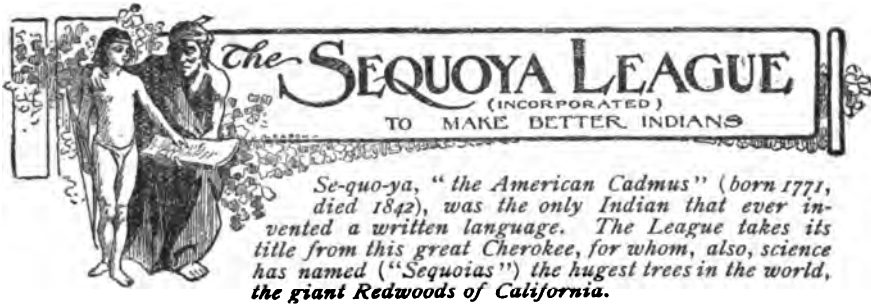
Home! where you know that a friend is a friend.

*Wind of the West, I am heart-sick and weary!
I want to go home—to go home!*

Oh, for one blood-stirring dash 'cross the prairie!

Oh, for one breath of the pine-perfumed air!

*Wind of the West, I am heart-sick and weary!
I want to go home—to go home!*



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THE Los Angeles Council was founded late in May. During the "absentee months" of summer, when "everyone and the cook" has gone vacationing, it has not tried seriously to do the impossible. But now that the winter draws on—when everyone is at home (and when, incidentally, the unhappy wards of the government begin to suffer more)—an active campaign is planned. The Council has grown handsomely in membership, even during the dull season—as will be seen below—but now it will pitch in seriously for the roster of 1,000 names it needs to round the first year—needs, and ought to have, in such a community as this.

The first thing will be an accurate report on actual conditions. The needless and pitiful case of something like 2,000 Indians who are suffering in "God's Country" will be shown in detail, and backed by photographs. The case will be appealed to the public and to the government. Something must be done

to relieve present shameful conditions—and about now is a pretty good time to do it.

Meantime, Sequoya "literature" is being circulated. The Council's pamphlet—telling briefly what the Sequoya League has already done and what remains for it to do—will be sent free on application. So will also a pamphlet "Reading List on Indians," which is a valuable guide to those who would like to know more about the subject.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Membership fees in the Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League amounting to \$194.00 have already been acknowledged in these pages. Since then, the following moneys have been received as dues:

Henry W. O'Melveny, Los Angeles, \$10.

Stewart Culin, Curator Brooklyn Institute Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$4.

\$2 each—

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 Chas. F. Lummls.

A SPLENDID precedent, full of encouragement for those who are entering upon the crusade to retain the historic names in California, and restore those which ignorant and careless persons in authority have mutilated or altered, has been established by the Secretary of War. In these pages, not long ago, some reference was made to several of the atrocious butcheries of place-names in this State—some by railroads and some by the Post-Office Department. Though it has not yet made much public demonstration, there is a serious movement on foot, among those who know the history of California and care for it, to undo these ignorant blunders and to guard against similar ones in the future. There has been too much carelessness in these matters; and while it could be pardoned on account of our newness in the State, a continuance of these barbarisms would be unpardonable.

The first entering wedge was driven in the matter of the military post at Monterey. The historic facts were stated in the June number of this magazine. Secretary Taft has the intelligence which can grasp the proprieties of such a case; and after considerable correspondence, he has acquiesced in the petition that the historic name be restored. The full official correspondence is doubly gratifying. Not only is the historic name to be restored; it is officially recorded that the restoration is "in perpetuation of the name of the first military station in California."

This is a good start. It gives heart and leverage for a movement upon the Post-Office Department and the Southern Pacific Railroad to give us back some of the musical and significant California names which have been mutilated in their hands. Unfort-

unately, there is not a Taft at the head of every department of this government; but the justice and the common-sense of the case are so clear that there is no doubt of winning if the people who ought to be interested, will be. It is, of course, difficult in dealing with either a railroad or a governmental bureau to secure a change of name without direct petition of the inhabitants of the place concerned. Individual letters of protest and appeal will do good, but there should be a public movement. The people of San Fernando, of San Buenaventura and other towns which have been docked of their historic dignity of title should take steps to urge action in their specific case. Everyone of intelligence realizes that these Spanish place-names in California are of actual material value, as well as of historic worth. They are characteristic, and they are attractive. They ought to be saved as they were; and they can be so saved wherever the people of the community are thoughtful and active enough to move in the matter.

The following letters tell the story:

Copy. War Department, Military Secretary's Office,
Washington, Sept. 1, 1904.
Mr. Charles F. Lummis,
President The Landmarks Club,
Los Angeles, California.

Sir:—Referring to your letter of July 27th last to the Secretary of War, and to previous correspondence relative to the retention of the historical Spanish names in the State of California, with special reference to your request that the name of the military reservation at Monterey, California, be changed to the Presidio of Monterey, I have the honor to enclose herewith for your information copy of General Orders No. 142, War Department, August 29, 1904, making the change desired.

Very respectfully,
HENRY P. MCCAIN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Copy. War Department, Washington, August 29, 1904.
General Orders, No. 142.

The following order is published to the army for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"War Department, Washington, August 25, 1904.

"By direction of the President, the cantonment on the military reservation at Monterey, California, named Ord Barracks by War Department order of July 10, 1903, will hereafter be known and designated as the Presidio of Monterey, in perpetuation of the name of the first Spanish military station in California.

WM. H. TAFT,
"Secretary of War.

"By order of the Secretary of War:

"ADNA R. CHAFFEE,
"Lieutenant General, Chief of Staff.

"Official: F. C. AINSWORTH, the Military Secretary."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

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Stewart Culin, Curator Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2.

\$1 each—Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan, J. Landell, Mrs. J. Landell, Capistrano, Cal.; John J. Bodkin, Los Angeles; R. H. Bennett, San Francisco.



That representative New York "Monthly Review of Literature, Art and Life." The Critic, struts forth its August number with a majestic frontispiece labeled, "Judge Alton B. Parker reading The Critic, on his lawn at Esopus, 7 July, 1904." Its leading editorial, on the facing page—for if other magazine editors do not know the place of The Critic's editor, the editor of The Critic does, and invariably consumes the front of the only magazine that can't help itself; whatever pages are left will do for the Mere Contributors—said editorial (as well as the first scare-line on the covers) directs and double-rivets attention to this epoch-making event. That is, if it is an event. No sober person, of course, would give a verdict from a photograph. We all know how "cabinets" make us look like sin—and how grossly they flatter the Other Person. But either there is a negative lie in the "plate," or a positive one in the Critic sanctum. So far as the documentary evidence shows, the veriest district attorney would be compelled to nolle pros. the indictment against the Democratic candidate for President. Judge Parker isn't "reading the Critic." A certain suffusion of his brows may indicate that he doesn't intend to. A scientific mind would have labeled the exhibit: "Judge Alton B. Parker Looking Pleasant on his Lawn at Esopus; and mechanically retaining in his good right hand the unidentified half-roll which the photographer bestowed there for purposes of 'Composition.'" No affidavit is appended to show that Judge Parker ever did read this specific property Critic or any other; that he would read it, or any of it, if formally sued; or that, having read it, he would lay his dexter hand upon his adult male heart and make oath that he knew what in thunder it was all about.

Judge Parker is a fine, clean American of sober tastes. Nothing in his record would lay him liable to suspicion of having battened on the subversive monthly which Gilders Refined Gold and Paints the Silly to Wasteful and Ridiculous Excess. He should be given the benefit of the doubt. Even with his notorious weakness for swimming, mebbe he dries off with the ordinary huck towel of domestic commerce. He does not look like a heedless

sensualist who would squander two-bits every time just to parch himself a little the sooner. Until the Critic produces legal evidence, the Lion, for one, will hold Judge Parker not guilty. That he is taken pink-handed with a Critic, is nothing that fair-minded men will harbor against him. All of us do submit to the tyrannies of the camera-man. We let him put tongs on our occiputs and gallery albums amid our studious fists. We let him turn our square chins upward as we were to sing "The Maiden's Prayer," or bend our featherweight brows above a volume of Schopenhauer—and do not say him nay. It can be that Judge Parker is Merely Human, and submissively Takes what is Passed him. Let us ever pray!

Modesty has been said to be a relative term, but in some places it is clearly without ties or comparative. New York is the only city in America where a "review" folded after magazine fashion, printed as unhurriedly as magazines are, and imitating all the outward semblance of a magazine, could confidently count on an audience submissive to an editor eternal on the front sidewalk. Editors are necessary evils. An editor has his place—Miss Gilder has *his* place. But an editor who never gets tired of himself may be sure that everyone else will. A fit editor will feel that there are some contributors to whom he *must* say "after you"—and that he can afford to say so to the rest.

In the lanigerant West, if an editor were girlish enough to print at all a half-tone which never so innocently protruded his publication in company with a Man, he would understand that his readers were intelligent enough to see what the Man held in his nerveless grip. If they weren't, they wouldn't be on his subscription list at all. Emphatically, he would not implore notice three times—on cover, in legend and in a "leader," to the fact that a person of some prominence had been "snapped" in an unguarded moment with something in his hand.

But mere censoriousness is not critical. The Lion hastens to add that too much praise cannot be given The Critic for one unwonted exactitude. What could be neater or more scientific than that "7 July, 1904?"

We are too careless of history. All honor to The Critic for recording its first date in American Progress. "7 July"—how commonplace a certain older holiday sounds! Talk about your Independence Days! Judge Parker evidently doesn't Care a Darn!

If it had not been for The Critic, not one of us might ever have known the epochal significance of July seven-times!

But seriously—whatever anyone west of New York may think of The Critic's taste, this premature document complicates the

political situation. Unless Mr. Roosevelt procures himself to be pictured in the very act of reading the *Lady's Home Journal*—reading, mind you, with all four eyes stuck indissolubly to the wide open page—he can hardly expect the votes of the Federated Ladies of the Back-door Keyhole of Literature.

The St. Louis Christian Advocate, referring editorially to a recent article in this magazine about "Cross Saddle Riding" for ladies, remarks, (literally, and by punctuation):

"We have seen here and there in the past few years sporadic exhibitions of this style of riding and always with feelings of regret. For next to our God we honor womanhood and necessarily we dislike anything which is calculated to lower her in character or position—which militates against her influence in society; and conscientiously believing that this does we are of necessity opposed to it. And we would infinitely prefer to be considered old-fashioned, out-of-date and altogether behind the age than to be thought of as approving what we consider an atrocity!

"To our mind only one single argument has been or can be advanced, which is really in its favor and that is that it is safer for women to ride astride. We think this is probably true, but there are some things we would even prefer to her safety! The truth is that even questions of convenience, comfort, health or safety are sometimes inferior in character, compared with other things. And leaving all argument out of the scale we are well assured that if women could hear the remarks of the coarse and unclean and see the inward pain of the better elements of society, she would hesitate before indulging in even a desirable luxury at such expense."

It may seem unnecessary to answer at all a screed which so completely refutes itself before any intelligent jury. But it is a lamentable fact that a great many good people are not yet intelligent—and since most of the failings and sins of the world are perpetuated by the truly good, it is worth while now and then to treat these things as seriously as a just parent treats the dawning questions of a four-year old child.

It would be easy enough to be "smart" as towards a man of God who thinks that a certain custom is "safer" for women but "would prefer some things even to their safety, convenience, comfort or health." It would be easy, also, to indulge in what Artemus Ward called "a gentle sarkasism" at the expense of the religious journal which is so familiar with the "remarks of the coarse or unclean" when She rides as God meant women to ride. These "coarse and unclean remarks" must be confined to orthodox circles—"the better elements of Society," as the Advocate calls them. For certainly they are not heard among the unregenerate.

But while this would be easy, it is not worth while—nor perhaps brave. If people think with their noses, it is easier to twig the noses, but it is more lasting to trepan the skull.

Now most people who take this curious mental position—which is neither barbarian nor medieval nor modern—since women always rode astride until a crippled queen of England set the fool fashion which those who are ignorant of history presume

to have been invented by God and established since before the foundations of the world; and now-a-days, when people begin to use scientific sense and common-sense about various acts of daily life, we are going back to original sanity. But as I was going to say, most of those who look upon sane riding by women as "an atrocity" are God-fearing people who would not wilfully be impudent to their creator. They would not consciously hold that God (who made every other woman with what the Queen of Spain had not) was inferior to the tailors who have tried to make us believe her an indivisible pillar.

Does the Christian Advocate of St. Louis hold that ladies who ride a bicycle with two feet (as they have to ride the wheel) are "abandoned" and "unwomanly?" Does the Reverend gentleman insist that women should move by hopping, as though they had but one foot, instead of taking steps, which inevitably predicates the "unclean" fact that they have two? Does he, in fine, hold that woman is unsexed if, with "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind," she sometimes uses the wits God gave her, and the body which hath as high authority, according to the lasting common-sense which was before there were Christian Advocates, and shall be long after they are no more possible?

"THE PLACE

THAT ONCE

KNEW THEM"

In a world so swamped with detail, it is fortunate that we cannot reasonably expect to be damned for leaving undone a good many of the things we should have done.

If an inevitable penalty attached, an eternity of the Other Place—"and then some more"—would hardly atone. And one of the things no thoughtful Americans should leave undone is a moment's pause when there passes from us one of the Americans that count.

Here and there upon the God-forsaken face of the desert, you will find little cairns of stones surrounding a rude cross of two sticks lashed at right angles. No one that passes this little milestone of death fails to add a pebble. It is not much; it can do no good to the one that sleeps there—but perhaps it does some good to him who is human enough to remember and fulfill this little duty.

The country lost another of the few that were left it of its statesmen of the old school when Senator Vest "cashed in." A man without the superficial "advantages" of some of his colleagues, a self-made man of the frontier, he stood tall and strong among the best traditions of the Senate. He was a man who had lost neither the old-fashioned horse-sense and clarity of vision of the frontier, nor its inalienable justice. He was a man who usually saw straight and always stood for what he saw—whether against party, against advantage, against race prejudice, against

most of the things which have broken down the tissue of most of our politicians. The nation he loved and served is better off in a good many things for his individual service. He set a good example for young Americans, and a good memory for old ones; and he left a quarter of a million debtors who hardly knew his name, but who have reason to thank God for the man who did for the man who did for them what he did.

Even as these lines are writing, the Nestor of the Senate has passed also to the Innumerable Company, whose noblest will not be ashamed to receive him. Senator Hoar has been, through a long lifetime, one of the pillars of the American Senate; and in all its annals that curiously mixed body has written no more honorable name. The very poles are not farther apart than Vest and Hoar; but for the distance of both of them from the average senator of today, this poor little globe is too scant a measure; one would have to deal in such distances as from here to Saturn, for instance. Senator Hoar was one of the perfect products of New England culture—and not of mere skin culture, but of that flawless inner finish which may have been invented by the Puritans, indeed, but has been sand-papered into humanity since their time. Few men in American history have so well earned the right to their long pillow. Few have left so clean, so highminded, and so useful a record behind them.

Possibly if Senator Vest had had the advantages of Boston he would have been more polished. Unquestionably if Senator Hoar could have taken a course upon the plains he would have been broader. But neither could have been more honest, neither could more thoroughly have lived up to the chances he had.

On another page the documents are printed which convey the very good news that a branch of the American government has given official countenance to the attempt of thoughtful Californians to preserve the historic place-names of California. We ourselves are a reasonably busy people. The taming of this enormous State; the bringing it forward in all the arts and artifices of civilization so fast that in a decade it can afford comparison with the oldest commonwealths in the Union; the rebuilding, renovating and expanding of our modern furnitures fast enough to give sitting room for the annual hordes of new people who are finding out "how much better California is to live in"—what we have done and are doing in these lines may reasonably pardon a good many of us for not having had time to think of that which lasts longer. Our children's children, indeed, will need no reminder. They will find out if we have done our duty not only in building tourist hotels and oiling the roads, and installing rapid transit beside, which that of New York or Chicago looks like a messenger boy in a deep sleep, but in saving the history they have a right to receive as an unimpaired heritage from us. As education is going now, there will hardly be a news-boy in 1950 who would not curl his lip at the ignorance and selfishness of any reputable citizen who, in 1904, failed to do his

A GOOD
ENTERING
WEDGE

part to preserve whatever is historic in the Golden State.

The fact that the War Department has shown an intelligent interest in the place-names of California ought to prick Californians to new effort to save such names as remain, and to restore such names as have been butchered and perverted. People who have not time to speak a California name right, do not belong in California. People who do not care whether a California name is pronounced right or wrong, belong here as little. The great majority of the old names are still unspoiled. Let us insist that they be kept so. For it is also true that no one really belongs in God's Country who has not sentiment enough to "care for these things" in a land where the Almighty Cared. Of course, whatever botcheries have been perpetrated on California place-names have been done in simple carelessness and because the perpetrators did not know what the names meant, in fact or in history. It is not necessary to rake up old scores, nor to punish beyond the grave. The thing is now to move together, not upon the blunderers, but with them to the undoing of their mistakes.

The United States Post Office Department has been the most serious offender in this regard, and will be labored with, until it shall furnish fruits meet unto repentance. The railroads have committed a few—if very serious—offenses in this sort. There are indications that the Southern Pacific Railroad will be willing to listen to the voice of reason. It is to be hoped that the American communities which have suffered by curtailment of their geographical names can be aroused to sit up and take notice.

Business cannot be done "on sentiment;" but God pity the fool who thinks he can do business without sentiment. The preservation of these historic names is distinctly and unquestionably "business"—for railroads and for communities. There are some things we do not universally love about tourists; but one of their most human and laudable impressionabilities is their joy in the stately names which distinguish California from the Smithville states. They have a genius for mispronouncing them at first coming, but they learn to pronounce them; and they write letters back home colored with these fine nomenclatures; and they pounce as mercilessly upon the next new-comer who befuddles the word as the most strenuous Californian could wish.

There are perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred, place-names in California which are now officially distorted as though Victor Hugo's *Comprachicos* had taken a hand upon them. It may not hurt the casual sojourner or the contented native at La Jolla that this name is an hourly advertisement of the ignorance of its sponsors; but it hurts every Californian who knows that the word should be spelt *Joya* (when it would mean "the jewel" the place is) and it hurts such other Americans as are sorry for American ignorance even in California. This, of course, is only one example among many—the thing to do now is to begin a campaign which, taking all these mistakes up in some order, shall remedy them all. Or rather, to "fall in"—for the campaign is already begun, and one of the most important departments under the federal government has sanctioned it, at a considerable inconvenience to Red Tape.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



There are occasional faint suggestions in Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand's *America, Asia and the Pacific* that at some undetermined fu-

ture time life may come to mean something more for the individual than a continual strife to produce more "goods," in order that he may help to relieve the other fellow of the too-many "goods" which he has produced; and national development may have a loftier purpose than that of finding an ever-increasing market for an ever-increasing national product. "This material age," it is asserted, "will lead onward and upward to one when the leading nations of the globe will be able to afford a policy based on higher motives." But this is the day when "if ever the dollar ruled, it rules now;" and it *ought* to rule now because "without material prosperity, without well-assured supremacy in trade and manufactures, progress and the ultimate possession of higher blessings would not be possible." Accordingly, "this is not the age for sentimental politics. Facts rule, interests rule—tangible interests—nothing else.

* * * * This is a commercial age, and commercial considerations are to-day the mainspring of national policies. * * * * There must be national selfishness, national push, and, occasionally, even the over-riding of other men's formal rights, if there is to be permanent progress in this world." The most important governmental functions of a "world-power" are, therefore, first, to keep open all the accustomed market-doors and to open as many new ones as possible, using the velvet finger of diplomacy or the mailed fist of power, as may be necessary; second, to protect and assist its subjects or citizens in exploiting the markets, old and new; third, to protect and encourage great investments of capital at home and in other countries.

Examining the political and economic situation from this point of view, Dr. von Schierbrand concludes that within the present century the Pacific will assume the position in relation to the world which was held by the Atlantic during the nineteenth century and by the Mediterranean in earlier history. The conflict for the control of the Pacific will therefore be fierce and prolonged, and upon its issue will depend the supremacy in the congress of nations. After carefully examining the advantages and weaknesses of the chief competitors in this struggle, the author decides that the United States is in much the best position, and ought to win if the opportunities are fully seen and promptly utilized. "Becoming the centre of the world's population and commerce, the Pacific will become likewise the centre of the world's wealth and power. At the close of this century San Francisco will probably have succeeded New York as the imperial city of America." The sentence last quoted, by the way, would seem to qualify Dr. von Schierbrand for an honorary membership in the California Promotion Committee, whose attention is respectfully called to it.

Two minor conclusions reached by the author may startle a few of the more conservative, though to bold thinkers of the school of Senator Beveridge they may appear commonplace. One may be described crudely as a stretching of the Monroe Doctrine across the Pacific. Dr. von Schierbrand's investi-

gations have convinced him that Holland cannot permanently retain control of the Dutch East Indies—indeed, that rich and profitable possession

may well be compared with an overripe plum which will drop at the first shaking of the tree into some enterprising nation's lap. * * * *
That being so, the question crops up: Who is to have the Dutch East Indies, Germany or the United States? Let us keep in mind that this Dutch island empire is our next-door neighbor in the Philippines, the latter being our base and lever for the whole American policy in Far Asia, and that German acquisition of that wonderful region would not more be palatable than her acquisition of the Danish Antilles in the Carribbean Sea, and this because of the same attendant circumstances.

It is clear enough that the Goddess of Liberty can find no more profitable use for her Phrygian cap than to hold it at the proper angle to catch the fruit, whenever it shall seem expedient to "shake the plum-tree."

At this point, for the first time, I am constrained to point out that the author has failed to carry his argument to its logical and more important conclusion; but no thought of the wrath and consternation which will be inspired in the bosoms of Edward of England and his cousin of Russia, when they read this paragraph, shall restrain me from doing it for him. The power of Great Britain, asserts our author, is waning. British decadence, both material and in character, appears most conspicuously in the Orient. What can be surer then that India must presently, in its turn, hang like overripe fruit. Yet the Bear, who has stood so long in hungry anticipation, might have saved his time. The Eagle can never permit him to set his teeth into that juiciest of all national plums. The Eagle will "face this matter boldly and with eyes open"—and take the plum for himself.

The second of the incidental conclusions above referred to is one which Dr. von Schierbrand suspects "would scare the average American," and which "no Congressman at present the floor of the house would be bold enough to advocate"—that the American navy must be the largest and most powerful of all. This would "swallow up an annual outlay of \$200,000,000, and would need between 120,000 and 150,000—men and officers—to man it." But "to win and hold the place fate has in store for us, such enormous sacrifices are absolutely required." To certain dispassionate observers it has looked as though there were always some few Congressmen bold enough to do anything—except the right thing—but if Dr. von Schierbrand is right it should be a simple matter to "drive this conviction home to the soul of the average American," and elect bolder ones.

I have quoted with some freedom from this advocate of commercial ideals of national life—and have deferentially observed both the "Dr." and the "von," though he forgets not only the "Vicomte" and the "de" but even the "M." when speaking of the man whose genius and courage gave the Suez Canal to the world. By way of contrast, it will be interesting to repeat here a few words from a splendid patriot who believed that the object of government was, not to help sell goods, but to establish and preserve human liberty—George William Curtis. I take the quotation from Carl Schurz's speech at the unveiling of a bust of Mr. Curtis in Lenox Library, which is printed in the current number of *McClure's*:

Remember that the greatness of our country is not in the greatness of its (material) achievements, but in its promise—a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive moral conscience. Commercial prosperity is only a curse, if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress, and our prosperity will conquer us if we do not conquer our prosperity. * * * *
Are we satisfied that America should have no other excuse for inde-

pendent national existence than a superior facility for money-making? Why, if we are unfaithful as a nation, though our population were to double in a year, and the roar and rush of our vast machinery were to silence the music of the spheres, and our wealth were enough to buy all the world, our population could not bully history, nor all our riches bribe the eternal justice not to write upon us: "Ichabod, Ichabod, thy glory is departed."

Dr. von Schierbrand preaches with utter conviction the gospel of Things as They Are; Mr. Curtis's lofty eloquence was raised invariably at the shrine of Things as They Ought to Be. The issue is fairly joined today between the two national ideals—joined not *between* the political parties, but *within* each party. And the challenge of one Joshua, the son of Nun, to the Israelites, some three thousand years ago, might well enough be taken to himself by every American citizen—"Choose you this day whom you will serve." Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

The opening scene of Stewart Edward White's *The Silent Places* is set at that post of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company, with which readers of *Conjuror's House* are already familiar. An Ojibway has failed to pay his "debt" at the store—that is, he has had goods advanced to him, agreeing to pay for them next year with the pelts from his winter's trapping, and has failed to keep his word. He is somewhere—no one knows where—in the thousands of square miles of the Northern wilderness. But it is vital to the Company's interests that he be caught, brought in, and so punished as to discourage other trappers from attempting to "steal their debt." Galen Albret, the Factor, selects two of the woodsmen to go after the defaulter, offering them double pay and promotion if they succeed, but warning them that they must not fail.

THE STERNEST
HUNTING
OF ALL

Either you must come back with that Indian, or you need not come back at all. I won't accept any excuses for failure. I won't accept any failure. It does not matter if it takes ten years. *I want that man.*

The woodsmen accept the commission, set out the next morning, and when they return, more than a year later, they bring their man with them. The story deals with the year-long man-hunt, which at the last brings both pursuers and pursued to the very brink of the Great Silence. It is a cruel and relentless tale—as it was meant to be. Mr. White has real power, and the craftsman's skill to use it withal. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, \$1.50.

A number of sketches of Nevada, by Idah Meacham Strobbridge, have been collected under the title, *In Miners' Mirage-Land*. Mrs. Strobbridge has been my next door neighbor for three years, and a valued contributor to this magazine for longer than that. She has published this volume at her own risk, and I should heartily like to see the entire edition sold in the shortest possible time; therefore I am clearly disqualified to sit as impartial judge in this case. Yet it may be said, without suspicion of offensive partisanship, that this author has spent the best part of her life in the desert-land of which she writes, and loves it better than any other place on earth; that not many people alive know so much of both its legend and its record, and, of those who do, fewer still are writing about it; and, finally, that she is a "natural-born" *raconteur*. As for her style, here is an excellent specimen:

THE VOICE
OF A
PARTISAN

So you do not know, neither do I dare say, how much of the joy of life these old prospectors find in following the mirage of a mine that leads them away to life's end with empty palms, till at last they lie down in the alkali wastes to be one with the great silence of the

plains. If it gives them much of joy to deny themselves all that you would deem vital, as they live out the measure of their days, dare you give them of your unasked pity? Perhaps they know more of the joy of life than you, in all the devious ways your quest for happiness has led you, have ever found.

Sometime, your destiny may lead you there; and lying in your blankets some night under a purple-black sky that is crowded with palpitating stars, while the warm Desert-wind blows softly over you—caressing your face and smoothing your hair as no human hands ever could—and bringing with it the hushed night-sounds that only the Desert knows; then—all alone there with only God and the Desert—you will come at last to understand the old prospector and his ways. But now now; not till you and the Desert are lovers.

The cover design and chapter-decorations, by J. Duncan Gleason, add to the attractive appearance of the book. A few slips in proof-reading probably offend my eye the worse for that I read the proof myself. The Artemisia Bindery, Los Angeles, \$1.50.

MORE

THAN ONE

CRISIS

The scene of *Before the Crisis* is the Kansas border in the days when "Border Ruffians" and "Free Soilers" were at the bloodiest grips, and the hero is a member of John Brown's band. He gets into many a sad scrape, one of the worst of them being thus pictured:

Loosely lashed to the tapering end of a lodge pole, Oliver Wentworth swung high in the air, over the leaping flames of the hastily replenished campfire, in the middle of the widest village street. Like a well-sweep, the pole, held by a dozen grinning Indians, bent and recovered, and each time the body of the unhappy victim descended into the crackling fagots, and sprang up again into the spark-filled curtain of yellow smoke.

This somewhat trying experience was endured with entire equanimity, so far as appears from the tale. But a few days later, when Barbara tore herself from his company to go driving with Colonel Mendenhall, it was another matter.

Oliver stood grinding his teeth in mad, impotent, insulted rage. Then the whole earth seemed to grow very still; he ceased digging his heels in the gravel, and wondered how the Almighty could waste such beauty as was showered on this Southern climate, on a land so cursed and smitten with evil.

The author has made one serious omission (for this class of novel) in failing to give any adequate description of the hero's personal appearance. Yet one may reasonably guess that he is a pronounced blonde; since Barbara has jet-black hair and eyes which are variously described as "dark," "deep blue," and "shaded violet," while their children appear in the last act just long enough to let us see that the boy is golden-haired and the girl is angel-eyed. John Lane, New York, \$1.50.

One need not be "historical-minded" in the full sense, to extract many choice nuggets out of the important "sources" appearing in *The Philippine Islands* 1494-1898. For example in a letter from Philip III to Don Juan de Silva, governor and captain general of the Islands, translated in Vol. XVII, one may find, sandwiched between paragraphs concerning the condition of the royal treasury, the following:

In conformity with what you say, my viceroy of Nueva España has already been ordered not to allow any married man to pass to your islands; and if any of them shall go thither it must be with the permission of their wives for a limited time, and with guarantees given that they shall come back within the appointed time; I have thought best to advise you thereof, so that you may be informed of it, and on your part execute the same rule in so far as it concerns you.

Evidently the manufacture of grass-widows was not regarded by this Most

Christian Monarch as an industry to be encouraged within his domain. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 net.

Even at the increased price—two cents per "unit" of 25 pages, instead of one—the cost of the "Unit Books" is very small compared with their value. This series is intended to include only "permanent books," and utility rather than economy has been the watchword of the publisher. They fill their purpose admirably, and deserve to find a good market. Four recent additions to the series are Renan's *Life of Jesus* (68 cents); Archbishop Trench's *Study of Words* (56 cents); Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (64 cents); and *National Documents*, giving the text of many of the more important state papers from the first charter of Virginia down to the Panama Canal Convention (72 cents). The prices given are in all cases for cloth binding and are net, eight cents more being required to cover postage. In paper the same volumes can be bought for 30 cents less each; for leather binding 20 cents must be added.

A lad of eighteen, about to leave Alaska for San Francisco, with a strong box whose 190 pounds weight was accounted for by "eight buckskin sacks, each branded with the plain 'J. M.' lettering and each containing 287 ounces of the beautiful 'ruby sand' gold dust"—\$40,000 worth washed from the Nome sands—might well enough worry about a stranger roommate, as seriously as does John Morning in the opening chapter of *The Lure of Gold*. The stranger turns out to be an old and trusted friend, so the specific worry was wasted. But within twenty-four hours a precious trio of rascals do get the treasure away from him, and the balance of the story is occupied with his search, first for them, and, having found them, for the treasure. It is a good story, well and swiftly told, by Bailey Millard. The illustrations—half a dozen portrait studies—by Arthur William Brown, are of quite exceptional quality. E. J. Clode, New York, \$1.50.

Vol. VI of *Early Western Travels* contains two reprints of particular interest—Brackenridge's *Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri*, and Franchère's *Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest of America*. The former is a record of a trip for 300 miles up the Missouri, in a keel-boat propelled by twenty-two rowers, with the famous fur-trader, Manuel Lisa, made in 1811. The latter is a detailed account of the expedition sent out by John Jacob Astor, in 1810, to found a fur-trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river—the first attempt by citizens of the United States to gain a foothold on the Pacific. Dr. Thwaites's careful and scholarly work as editor of this series adds much to its value. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O. \$4 net.

Kate Douglas Wiggin and three of her friends are named as joint authors of *The Affair at the Inn*. The story is of the taming of a masterful Briton by a young woman from Virginia. It is offered as "a notable success in the difficult art of collaboration." Remembering such a book as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, it seems clear that it was a waste of time for Mrs. Wiggin to master the difficult art of collaboration, in order that she might assist in the production of a book like this—bright and readable enough, but the veriest trifle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.25.

Vols. 13 and 14 of the "Historic Highways of America" series take up *The Great American Canals*. In the former volume, now in hand, is a satisfactory and interesting treatment of the Potomac Canal, which absorbed so much of George Washington's attention for a time—he was the first president

of the company organized to build it; of its successor, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; and of the Pennsylvania Canal. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$2.50 net.

Henry A. Shute, author of *The Real Diary of a Real Boy*, now gives a "Sequel," treating of "things which aint finished in the first." My Junior Volunteer Assistant, who relished the *Real Diary* hugely, says, "This is funnier than the other one, Papa." I do not agree with him; but this may perhaps be accounted for in much the same way as the fact that a second plate of ice cream only whets his appetite for a third, while one is quite enough for me. At any rate the *Sequel* is sufficiently funny. The Everett Press, Boston.

The H. M. Caldwell Co., of Boston, have become the American publishers of Blackie's "Red Letter Library." This series already includes a number of those masterpieces of English prose and poetry which have stood the test of time, and will be extended. To judge from the sample volume sent me—Thackeray's *Four Georges*—this is one of the most attractive of the pocket-size editions. The brief introduction by George Meredith is itself a masterpiece of critical appreciation. \$1, in limp red leather; 50 cents, in silk cloth.

An interesting record of travel through regions quite out of the accustomed routes of "world-trotters" is given by Michael Myers Shoemaker in *The Heart of the Orient*. The sub-title describes the book sufficiently and temptingly—"Sauterings through Georgia, Armenia, Persia, Turkomania, and Turkestan, to the Vale of Paradise." The illustrations, from photographs, are particularly well chosen. G. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.50 net.

Whoever has an appetite for 342 pages of "moral and instructive lies about beasts, birds, and fishes" can satisfy it with H. S. Canfield's *Fergy the Guide*. I found fewer pages than that quite enough for me. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

To the "Pocket American and English Classics" have been added Macaulay's *Poems* and Kingsley's *The Heroes*. The two little volumes are fully up to the high standard of this Series. The Macmillan Co., New York, 25 cents each.

The Pursuit of Phyllis, by John Harwood Bacon, is a pleasant little story of love and travel, which can be safely warranted not to put the slightest strain on either intellect or emotions. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Gouverneur Morris has undertaken, in *The Pagan Progress*, a romance of the primitive, cave-dwelling man. It is a short story—but quite long enough. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, \$1.

D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, publish a compact and competent *Spanish Grammar*, by E. C. Hills, of Colorado College, and J. D. M. Ford, of Harvard University.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



A MOUNTAIN INN.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

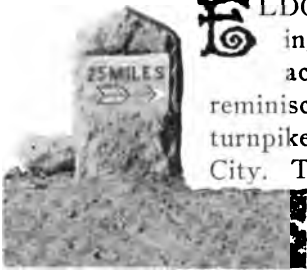


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NOVEMBER, 1904.

AN OLD TURNPIKE ROAD OF CALIFORNIA.

By MARY SHORES MEIGS.



EL DORADO County—scene of the earliest mining of “the days of gold” and center of activity during those stirring times—is rich in reminiscences—nowhere richer than along the old turnpike-road running from Placerville to Virginia City. This was once the great highway between California and Nevada, and the principal route of overland immigration. From the first, there were other approaches, but this was

the favorite—the Appian Way to the golden state—and here was the ebb and flow of the tide of travel. Along this all but forgotten pathway poured the first flood of adventurers who leaped at the earliest rumors of fortune hidden in the Sierras for any to find, and later that ardent, motley throng which swelled even higher as the proven truth outran the early rumor.

Travel began in the '50's, and during the early '60's the traffic was immense. Those were busy years. Six Concord coaches, loaded to the boot, made daily trips between Placerville and Virginia City; while an endless procession of huge freight-teams, piled with machinery and supplies for the mines, plied between these towns. Seven thousand teams are said to have passed over this road in one year. It was kept in the finest condition—not a stick or stone allowed to remain, and every mile of it sprinkled daily. In addition to this distinction, it was planked with heavy three-inch boards, for a distance of six miles which lay through a particularly dusty strip of country. Every ten miles stood a toll-house, and the receipts were enormous. One



AN OLD-TIME CHIMNEY.

relic still shown to the traveler is the cash-book of one of these houses, showing receipts for a single month of \$9,000. Roadside houses, bar-rooms and blacksmith shops stood at close intervals all along the way. Only one of the original taverns, once so famous, remains—"Sportsman's Hall"—the others being of later construction; but the wayside shows their traces, in many a lonely monument of bygone days. Crumbling foundations, tumbling chimneys looking like Druidical ruins, bits of masonry, or perhaps a square of logs rotting in the sun, mark the site of once flourishing hostelries. Old hotel registers filled with the names of noted pioneers who patronized them way back in the '60's, are still in existence.

While most of the old stage roads of California are abandoned and forgotten, with their "Concords" mouldering in some stable corner, a stream of travel—not however of such volume as of old—continues to pour along this highway. The former things have passed away; yet today the scene shows no lack of animation.

In summer a string of campers files past from early dawn to dusk, in such numbers that each evening the smoke of their encampments rises every hundred yards or so. Their destination is usually "the Summit," a region rich in lake, wood, and stream—a resort in such favor that each year from two to three hundred are encamped there. Many go to Lake Tahoe, Glen Alpine, Fallen Leaf, and the multitude of lovely retreats tucked away in the fastnesses of the mountains.

In the spring, hordes of bellowing cattle trail along, followed



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A ONCE-FAMOUS STAGE STATION.

by their picturesque drovers, and flocks of dusty sheep on their way to some upland pasture. As each drove is several days in accomplishing its journey, each wayside house has provided pens and corrals, for the accommodation of sheep and cattle changing pasturage. At nightfall the bawling herd or bleating flock is driven into one of these. Bawling and bleating soon cease, and as night settles down on quiet herd and folded pen, the effect is indeed pastoral. The cows are milked each night, the milk, of necessity, being thrown away. One thrifty housewife, however, once determined to profit by the occasion, and, pressing her guests into her service with pail and pan, filled



A ROADSIDE VISION.

every receptacle available, from the family washtub down, thus securing eighty pounds of butter, to say nothing of countless jugs of cream.

For charm, variety of scenery, and impressiveness, this old



PAUSING TO INVESTIGATE A CATTLEMAN'S CABIN.

road is surpassed by none. Along its route lie meadows and pastures, forest and stream, cañons, crags, and cascades, with the crowning glory of Lake Tahoe at the end.

In decided contrast to the six daily coaches of thirty years back, the stage now makes trips twice a week, still with Placerville as the starting point. Finding that it leaves at the preposterous hour of 4 a. m., we rise betimes so as not to miss it. Half awake, we take our seats and set forth through the narrow, crooked streets of that quaint and interesting town, too sleepy to notice that we are passing the once dread spot which gave to Placerville its old name of Hangtown, or that we are rounding



AN INDIAN "SHACK."

the noted corner of Shirt-tail Bend, famous as the scene of the richest diggings, and liveliest times in the history of the town. In the faint morning light the old haunts and the placer diggings, which mark the red earth at every step, take on a shadowy appearance, in ghostly keeping with the spirit of the past which seems to hover over all. Six miles out we reach the breakfast station, which at once arouses our benumbed faculties.

Upon again getting in motion we find that day has fully awakened—a delicious one at that—and with the mountain air invigorating us with every breath the remainder of the journey becomes a joy and a delight.

Our driver proves a social being, and discourses at length upon the by-gone glories of the road. Old placer diggings and ruins, strange formations of rock and tree, scenes of the various "hold-

ups," the lonely, nameless graves, and much that would otherwise escape the eye he points out, giving their bit of history, often stopping to give us a cool drink at some spring which has trickled down straight from its snowbed. Often too he pulls up at some deep-shaded wayside water-trough, hollowed from a tree trunk, and dripping with moisture, to water the panting horses. Many are his wild tales of noted stage-drivers and the incredible speed with which they careered down the grade, not forgetting the familiar one of "Hank" Monk and Horace Greely. Monk drove



AMERICAN RIVER.

over this road for years, and it was here that he gained his notoriety, Slippery Ford being the scene of the famous story.

The greater part of the route lies through a section wonderfully rich in forests; and about twenty miles out the timber assumes magnificent proportions. The oaks have here shot up in tall, clean trunks, massing their green leaves high overhead, as if half envious of the stately pines and firs with which they mingle so gracefully. For several miles our way lies under this leafy roof, and we revel in its cool, delicious greenness. On every side is a forest scarce broken, but the sawmill is already there, with a giant concern in course of construction, so that it is only a matter of time until this forest Samson is shorn of his locks.



HEADWATERS OF AMERICAN RIVER.

The underworld of ferns and wildflowers is exquisite. The flowering dogwood is most abundant, bordering both sides of the road for miles, and showing its white, satiny blossoms in every shady cañon and dark recess that we pass.

Here too, we get our first glimpse of the river—the South Fork of the American—flashing far beneath us, while across the distant ranges glitters the lofty snow-capped peak of Pyramid. I cannot recall another spot so richly endowed with all that is wild and lovely in nature. The snow-cradled American is at all times a wild, rushing stream, but when the spring thaws convert it into



THE PASSING HERD.

a torrent, white with misty spray and glittering foam, it hurls itself along with a terrific roar and sweep.

Sometimes an old roadway appears across the river or higher up the ridge, and these, we find, are old grades abandoned in favor of easier ones. A magnificent road—mostly of rock-work, which in places is fully forty feet high, and with a possible length of ten miles—is the "Oglesby grade," abandoned these thirty years. According to these old-time works, the road made frequent departures from the comparatively easy and natural grade of the river to climb the steepest ridges. Our driver contended that the "old-timers," being in the main thirsty souls, had the road laid out so as not to miss a single tavern bar—hence these ups and downs.



PUNCHRON BRIDGE FOR CATTLE.

An arched stone bridge spans the river at the crossing. Its simple beauty is a delight to the eye, and its wild surroundings add to its quaint charm. It is built of granite quarried near by, and is said to be the only stone bridge in the state. Its cost was \$20,000. The mile-stones which dot the way for a distance of twenty-five miles are, like the bridge, a recent feature—so recent that they need the softening hand of time to put them closely in touch with the old road.

Midway of the journey we come upon a marvelous rock formation known as Sugar-Loaf. It stands half way up the ridge above the road, and instantly commands the eye by its stupendous size, covering, as it does, an acre of ground, and rising to a



STRAWBERRY TAVERN.

height of three hundred feet. It is the more remarkable, that we have not yet reached the cragged belt of granite which we encounter near the summit, but find the huge monolith rising like a great dome from among the spires of pines. It is visible for many miles, and away on the distant ranges is still a landmark. Standing in its shadow one seems to see again the fevered stream of humanity which once swept past its base, unmindful that this mute guide for ages had stood pointing the way to where the gold, yellow and alluring, lay hidden in the wake of the setting sun.

Just before crossing the summit there is a small valley that is a miniature Yosemite. Here, from one point of view three cascades and waterfalls can be seen leaping down the steep



A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

cañon walls, one being over a thousand feet high. Standing at the head of this valley is a sheer bluff, fifteen hundred feet in height, with a mass of broken boulders piled at its base in the wildest disorder and strewn for half a mile. The bluff is "Lovers



A DISTANT VIEW OF SUGARLOAF ROCK.

Leap," the valley "Strawberry"—a noted tavern and stage station in the early '60's.

Here, the story goes, away back in early times, one Berry, kept a rude wayside hostelry where he accommodated his patrons with straw beds. The ticks being insufficiently stuffed, his lodgers were wont to cry out in their discomfort, "More straw, Berry!"—and Strawberry it has remained ever since. The story is venerable, but meets with enough encouragement to keep it in circulation.

There is a peculiar and interesting water supply at this place.



FLUME ON THE PLACERVILLE DITCH.

still utilized—a survival of the primitive methods existing forty years ago. The water is piped through a succession of small logs. The logs are hollowed out, the ends fitted into each other, and the whole then covered with earth. This device continues to give satisfaction, although the wood is now so decayed that at every other knot-hole a spurt of water is going to waste and one man is kept busy fitting plugs.

There are several resorts along the way, nearly all good, some excellent. A few retain their old-fashioned simplicity,



PLACERVILLE DITCH.

while others have added most of the "improvements" of civilization.

Remote and sequestered, with the silence and majesty of the mountains ever present, these summer taverns are not without their charm. Mornings and evenings are alike glorious. "Morn-waking birds" certainly "do honor to our rising"—for the woods ring with their calls; while the coming on of night, cool, silent, and fragrant with whiffs from the forest, approaches the idyllic.

Angling is the chief diversion—though the woods are full of game—and to such an extent is it pursued, that in some places six hundred trout are not an uncommon total for the day. These cannot all be consumed, and being too perishable for shipment it follows that many are wasted. The remainder are prodigally heaped upon the tables, and guests urged to eat. Still the enthusiastic angler keeps on. The sequel to all this is that already the "big fellows" are getting scarce in the river, where a few years ago two- and three-pounders were frequently lured from their watery retreats.



"THE ONLY STONE BRIDGE IN THE STATE."

The view of Lake Tahoe from the summit of the pass is one of consummate beauty—a fitting close to such a romantic ride. The road here emerges from a forest of tamarack directly upon the verge of a steep declivity, down which it drops in a most reckless fashion to the floor of the valley, two thousand feet below. From this lofty point the whole of that peerless region, lake, river, vale and distant mountain, now intensified by the light of a declining sun, suddenly opens before us. Lake Valley, with the Little Truckee wandering through its green expanse, dotted with farms and herds winding homewards in the evening light, looks fair indeed, but lovelier yet with a beauty that never palls, that dark-blue sheet softly shimmering in its lap of mountains.

Oakland, Cal.



MOUNTAIN FERNS FOR THE HOME GARDEN.*

By HELEN LUKENS JONES.



MOUNTAIN ferns are a great addition to the home garden; for, with their delicate foliage, they break and soften the matter-of-fact conventional outlines that predominate where domestic plants are used exclusively; in fact, they may be considered as essential in the great out-door bouquet as they are in the bouquet of the bride, the debutante, or the sweet girl graduate. Even in the midst of city environment, they retain and give out an atmosphere of woods and mountain that is delightful. They can be made to thrive quite as well in the home garden as in their mountain habitat, and it is strange they are so seldom used. One reason, perhaps, is they are hard to get, and another is that people imagine ferns will not grow except in the wilds. Study their habits, their requirements, their tendencies, their preference for light or shade, their love of heat or moisture, their choice of soil conditions; build a home for them in your garden that corresponds as nearly as possible with their native environment; and they will bless and delight you with the luxuriance of their growth quite as eagerly as they formerly strived to please Mother Nature in the wilderness.



A PRETTY BANKING OF MOUNTAIN FERNS.

*Illustrated from photographs by the author.



THE HOME OF THE FERNS.

Florists, as a rule, keep no ferns except the domestic, or greenhouse, varieties, and if you want the mountain ferns you must either engage a man or boy at perhaps an exorbitant price to get them for you, or get them yourself. If someone else does the work for you, the selection of ferns is apt to be unsatisfactory and those chosen are likely to be injured in moving. It is really best to go for them yourself, and get what you want. If you live in a mountainous country where ferns abound, you will have little difficulty in obtaining an abundance for your garden. Getting them will simply mean a delightful drive, a day's picnic in the fragrant woods, and pleasant exercise in tramping and searching for suitable clumps of ferns and digging them up.

When you go foraging for ferns, take a pick. Shovels and hoes



MOUNTAIN FERNS AND PALMS.

and other tools are not desirable because of the usual preponderance of rocks in the soil. But a pick is just the thing, for it is sharp and narrow, and with it you can probe into rock-corners and loosen the roots of the ferns you are after, so they can be easily pulled from their resting places with the hands. If possible, keep some earth on the roots. However, as the mountain soil is usually composed of humus or loose granite, this is difficult. When the ferns are out of the ground, sprinkle the roots well with water, then gather a quantity of fern leaves, and bind them about the roots so the air cannot reach them. Grain-sacks are most convenient for holding the ferns, as they can be thrown over the shoulder and carried easily, while baskets and



A CHARACTERISTIC EFFECT.

boxes are troublesome to manage. If the distance is not too great and the difficulties of transportation are easily overcome, it is a good idea to take a considerable quantity of mountain soil and put it in your home fern-bed. But this is not necessary; for ordinary soil, well-fertilized, seems to furnish every requirement for most species.

The larger ferns, some of which reach a height of seven feet, make exquisite bankings for bungalows, and are especially attractive when grown against the creamy walls of houses built after the fashion of old mission architecture. To the smallest, most insignificant home they add beauty and dignity. They are particularly adapted for filling shady nooks and corners, and a



AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER.

large cluster of them is effective anywhere, since they blend comfortably with anything and everything. They have an influence distinctively their own, and the most aristocratic domestic plants, as well as the humblest, seem benefited by the association.

To arrange an effective fern-banking, plant the taller varieties next the house, then plant the smaller varieties according to their size so that all will appear in terrace effect. A low outer border of box or golden feverfew makes a pretty finish for such a bed, and separates it from the lawn. Mountain ferns will also do well in hanging baskets for the porch, and correspond pleasingly with a banking of ferns. Delightful results can be obtained by filling window-boxes with ferns. Nothing could be more charm-

ing than to have one of these miniature sylvan retreats, so pungent with the breath of the great outdoors, hanging from your boudoir window. To make one of these window gardens additionally attractive, have the plumber run a pipe with a fountain attachment into the box, so that a delicate spray, like the mist from a waterfall, can trickle among the fern prongs all day. Such a box can be made with a concrete basin, in the center of which goldfish can be placed, while all about stones can be piled as they are about mountain streams and water-falls. Among these stones, ferns can be planted. A drain-pipe, to carry off surplus water, should be fitted to the bottom of the box.

Simple and inexpensive window-boxes can be made of wood and painted green. I know of no wild drooping fern that could be used for covering the edges, but the graceful asparagus-fern can be used for this purpose with good effect. The middle of the box should be filled with the taller wild varieties. These fern window-gardens thrive better on the north side of buildings or in secluded corners. Ordinary earth, well-fertilized, should be used, and the plants never allowed to get dry. Neither should they be kept too wet, for they will mold.

Rustic hanging-baskets are made in many artistic designs, and with their rough bark finish are especially adapted for ferns. Such baskets, placed on swinging brackets on either side of a daintily curtained window, add to the attractiveness of an exterior, and are pleasing to look out upon; for nothing rests tired eyes, or soothes weary nerves, more than attractive garden accoutrements. They benefit the morals, the intellect, the health and the good nature.

Pasadena, Cal.





MOUNTAIN FERNS AND ENGLISH IVY.



STUDENT PERFORMERS IN "THE PRINCESS OF IRELAND."

STUDENT LIFE AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

By W. H. THOMSON.



A STUDENT returning to Stanford University in the summer time comes to a strange place.

Here, thirty miles from the teeming streets of San Francisco, and close beside the harvesting orchards of the Santa Clara valley, stands seemingly a charmed city, a place solitary as the wind-drifted streets of old Thebes or Babylon. If it were not for the fresh summer breeze in all the corridors, and the song of the birds among the palms of the quadrangle, a feeling of oppression might come over the traveler as over one wandering among the deserted temples of an extinct civilization. From high in the church tower rising above all comes the only sound in the place, the chime of the clock bells droning out the quarter hours.

Passing beyond these precincts of silence, out of that forest of stone, our wanderer comes to a pleasant stretch of green running back to the foothills. Here are the "Rows," the homes of the professors, the private dwellings, and the fraternity houses of the Stanford community.

If he enter one of the latter and give the well-known whistle in the hall, no answer is likely to come from cellar or attic. Only the skulls over the wide mantel-piece grin him a welcome. The empty rooms may be strewn with pipes and swords, baseball bats and magazines, but no hospitable smoke curls up the wide chimney, and the brown bowls of those pipes have not known a cheerful glow for many a day. Eastward, beyond the baseball grounds, rises the great tawny front of Encina Hall, stretched out like a sleeping lion across the sunward-looking landscape. A few "Jap" janitors, scurrying like ants about the basement windows, are the only sign of life around the vast pile. Within the great hall the flags and banners of former victories and the pictures of Stanford teams and heroes hang listlessly looking down on a scene of deserted billiard tables.

But the spirit of Stanford is not dead, only sleeping, and while its president is off in the wilds of Alaska rescuing fur-seals from

the spoiler or in the South Pacific dredging up the secrets of the deep, while its professors are in Europe on the quest of culture, or, throwing aside the fierce search for knowledge, spend the days in the Sierras after the wily trout, while its students are tally-hoing and automobiling through California or binding wheat sheaves in the San Joaquin, the spirit of Stanford takes its long Egyptian rest until the coming of September.

But Stanford during the college year is a different sort of a place. A thousand students after a summer's outing greet each other among the arcades; seniors in the new-born glory of wide sombreros; juniors not yet adorned with the battle-scarred plugs, the mark and emblem of their arrival at the dignity of upper class-



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

men; sophomores joyous in their escape from the long thralldom of freshman year; and the pale beginners, intent on passing English entrance examinations—such as Shakespeare never took—all jostle each other on the Quad, a heterogeneous throng. “Frat” men are there on the lookout for likely material, and the athletic managers scanning every bulky freshman to see whether he can handle himself well or not. “Pipe hunters,” men who cherish the tradition that their own particular “major subject” is the hardest in college and hence that they must fill up their study cards with something easy, busily inquire of each other, “Now this?” and, “Now that?” At night Encina Hall is ablaze with lights in all its two hundred rooms, the great club-room rings



STUDENT COMEDIANS.

with college songs, and a long sinuous line, the famous Encina lock-step, tramping through the corridors, tells the proctor, "Adderclaus," in his den that his charges—"the joy of his heart(?) and the plague of his life"—are come again. Over on the "Rows," the fraternity houses send out inexhaustible choruses on the night like enormous vibrant music boxes, and around the square table in the dining hall or about the open fire in the library the fellow are telling each other the deeds of the summer—how they hunted in the North, or were social stars in the South, or what a help they were to the "old man" in his business. Out on the football field every afternoon three or four score young fellows, clothed more variously than King Solomon or Coxey's army, go through the first awkward limbering-up move-

ments of the season. The band begins to practice in Encina, the gymnasiums are open, the professors hold long receptions for conference in their offices, and with a swing and dash the undergraduate year begins.

The charm of college life in general—that which distinguishes it from the existence of the world at large—lies in the fortunate conjunction of many happy stars; the time when a young man has his wife to choose and all girls are lovely, his profession to mark out and all paths look more inviting and less rugged than any really are, could not be called other than golden. At Stanford the general joy of college life is heightened by the concentration of social life on the campus. "Within the gates" are not only the libraries, lecture rooms, and laboratories for the hours of work, but Encina Hall, where the young men live and move and have their rallies; Roble Hall, where they cultivate the finer graces of life on two evenings in the week; the Rows, where the professors live next door to the students; the gymnasiums, the tennis courts, and the Oval, where the track and football men play; the baseball field where the bonfire rallies are held to celebrate victory (or occasionally burn a hoodoo); the Assembly Hall, where the students receive presidents and others, where the college farces are given and the glee-club concerts, and plays from "Antigone" and "Everyman" to "What You Will" and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle;" the Stanford Memorial Church; and the "Quad" itself. The fraternities for the most part have their homes side by side on the campus and the great "barb" stronghold, Encina Hall, is only a little way off. This proximity necessitates, indeed it fosters, a friendly sort of feeling among them all, and the effect is seen when Stanford men meet out in the world. If they have not been friends at college, they are friendly then, and the knowledge that they have both worn the cardinal and sung, "One, two, three, four," goes a long way towards acquaintanceship.

A stranger visiting the campus during the college year, aside from the novelty of the buildings and the beauty of their concentric arrangement, making the "Quad" the heart of the little world, would be struck next by the distinguishing features in the costumes of the students. The cardinal sweaters with the big block "S" would be easily explained—they were the trophies of victory in athletic contests; but many minor points might remain dark to him. The corduroys of the upper classmen, the most convenient and indestructible lounging garment ever invented—likewise lending itself kindly to pen-and-ink sketches—should commend themselves to his approval. The wide sombreros of the seniors; the cunningly indented, curiously carved, skill-



STUDENT COMEDIANS.

fully painted "plugs" of the juniors, with their vistas of arches, trees, and rostrums, sprinkled with hearts and steins, swords and sandals, pipes and baseball bats, all the idols of a junior's fancy; the Ottoman fezzes of the sophomores; and the amorphous coverings of the freshmen would make a line of headgear not known or dreamed of before. First attempts at statesmanship are rarely successful. The sophomores' choice of a fez as their distinguishing emblem seems to be a waning star, but the plug of the juniors and the sombrero of the seniors are well settled among Stanford traditions.

The passing stranger might see and perhaps appreciate the bright kaleidoscopic features of life on the Quad, but what must necessarily escape him is the daily life of the students as it unrolls through the year. The students make a calendar all their own, unknown to the powers that issue the catalogue. The election of a freshman class-president is not an event chronicled in the records of the registrar's office, but no college year ever begins without one. Some youth "to fortune and to fame unknown," who perhaps has not learned to shun ambition, lives his brief hour in the fierce light that beats around that temporary



SCENE FROM AN OLD ENGLISH COMEDY LATELY REPRODUCED BY STANFORD STUDENTS.

sovereignty and then subsides into the kindly obscurity that envelops the early floundering of first-year men, with not even the junior who nominated him to do him reverence.

Over at Encina Hall, nightly during the first weeks of the term, that fierce democracy is rent into factions, the sophomores with the dignity of a year's standing upon them trying to show the first-year men what an awful thing it is to be a freshman. Candor compels the undergraduate historian to acknowledge that the freshmen do not always take these well-meant admonitions with a meek and tractable spirit. But many a promising "Johnny-come-lately," who perhaps never had the opportunity to be born in a log cabin or a prairie dug-out, has begun his college

career in a porcelain-lined bath tub, and either beginning may lead to the furthest heights of usefulness. Sometimes the freshies, instead of being tubbed, turn the tables, and the sophomores go into the cold water, objects of derision to the upper classmen and of mockery among their impudent assailants. But generally class spirit and organization tell, and the sophomores triumph.

The "spiking season" of the fraternities is the next phase of affairs to add to the gaiety of the quadrangles. Of course, many men come to Stanford whose affiliations are already made, older brothers or numbers of friends preceding them making their choice of a fraternity almost a foregone conclusion. Such men are known in college parlance as "dead dogs," and their presence



DANCING THE SERPENTINE ON THE QUAD.

adds very little to the delightful uncertainties of the spiking season. Many men, too, of frank and social tendencies, prefer the more open and "independent" life of the Hall and go through their four years at college without ever joining one of the smaller organizations. But at a new college like Stanford, drawing its clientele from nearly every state in the Union, many unpledged men appear each Fall who do not take to the "free love" status of the independent and yet have no particular leaning toward any one fraternity. When a lively youngster of this sort drops down among three or four fraternities, all of whom may like him, the fun for a season may be fast and furious. It is not quite so serious as courting. "If men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," it is hardly likely that healthy young Americans



NIGHT OF THE "JUNIOR PLUG-UGLY," SMASHING "PLUGS" ON THE QUAD.

will mourn very long for one of their fellows who has elected to go off with another crowd instead of joining the fraternity of their own undying devotion. There is nothing of the "forsaking all others" about the fraternity bond at Stanford, although the members of most of the societies do cleave to each other in the chummiest sort of a way, and there is nothing to prevent two friends coming to college together, joining different fraternities, and ending their four years' course as fast friends as ever.

If anything, more entertaining than the "spiking" of the men's fraternities is the "bidding" of the women's societies. A first-year man is fair game for any of the former from the day he enters the University, and initiations sometimes occur in the first week of college. But the women are more conservative. Perhaps they are harder to please. At any rate it is not until four or six weeks after the beginning of the term that the members of the men's fraternities, who all along have been secretly interested, if openly nonchalant, observers of this piquant inter-feminine wooing, see the members of the different women's so-

cieties leaving their campus homes at an unheard-of, before breakfast hour—seven o'clock perhaps—and making their determined way toward Roble Hall, the stronghold of the independent and of the freshmen girls. Then the men know that the truce is over, the war is on, and sometime during the morning bebies of freshmen girls appear wearing the colors of their adoption, and diminutive feminine war-whoops from the sorority houses announce to the tolerant neighbors that new girls have joined their band in loyalty for aye.

While these individual social engagements and skirmish-firing of "spikes" and initiations enliven the early weeks of the term, the distant rumble of a mightier conflict waxes louder and louder until that eventful day when the clans of Stanford meet the U. C. hosts in the annual football duel on the Richmond grounds at San Francisco. Baseball may be a better game, track-work certainly does greater good to a greater number, but the game of American colleges is football. For football, the men at Stanford get together in shouting choruses of hundreds, the band is organized, and every evening the bleachers are crowded with one or two hundred young women and several hundred young men, watching sixty-odd knights of the gridiron fall on the ball, punt, and run in kicks, perhaps to be rewarded by twenty minutes of line-up play at the close. For football, the rallies are held, bonfires light up the hillsides, speeches are made, throats yell and sing that never sang before, and professors and freshmen forget their differences in cheering for the team.

The great day has come, and with a thousand students aboard, the Stanford "football special"—red-streamered from end to end—has gone swinging through the bewildered villages, on over the Ocean View grade, to pour out its tide of cardinal on San Francisco; and to meet them, brilliant in the sunlight of the bay or grimly through the fog, two thousand supporters of the blue-and-gold have come from the Berkely shore. The college crowds are swallowed up, but not lost, in the mass of twenty thousand people who swarm in the Richmond enclosure—a mingled throng of undergraduates, friends, professors, alumni, San Francisco society, and "citizens out to see a Roman holiday." This year, by a welcome innovation, when the first game on college grounds will be played at Berkeley, the militant "rooting sections" will face each other across the middle of the field, and those storm centers of color and sound, while their champions struggle hand-to-hand for the football mastery of the Coast in the arena below, will carry on across the chasm a long-range, perfectly harmless, but perfectly desperate, artillery duel of taunts and shouts and warlike cries!

The game is over. One roaring mob of undergraduates have danced the gleeful serpentine down Market street from the City Hall to the Grand; another, broken into smaller squads, have drifted stoically down town, cultivating philosophy and learning to grin and bear it. At night, in their respective theaters, the victors and the vanquished gather to celebrate in song the glory of their colleges, and there is not a finer sight to be seen anywhere than the way the right sort of a college crowd will stand by its own defeated champions. The comedians at the theater where the colors are at half mast, so to speak, may think they have a hard night's work ahead of them, but they always find a college crowd willing to supply the music for its own funeral, if such has to be. At the other theatre? Well, that may be seen, but need hardly be talked about.

Now come the days that try men's souls. The long, level stretch of November and December lies ahead of the students, one steady grind of lectures, papers, examinations, and reports. The freshman glee and the sophomore cotillion used to happen along here somewhere, but they have passed into the limbo of things forgotten. They have met a frost, a killing faculty-frost, and are no more. The summer-weather student and the "queen-ing major" now begin to shake and tremble at the shadow of a coming doom, and even some good students sadly feel that college life is real and very earnest, and that a one-semester grave may be their goal.

For one fact stands out prominently in any study of student life at Stanford; the place is conceived to be a place of work. It is no detaining school for the sons of rich men to sport out their cubhood days until ready to be shoved into the stream of things with men of the world. The gods that made it decreed that by work and work alone one may work out his educational salvations, and that only to such are due the words, well done, good and faithful student, to you is awarded the bachelors' parchment. It may be doubted in some quarters whether man is as yet such an intellectual animal that he grows best when his mornings are devoted to book-study and learning, his afternoons to book-learning and study, and the waking hours of his nights to much study and book learning. But that may be another story. To "flunk" at Stanford is to fail in some study or other; to "flunk out" is to fail, probably, in two or more, so that a faculty "committee on standards" requests with an edged politeness that you remain off the campus for one semester at least and until you are supposed likely to do better work. But when the holidays come again and the reunion in January takes place, those that

return know that the two months' toil has not been in vain, that they can gather some confidence to themselves from the mere fact of being on the Quad. Some fifty or sixty of their fellows will be missing, "flunked out," for Stanford has about the sternest way of uprooting unproductive olive trees of any institution in the country. Some are thrown out because they have fallen in stony places during the years of their preparatory work and have no deepness of earth; some are those who, with good minds in good bodies very likely, still do not bring forth the particular kinds of intellectual fruit treasured in the registrar's office and are classed with the "unfit" by the somewhat artificial standards of a university, and some are those whose original coming was an initial mistake.

College may be said to begin "with a running start" after the holidays. The students know each other, the newcomers being few, and, what is more, they know their professors. It is, then, with a feeling of settled confidence that they take up the long course of the spring semester. From January on till commencement-week in May, no one event stands out as prominently in the undergraduate mind as football day in the Fall. But in spite of this the second semester, for the variety and number of its interests, is the high tide of the college year. First, the freshmen and the sophomores meet again in battle, this time in debate. Late in January the two universities, Stanford and California, meet on the rostrum in that peculiarly contrived, not very happily organized, affair known as the Carnot Debate. Soon the sophomores present some standard English comedy, leaving to the upper classmen the glory of original junior and senior farces. Perhaps some of the youthful members of the faculty put on a comedy or give a bazaar in the museum. The English Club, the Spanish Club, the French, the German, and the Classical Clubs may be counted upon in alternate years to present something of value from the famous plays of their respective languages. The "junior prom" and the senior ball, "begun before twilight and ended at midnight," are still enjoyable affairs. The glee and mandolin clubs, coming back from their holiday trip, give a concert in the assembly hall. The junior and the senior farces, not the equals perhaps of "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Sultan of Sulu," still ring with songs and situations sung and repeated on the campus for many a day. The intercollegiate track-meet in April, the three baseball games in May, and the tennis singles and doubles with California fill up a generous athletic calendar. The day the "Quad" comes out—the year-book of the juniors, a treasure house and record for what is best in the literary, social and athletic life of the college—the day of the great election

when the student body chooses its leaders for the following year, and "Junior Day," all come in this semester. Junior Day, perhaps, is the choice in all the college year. On its eve junior farce is given, and next morning the four classes compete for the athletic championship of the college on the track, incidentally giving food for hope or for despair in regard to the coming field meet with California. At night the junior prom, the first class-dance of the year, is given in the Encina clubroom. The entertainment of the students by the professors is for the most part limited within the departments, the size of the general classes making this necessary. The only exceptions are the president's receptions to the under-classmen, to the upper-classmen, and to the graduates. These with the Y. M. and Y. W. entertainments, the Encina and the Roble receptions, the fraternity and the sorority "at-homes," the bi-weekly meetings of the departmental clubs, and plenty of smaller engagements show that Jack takes good care while at college not to become a dull boy, even though the year seems in retrospect a quiet, uneventful, and even enough, workaday period.

Dr. Jordan in his "Twentieth Century" address has recently called attention to the fact that the new time will be marked by being democratic, strenuous, and individual. It is no accident, though only partly the premeditated plan of the university's builders—more an instinctive, "logic-of-circumstances" reply to the world's demand—that the student life in the college he heads should be found democratic, strenuous, and individual.

That it is strenuous enough is evidenced by the falling away of three score students every New Year's—men who for some reason cannot keep up with the pace—by the general high scholarship which has been successfully maintained, and by the eagerness with which Stanford graduates in almost every line of their training are sought for on leaving the doors of the institution.

That it should be democratic is to be expected in a Western school drawing its students from almost every state in the Union and emphasizing in its training "practical preparation for usefulness in life." Plenty of wealthy students come to Stanford, but there is very little display of great wealth in the way any of the students live, and plenty of poor students have always come to Stanford and not found life there more difficult than it would be anywhere else. When a poor student makes a pronounced success, the praise of the college naturally goes out to him more than to another equally successful but "with everything in his favor." Probably part of the democratic spirit that now rules at Stanford is, however, due to the men who in its

earlier days, while becoming the leaders in all lines of college activity by their personal force, were making their way in college and in the world at the same time.

Aside from the good feeling engendered by its democratic spirit, the charm of college life at Stanford lies in its variety. Some of the satisfactions of foreign travel may be gained by daily association with men who have grown up in New England homesteads or West Indian plantations, while our high-school days may have been passed among orange orchards or in Sierra mining towns. "If you stand at Charing Cross all the world will come to you," and it is more true at Stanford than at any other college in America that the men who pass you in the doorways are at home in the far corners of the earth and bring the atmosphere of many lands.

If they have come from everywhere, so too they go everywhere. Dr. Jordan has gone to islands where the flora and the fauna were somewhat strange to him, but he has always found Stanford men in the harbors ready to welcome him; and the University not ten years old had sown its graduates so widely that some of them were nearly caught in the Boxer troubles in China, some were mixed up in the Transvaal War, and some will undoubtedly be found at the right time wherever gold and glory waits them. The Golden State gains more than it gives out: for though one-third of Stanford's students, in some years, have come from east of the Rockies, a smaller proportion than this find their way back again or go out to foreign lands. The schools, the mines, the railroads, and the courts of this state are the richer for their coming. But no matter how far a Stanford man may wander, there are times when the red-tiled roofs and the palm courts come back to his fancy and he hears the college bells as they chime:

"From arches low, the swallows fly,
And 'ere we go, Old Quad, good-bye."

The brightest and best, though perhaps the least mirthful, time in the college year is commencement week. Many of the younger students are gone, already "scattered down the four wide ways"—gone rather heedlessly, for they will come again—but for those who stay the closing days are pleasant with a dearly bought fondness. "Engineering majors," bound for South Africa, who have little haunted the Quad and seldom sung Charlie Field's lyrics, pale law students grown grave in legal-mindedness, "English majors" with a journalistic turn and English majors without, worn school-teachers and confident neophytes, "medicals," chemists, graduates of every sort and degree, all find that the College

of the Quad has grown into a place in their hearts, though they may not have known it until it came time to tear it out. But alma mater has been an exacting, if a gentle, guardian for them all, and with a courage born of their training and discipline they leave, the cheering chorus of an old song coming back to their minds—

"For the world can't lose a Stanford man,
Nor down the Stanford spirit."

"The Mother sits beside the Bay,
The Bay goes down to wed the sea;
And gone are ye on every tide
Wherever men and waters be."

Palo Alto, Cal.

UPSPRINGING WATERS.

By ISABEL DARLING.

LONG have I groped in the heart of the earth,
Strong with desire!
Open, ye mountain, all hoary with years!
Wide-reaching skies, ever barren of tears,
Show me the lands that are wasting with dearth!
Hear me, O Man, for I laugh at your fears;
Guide me to valleys that yearn to produce,
Teach me the joy of upspringing for use!

Who shall deny me as, higher and higher,
I leap in the fury of freedom from chains
And foam at a touch of the world and its pains,
Liquidized fire!

Lead, I command, lest I sear as I sweep
Over the plain, when deep calls unto deep!
Hearing, I answer, and, mad with desire
Unsatisfied, rush to the sea with my pain—
Then creep to the heart of the earth yet again,
Liquidized fire.

Lead to the Edens unpeopled, unknown!
These be the widowed, the childless and lone;
These shall be mine, the unformed shall have breath.
Yea, though I wander through valleys of death
Seeking my own, I shall find, and again
Eden shall bloom for the children of men.

Diamond, Cal.

THE MUSTERING OF THE HERDS.

By CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M. D. ("OHIYESA").



HINPOHA, the young bison-mother, threw back her head and listened nervously to the deep gathering-call of the herds. She stood over her new-born baby in a hidden nook upon the Shaeyela river, that flows through the Land of Mystery—the "Bad Lands" of the Dakotas.

No one was there to see except two magpies which were loitering in the neighborhood, apparently waiting for the mother to go away that they might tease the helpless infant.

Tenderly she licked the moist hair of her dear one's coat, while the beautiful black-and-white bird with the long tail talked to his mate of mischief and plunder. Then the mother gently poked and pushed her little one, persuading her to get up and try her tiny soft-soled feet. It was evident that she was not a common bison-calf. Her color was not reddish brown, but a soft, creamy white like that of a sheep—the color of royalty!

She toddled about unsteadily upon the thick mat of buffalo-grass. As she learned to walk, step by step, the young mother followed her with anxious eyes. Presently the little creature made a feeble attempt at running. She lifted up her wooly tail, elevated a pair of transparent, leaf-like ears, and skipped awkwardly around her mother, who never took her black limpid eyes from her wonderful first-born.

"Moo! Moo!" again Hinpoha heard the impatient gathering-call. Hastily she pushed her baby with caressing nose into an old buffalo-wallow overhung with tall grass, making a little cosy nest. The drooping grass, like the robe of the Indian, concealed the little calf completely.

"You must stay there," she signed. "Do not open your eyes to any stranger. Do not move at all!"

Hinpoha trotted northward, following the ravine in which she had hidden her calf. No sooner had she disappeared from sight than those old plunderers, Magpie and his mate, swooped down from the lone willow, and perched lightly upon the edge of the buffalo-wallow. They saw and heard nothing. They looked at one another in surprise. "Ka, ka, ka," they talked together, wondering what had become of the baby bison.

Up the long ascent Hinpoha ran, until she reached a point from which she could command the valley and the place where she had hidden away her treasure. Her watchful eyes ranged round the horizon and swept the surrounding country. There

was not a wolf there, she thought. She could see the solitary tree that marked the spot. Beyond, the rough ridges and occasional buttes were studded with pines and cedars, while the white pillars and towers of the Bad Lands rose grandly in the distance.

As she went on to rejoin her herd upon the plains of the Shaeyela, she beheld upon the flats the bison-women gathered in great black masses, while on either side of them the buffalo-men roamed in small groups, or singly, like walking pine-trees. Shaeyela had never looked more lovely than on that morning in early spring—a warm bluish haze brooding over it—the big ungainly cottonwoods, their branches knotted and gnarled like naked limbs of old men, guarding the thin silver line of the river.

Hinpoha ran swiftly down the last descent, now and then pausing for a moment to announce her coming. Ordinarily she would have returned to her people quietly and unnoticed, but she was excited by the unexpected summons and moved to reply. As she entered the valley, she saw other buffalo-women returning from their spring nurseries in the gulches, giving their responses as they came. There was an undertone murmur throughout the great concourse. All seemed to be moving toward the edge of the belt of timber that clothed the river banks. They passed through a scattered growth of grey-green buffalo-berry bushes.

By the signs of the buffalo-women and the sound of their lowings, Hinpoha knew that this was a funeral gathering. She hastened on with mingled curiosity and anxiety. Within a circle of the thorny buffalo-berry trees, under a shivering poplar, lay the lifeless form of Ptesanwee—the white buffalo-cow—the old Queen of the Shaeyela herd!

Here all the dusky women of the plains had gathered to pay their last respects to their dead leader. Hinpoha pushed her way into the midst of the throng for a parting look. She joined in the wailing of the bison-women, and the noise of their mourning echoed like distant thunder from the opposite cliffs of the Shaeyela!

No bull-buffalo was allowed to come near while the women hovered about the dead leader. When they had to return to their nurseries at last, the buffalo men approached in great numbers. The sound of their mourning was great. They tore up the sod with their hoofs, as they wailed loudly for the dead.

The sun hovered over the western hills ere the gathering dispersed. The dead was left to the silent night to cover, and the lonely poplar sang a soft funeral song over her.

Hinpoha found her baby fast asleep, when she reached her nursery upon Willow creek. The little creature was fed, and played about her mother as she grazed in the quiet valley, where none might see the cradle of their future Queen.

At the next midday, Hinpoha saw many of the bison-people fleeing by her secret camp. She at once suspected the neighborhood of the Red hunters. "I shall go away, so that they will not find my teepee and my baby," she said to herself. Accordingly she came out and followed the trail of the fugitives, in order to deceive the wild men; but at night she returned to her nursery.

Upon the Shaeyela river, below the camp of the buffalo-people, the Indians were likewise encamped in great numbers. Spring was here at last, and nearly all of the snow had gone, even from the gulches and deep ravines.

A joyous hunting-song pealed forth loudly from the council-lodge of the "Two Kettle" band. The great drum beat a prelude to the announcement heralded throughout the camp.

"Hear ye, hear ye, warriors! The game-scout has come back with the news that the south fork of the Shaeyela is full of the buffalo-people! It is the will of the council that the young men should now make the great spring hunt of the bison. Fill your quivers with good arrows! Try your bows! Heya, heya, ha-a-a-!" Thus the herald circled the large encampment.

"Woo! woo!" came from the council-lodge—a soldier-call, for the young men to saddle up. At the same time, the familiar drum-beat was again heard. The old men, the council-men, were now left alone to perform those ceremonies which were held to insure good hunting.

The long-stemmed pipe was reverently lifted from the sacred ground which is its resting-place. The chief medicine-man, old Buffalo Ghost, took it in his sinewy hands, with the mouth-piece foremost. He held it toward heaven, then to the earth, and gave the "spirit talk." Having ended, he lighted the pipe and passed it around the circle from left to right. Again one struck the drum and sang in a high minor key. All joined in the refrain, and two got up and danced around the fire. This was done to call the spirit of the bison, and charm them into a happy departure for the spirit land.

Meantime, the young warriors had mounted their trained buffalo-ponies, and with a great crowd on foot were moving up the valley of the Shaeyela. From every divide they surveyed the country ahead, hoping to find the buffalo in great numbers and to take them unawares. The chief hunter ascended a hill in advance of the others. "Woo!" he called, and waved his right hand with the assurance of a successful hunt.

The warriors prepared for the charge just as they would prepare for an attack upon the enemy. All preliminary orders were given. The men were lined out on three sides, driving the herd toward the river. When the signal was given, ponies and men sped forwards with loosened hair and flying lariats. The buffalo were driven toward the river; but some refused to run, while many more broke through the attacking lines and fled across the Shaeyela and into the woods. There were some who stood their ground and formed an outward-facing circle around the low little grave, hung with buffalo berries. To this group many hunters came, yelling and singing.

"Hanta, hanta yo!" the leader cautioned vainly. The first man who ventured near the menacing circle was instantly tossed upon the horns of an immense bull. He lay motionless where he fell.

Now the angry bison were let alone for the time, while the hunters withdrew to a near-by hill for consultation. The signal of distress had been given, and soon the ridges were black with riders. The unfortunate hunter and his horse lay dead upon the plain.

"It is not the custom of the buffalo-people to fight thus! They have been known to form a ring to defend themselves against wolves, but against man—never!" declared the game leader. "It is a sign of which we ought to discover the meaning."

"You have heard their lowing," remarked another. It is their habit to mourn thus when they discover one of their number lying dead!"

Suddenly the buffalo-women started away in single file, the bulls following; and walking slowly, without molestation from any, they all disappeared in the direction taken by the fleeing herd. The hunters now eagerly advanced to the spot where the white bison cow lay dead—the Queen of the buffalo-people! The strange action of her followers was explained. Every warrior approached the place as if treading upon hallowed ground. They tied or hobbled their ponies at some distance, and all came with tobacco or arrows in their hands. They reverently addressed the dead cow, and placed the tobacco gently around her for an offering. Thus strangely ended the first Spring hunt of that year upon the Shaeyela, the ancient home of the buffalo-people, where always the buffalo woman-chief, the white cow, is seen—the most sacred and honored animal among the Sioux!

The grass of the Bad Lands region was now spread in fresh green, all beaded and porcupined with the early crocuses. The young Queen was well grown for her age, and could run as well as her mother for a mile or two. Along Willow Creek she had been made to try her speed many times daily.

"Come!" the mother signed to her one bright May day, and they both set out for the forks of the Shaeyela, where once more the buffalo-people were assembled by thousands. Many of the mothers had already taken their children back to the herd. As Hinpoha passed the lone bulls, who are wont to wander away from the rest for undisturbed feeding, they all turned to gaze at her and her strange daughter. Each gave her sonorous greeting, and some even followed after at a distance in wonder and admiration.

When they reached a small group of buffalo-women, there was much commotion. One of the other mothers came forward to challenge Hinpoha to a friendly contest, while the rest formed a ring around them, evidently admiring the little calf. The black eyes and hoofs, setting off her creamy whiteness, gave her a singularly picturesque appearance.

After the friendly tussle, the mother and daughter continued on their journey to the forks of the Shaeyela. As they passed more and more of their people, the "Moo" was given continuously, announcing the coming of the new Queen of the tribe. When they arrived at the place of meeting, the excitement was great. Everywhere buffalo-people were running toward them to greet them. The little folks ran up full of curiosity, turned large eyes and ears on the stranger, and then fled away with uplifted tail. The big, shaggy-haired old men came, too, and regarded her gravely. Hinpoha was proud of her conspicuous position; yet it was a trying reception, for every kind female caller felt obligated to offer her a friendly trial of strength. At such times the little calf watched her mother with excited interest.

The day was warm, the air soft and summer-like. Whenever there is a great gathering of the bison, there are many contests and dances. So it was on this occasion. It was their festival time, and the rumble of their voices was heard by the other tribes of the prairie a great way off.

Again the herald's song pealed forth upon the sunshiny stillness of a May morning. Every ear was turned to catch the expected announcement of the wise men.

"Ye soldier hunters," was the summons, "come home to the teyoteepeel!" Many of the warriors, wrapped in their robes, walked slowly toward the council lodge in the middle of the Indian encampment.

"Hear ye, men and warriors!" exclaimed the chief of the teyoteepeel, when all were together. "Our game scout has returned with the word that upon the forks of the Shaeyela the buffalo-people are holding their summer gathering. Furthermore, he

says that he saw a young buffalo chief-woman—a white calf! In the morning all the hunters are commanded to make an attack upon the herd. If it be possible, we shall capture the little Queen!

"Hear ye, hear ye! We shall dance the great buffalo-dance tonight! The Great Mystery is good to us! Few men are so favored as to see the Queen of the buffalo people even once in a life-time!"

"Eyuha nahon po!" he continued. "Hearken to the legend that is told by the old men! The buffalo chief-woman is the noblest of all animals—the most beloved of her people! Where she is, there is the greatest gathering of her tribe—there is plenty for the Indian! They who see her shall be fortunate in hunting and in war. If she be captured, the people who take her need never go hungry! When the bison is scarce, the exhibition of her robe in the buffalo-dance will bring back many to the neighborhood.

"Tomorrow we will make a great hunt. Be strong of heart, for her people will not flee as is their wont, but will fight for her!"

"Ho, ho! Hi, hi!" replied all the warriors.

The buffalo were now holding their summer feasts and dances upon the Shaeyela river—the tricky Shaeyela, who, like her sister the Big Muddy, tears up her banks madly every Spring freshet, thus changing her bed continually. The little hills define it abruptly, and the tributary creeks are indicated by a few dwarf pines and cedars, peeping forth like bears from the gulches. Upon the horizon the Bad Lands stand out in bold relief, their ruined pyramids and columns bespeaking the power of the Great Mystery.

Here at the forks the poplar trees and buffalo-berry bushes glistened in fresh foliage, and the deep-yellow flowers of the wild bull-currant exhaled their musky odor. There was a wide green plain for the buffalo people to summer in, and many had come to see their baby Queen; for the white bison was always found in the midst of the greatest gathering of her people. No chief buffalo-woman was ever seen with a little band!

The morning was good; the sun wore a broad smile; and his children upon the Shaeyela river, both bison and wild men, were happy in their own fashion. The little fires were sportively burning outside of each teepee, where the morning meal had been prepared. It had been decreed by the council that the warriors should paint after the custom of warfare, when they attacked the buffalo chief-woman and her people upon the forks of the Shaeyela.

Upon the slope of a long ridge, the hunters gathered. Their

dusky faces and naked bodies were extravagantly painted; their locks fantastically dressed; even the ponies were decorated. Upon the green plain below, the bison were quietly grazing; and in the very center of the host the little Queen frisked about her mother. It was fully four arrow-flights distant from the outer edge of the throng, and sentinel bulls were posted still further out, in precaution for her safety.

The Indians overlooking the immense herd had already pointed out the white calf in awe-struck whispers. To them she looked like an earth-visiting spirit in her mysterious whiteness. There were several thousand pairs of horns against their few hundred warriors; yet they knew that if they should succeed in capturing this treasure, the story would be told of them for generations to come. It was sufficient honor for the risk of a brave man's life!

"Hukahay—hukahay!" came the signal. Down the slope they sped to the attack with all the spirit and intrepidity of the grey wolf. "Woo! woo!" came from every throat in a hoarse shout. The earth under their ponies' feet fairly trembled.

The buffalo sentinels instantly gave the alarm and started back to the main body. A cloud of dust arose toward the sun as the mighty gathering was set in motion. Deadly arrows flew like winged things, and the beating of thousands of hoofs made a noise like thunder! Yet the buffalo-people would not break the circle around the white calf, and for many minutes no hunter could penetrate it.

At last old Zuya, a warrior of note, came swiftly to the front upon his war-steed. He held high above his head a blazing torch, and the panic-stricken bison fled before him in every direction. Close behind came Zuya's young son, Unspeshnee, with a long lariat coiled in his hand, and the two followed hard upon the fleeing buffalo-people.

"Wa—wa—wa—wa!" came forth from hundreds of throats, like the rolling of many stones upon new ice. "Unspeshnee, Unspeshnee has lassoed the buffalo chief-woman!"

Amidst a great gathering of curious people stood the white calf, wailing continually, and a solemn rejoicing pervaded the camp of the hunters. Already the ceremonies were in progress to celebrate this event.

"It is the will of the Great Mystery," said they, "to recall the spirit of the white chief. We shall preserve her robe, the token of plenty and good fortune. We shall never be hungry henceforth for the flesh of her nation! This robe shall be handed down from generation to generation, and wherever it is found there shall be abundance of meat for the Indian!"

THE FEDERAL'S OWN.

By EVELYN HUNTINGTON.



JUST what have you got against me taking holt of the Fedry Lone this winter, Ma?" asked Horatio Wilson, dragging at the baby by its skirts as it scuttled in a queer sidewise fashion across the uneven floor of the porch. All unmindful of its struggles to escape him, he drew it up into his lap and sat with both long arms coiled closely about it while he eyed his mother argumentatively. His hat was pushed back for the sake of coolness, and showed his keen, dark face, with straight, frowning brows above the rather mild blue eyes.

The baby, a little dark copy of himself, looked up at him for a moment, as if to protest against the sudden stopping of its journey toward the ever-alluring steps, down which it was wont to back itself with infinite caution whenever its grandmother's head was turned. Then with a resigned sigh it cuddled closely against his broad breast, and, with a look curiously like that of its father, stared at the little old woman. With monotonous precision, Mrs. Wilson went on starching and rinsing the few remaining pieces in the tub. They were mostly small pink and blue gingham slips, ridiculously overtrimmed, with white crochet work on all their edges. She shook them out, with a scornful look at the gay trimming as she placed them one by one in the basket at her side. At last she spoke in a voice of mingled reproach and anxiety.

"I dunno as what I say'll have one bit of weight with ye, Raish," she said. "Louie's got ye so set on taking the Fedry Lone, I might's well keep my mouth shut an' save my breath—the Lord knows I ain't got any to spare sense I had that ketch in my side last winter. But what I argy is this: The Fedry Lone is a treacherous mine an' Markham knows it. The banks are too high to be safe, now they've washed so far into the hill, an' that's where the pay-streak runs. Markham's always wanted to lease it on shares sense the Chinamen was killed last year when that cave ran out and ketched 'em. It's a reasonable good payin' mine—I'll say that much for it. Yer pa always give it a good name for that whilst he were alive. But he always told me it warn't safe. Markham won't resk his own neck in it, but he'll let you resk your'n an' pay him most of the profits ye get. Who'd go in with ye in such a mine, I'd like to know, unless it was some daredevil like Pete Larson?"

"Well, you've made a good guess, Ma," said Raish patiently.

"Pete will go in with me on shares, and so will Old Bob, an' you know there ain't two better miners on this whole divide."

"Yes, they're good enough miners," she assented. "But that won't make it any safer for you, pent up in that mine, that's just a big deep hole in the ground and no escape any where as I can see if ye had trouble. Even that old soldier as first discovered it an' give it that queer name, he hadn't never had no kind of luck with it. Ye're all I've got left, Raish, an' I just want ye to be keerful. Couldn't ye try ground-sluicin' awhile until something else turns up? And whatever you think Louie would do without ye, if anything happened, I don't know, for a more helpless critter than she is, never walked this earth—if she is your wifel!" she concluded, as she turned again to her tub.

A look of pain crept into Raish's mild blue eyes at the mention of Louie's name, soon to be followed by one grown almost habitual—a look of unrest and uncertainty. He sighed heavily.

"Don't let's get to harpin' on that old saw, Mother," he sharply said. "I've got to get at somethin' pretty quick. You know I've been laid up all summer with my broken arm, just fiddling along with the Doc warning me all the time to watch out if I wanted it to be as good as the other one again. Well, it's all right now, but here I am—ain't even got my winter's wood in. It's the only chance I see now to make anything, and Louie, she wants, she says—"

He broke off abruptly and looked down at the baby nodding in his arms. The ceaseless fret of family disagreements weighed heavily upon him. He felt a perpetual re-adjustment of himself to it as to the pressure of some heavy burden.

"Yes, 'Louie says!'" repeated his mother bitterly. "She says for us to take this chance, no matter what danger it runs ye into—just so we get plenty of money for her to spend on finery. She don't do a thing now but that crochet work, a-settin' dawdlin' out on the front porch, hailing everybody as goes by, whilst the babe crawls in the mud out here. He just loves the water, and I can't empty out a bit of rinsings but he's scufflin' through the dirt to get to it. Much she cares, if only that giggling Stella Ash, or Pete Larson, or some of them teamster fellows, is out there gassin' with her. I don't want to stir up no trouble between ye, Raish," she went on tremulously, glancing earnestly at him over the edge of the tub, as she soaped a heavy flannel sleeve, "but if I was you, I'd send that Pete Larson off with a flea in his ear. He comes round here more than you think, and he sets there on that front gate, creakin', creakin' back and forth—talkin' and laughin' till I'm plumb wore out with

it. I declare some times I can't stand it another minute, and I've just kerried Babe out there all covered with mud an' plumped him down in her lap, an' she's had to come in an' wash him fer shame's sake."

Raish's strong, white teeth were set an imperceptible moment, while he clutched tighter the small, limp bundle in his arms. He stared at his mother with a strained, startled look. Then the vague touch of Babe's small, brown hand on his neck brought strength and reassurance and the cloud of doubts and fears that his mother's words had conjured up fled away like mist before that weak, soft caress.

"Aw, shucks, Mother!" he reassuringly said. "Ye air bor-rowin' trouble now, sure. Why, Pete's my best friend an' always has been. Him an' me has stuck to each other ever sense we was kids, an' I never saw anything about him as wasn't square. And he ain't never found no fault with me—leastways, if he has, he hain't never taxed me with it—and Louie," he went on warmly, "she's nothin' but a child yet, herself. You ain't quite fair to her, Ma. She just loves to laugh an' joke, an' because you and me don't keer so much for it, let's not get too hard on her. She hain't had nobody to teach her much, and I reckon she'll learn a heap of sense from you, Ma, as she gets older, for I will say you got more common-sense than any other two women on this divide," he went on, with a forlorn attempt at propitiation. "An' what you so down on her crochet work for, Ma? She gets lots of comfort outen it, and she does it pretty well—don't you think?" A flashing smile lit up his handsome, dark face, as he nodded toward the elaborately trimmed muslin curtains of the best room.

"Well," sniffed old Mrs. Wilson, picking up her basket of wet clothes and carrying it out to the line in the yard, "I hain't no word to say against a girl crocheting when the work's done and Babe, there, is asleep; but to be at it all the time and a-gal-livantin' off with it somewheres when there's washin' going on and a baby to tend—well, it beats my time, that's all," she concluded, pinning a piece of the despised crochet work firmly on the line.

Now that his mother's back was turned, Raish drew himself together as if for a final effort. He did not attempt further to defend the absent Louie, who had gone some hours before, "after yeast," as she briefly put it, to the next house, half a mile up the divide. His mother shook out and pinned the small, fluttering garments with a deftness and precision grown of long practice. Words failed her with which to lay before Raish the sum of Louie's enormities, and she was silent under the stress of her bitter thoughts.

As Raish rose to his feet, from his great height he looked down at his mother's bent little figure. The baby in his arms, disturbed by the motion, stirred uneasily, and he stood rocking it to and fro and caressing it softly as if to gather courage from the gentle contact.

"I guess I may's well out with it, Ma," he said at last. "I signed with Markham for a year's lease of the Fedry Lone this morning, and I mean to get to work as soon as I can—Monday, I guess. Water is plenty this summer, and Markham is anxious to have somethin' coming out of the mine, so there's nothing to prevent my takin' holt."

"No," said his mother, heavily, clutching the line with both her wrinkled hands. "They ain't nothin' to prevent ye." Straining her eyes, she could see above the tree-tops the gaunt, brown cliffs of the "Federal's Own" looming up to the blue sky. A swift pain contracted her heart, and she laid her hand against her breast as she looked away to those stark and frowning heights which seemed to stare menacingly down upon her. "No, they ain't nothin' to prevent ye," she tremulously reiterated.

Pete Larson stopped as usual at the gate of the Wilson cabin, on his way to his night's work at the Federal's Own, and Louie smiled coquettishly down at him from her seat on the top step, a radiant vision in fresh pink calico. She held a bit of her favorite work in her hands and her needle was flying swiftly in and out of the white web.

The porch, shaded by hops and madeira vines, looked cool and inviting, and Pete, setting his tin lunch pail inside the gate, ran up the steps and took his station beside her.

"Where's Raish?" he asked, watching the bright flush come and go on her cheek.

"He's gone up to the Greenhorn blacksmith shop to get some picks sharpened," said Louie, dimpling and smiling at him under her long, brown lashes. "I'm expecting him all the time. He's been gone ever since supper. Why, what did you want of him?" she asked.

The late summer sun had set in a cloud of reddish gold that foretold another warm day. A last slanting ray shed a passing glory on Pete's bronze curls and gay, young face.

"Old Bob, he's just come down from the mine. He left Mike to tend pipe and hurried down to tell me he's feared the cave we're getting ready for tomorrow is going to be bigger than we expected. He's seen little chunks of dirt fall away off to one side, and that shows there's more earth loosening up than we want to bring down in that shut-in hole. But I guess it'll hold off till daylight if I manage right," Pete went on optimistically,

under the spell of Louie's soft, anxious eyes. "You must tell Raish to go up on the hill and look it over, and I guess we'll come out all right. Old Bob's gettin' dreadfully skeery these days—been drinking, I spose. Well, I've got to be moseying along up to the mine, so you just tell him, Louie."

He half rose, then sank back again to watch admiringly the swiftly flying fingers and down-dropped golden head.

"We had a good clean-up at the mine last month, didn't we?" he resumed after a short silence. "If the Fedry Lone just keeps up its lick, we're going to clear fifteen hundred apiece this winter. What do you think of that?"

"I bet you don't make any such money," jeered Louie, her eyes shining at the thought of so much wealth. "My sakes, what'll you do with it all?"

"Well, I know what I'll do with some of mine," hazarded Pete. "I'm going to lay out part of it to buy the prettiest blue cashmere dress in Nevada City for a present to ye, Louie—if we do as well as I said. I know we will, an' then we'll consider you've lost your bet an' you'll just owe me—why you'll owe me a kiss, Louie. Say, won't you?" Pete urged, his brown cheek and laughing blue eyes dangerously close to Louie's downcast face.

She wrought a few stitches to deliberate silence. "Maybe I will an' maybe I won't," she teasingly said. "I guess it'll have to be 'heads I win, tails you lose,' Pete, an' I don't reckon I will," she demurely ended.

"Won't you, then?" said Pete, crushing her hand with its bit of white lacework in his large grasp. "You just reckon to get your finery an' leave me out in the cold—I'll just have to make ye pay now—to—to make sure," and quick as a flash, before the better manhood that lay deep down within him could voice its protest, he put his arms around her in the gathering dusk and pressed a kiss on her shrinking face.

For a brief instant he held her—his best friend's dearest treasure. Then all the loyal honest heart of him uprose to clamor against it. His brown cheek paled and he flung away from her with a muttered apology, and, seizing his tin pail, he dashed up the path that led between the manzanitas to the Federal's Own.

A moment later, Raish, his load of sharpened picks on his shoulder, strode with set lips and gleaming eyes out of the shadow of the pines, from which he had been on the point of stepping when his eye caught sight of the pretty picture on the porch. He had paused a moment to rest and watch them, thinking with laughing contempt of his mother's fears. Then it seemed to him that a huge shape rose up in front of him and

dealt him a stunning blow. Pete had failed him, after all. He staggered out of the pines and a black mist seemed to surround and encompass him as he went.

Louie, stunned and ashamed, sat with her face in her hands and made no effort to meet the demanding, questioning anguish of his eyes. As he stood before her, the weight of centuries seemed slowly settling down upon him, withering all the youth and freshness from his face. Then all the outraged affection and wounded trust surged up again in his breaking heart. She looked so young, so helpless, sitting there—

"Never mind, Louie," he said, quite gently, raising her drooping face to gaze into her frightened eyes. "Pete was just a foolin', Deary; he don't mean no harm, but you best not humor him so much from this on. Just stay inside more with Ma an' Babe. Then you won't meet up with no more such troubles. Ye can kiss Babe all you want to, Louie," he mournfully went on, "and it won't bring ye no heartaches—like this."

He stood still a moment, steadfastly regarding her while she murmured with trembling lips something about the banks of the mine and Old Bob, but his aching brain refused to take it in. The savage—the primeval man, that demands death for the one that would rob him of his mate—woke from an age-long sleep and dominated him. He threw down the picks with a muttered oath, and, turning, went swiftly up the path to the mine. It was Pete he would find and deal with—his false friend, who, with his smooth tongue and pleasant, laughing ways, had taken advantage of his love and confidence to beguile from him his dearest and best.

There was another thought clamoring for recognition through all the confusion and disorder of his mind. What was it she had whispered about Old Bob, and the bank not being safe? Well, it never was safe, for that matter—but he thought he would go up and look at it and try to get rid of the deadly sinking at his heart that made him want to lie down under the bushes and sleep. But not yet—it was up there, his tired thoughts ran, up there on the bank that the manzanitas grew strong and gnarled. To cut a cudgel from one of these and creep down upon the unsuspecting Pete, to confront him and fell him with one blow—his reeling brain could hold no other picture.

He stood at last on the edge of the high bank above the mine and looked down into its curving radiant hollow. A great lantern turned its cyclopean eye warily toward the threatening heights, as if aware of their treacherous nature. A deep roar came up to him of water which, freed from its thralldom in

miles of iron pipes, was now tearing and rending at the base of the mighty cliffs.

Pete stood by the nozzle of the great hydraulic pipe, his hand on the lever. He was staring dreamily at the bank, a troubled look on his usually blithe young face. A deep crimson handkerchief knotted about his throat shone brightly in the lantern's glow. His hat was pushed back from his face, his curling hair lightly tossed by the wind of the rushing water. Now and then, with a practiced but dreamy eye, he turned to gaze at the lantern, or the ground sluice running bank-full of muddy water. His troubled thoughts were far away.

Suddenly the panting, stumbling form of Raish appeared on the rise of earth behind him, and dashed into the hollow—hatless, with white teeth gleaming wolfishly between his drawn lips, his breath a gasping sob.

"Pete, you idiot, get out of this, or I'll knock your blamed head off!" he gasped out, as he jerked the handle of the nozzle from the unresisting hand of the astonished Pete, and essayed with all his mighty strength to turn the water from the bank and out upon the rocks. There was still a chance, if only the water could be drained from the foot of the bank, that the earth in falling would not be carried out far enough to overwhelm them.

"You get out yourself, Raish," said Pete stubbornly, his eyes falling before Raish's stormy face. "This is my shift and I mean to stand it out. What's the matter? Is it the cave?" He looked apprehensively at the frowning gray masses towering above them. Then he faced Raish again, the dark red color slowly creeping over his tanned cheek. "Did—did Louie tell ye?" he muttered. "Louie's all right, Raish," he continued, laying his brown hand an instant on Raish's straining arm. "It were jest my—my plumb foolishness—seems like I dunno how to act lately; I dunno what in thunder's the matter with me." His lips twitched and trembled and a short, deep sob tore his throat.

Raish bore with all his force against the lever. It took all his great strength to keep the water from turning back to its accustomed work of harrying and rending its sullen prey.

"Get out," he growled between his labored breaths. "There's no time to talk now. The whole front of the bank is coming down on top of us. You leave now, or I'll take a pick to you!"

"I won't, without you!" said Pete violently. He dragged at Raish's arm with frantic fingers. "Come on, Raish," he urged, "come on out of this hole!"

But Raish looked down at him without stirring, the great muscles of his arm stiffening under Pete's grasp as he clutched the lever tighter.

"I'll see this through," he said briefly. "You clear out and turn off the water. I know more about this, and there's no use of two staying."

A soft dull sound smote upon their ears as the great mass, settling, tearing itself free, came crushing down upon them. Pete, flying at last up the slope through water and wet earth that clung about his knees and reached out on all sides of him, looked back and saw Raish still watching him, with a world of love and anguish in his face. Then the whole mountain side seemed to be loosened, and swooped down. The great hydraulic pipe reared and plunged in the engulfing mass, and Raish was lost to sight in the surging sweep of earth and water.

Oakland, Cal.

THE PLANT OF THE ALDEN COMPANY.

By JESSIE THOMAS AITKEN.



ONE of the pleasantest bits of my vacation was the day I spent with the Alden girls. We had not seen each other for years and there was much to talk about, but at last I realized that I and my affairs had formed the topic of conversation for an unconscionable time.

"Girls," I said, "tell me how you did it all."

We were on the vine-shaped porch at the time, and the "all" meant not so much the pleasant garden and lawn as the glass houses and the great beds of gladioli and roses and a curious-looking reedy place that lay before me. There were other things too included in the "all," but on the surface I meant "The Plant of the Alden Company," as the girls called it.

Edith laughed. "There isn't much to tell, Janet, but you shall have it.

"We had the land, we saw the need, and we worked. When father died, he left us this place and a little beside, but—well—something had to be done. Given, an invalid brother, a gentle, delicate little mother, and two frail girls. To be found, a comfortable, happy life for them all. That was the problem to be solved.

"I could not teach; in fact, there was absolutely nothing I could do well enough to be paid for it; and Marion was too young, even had she had the necessary strength or qualifications. We had this house and its three acres of ground; none of it except just the garden about the house under cultivation, and we had ten pounds of poppy-seed that I had gathered and cured.

"No, we didn't go to raising poppies. That would have been useless, for we couldn't even sell the seed. The suggestion for its use came from mother, as have most of our inspirations." And Edith turned to pat the gray head beside her lovingly.

"I had tried to get rid of that seed but all to no purpose, and I was heartily sick of it and much regretted the time I had spent over it, when mother said, 'Why not write to some Eastern florist and see if he will not take it in exchange for rose-plants? We haven't many and the garden would be that much prettier.'

"I did so, and an Eastern rose grower sent me about fifty plants of his own selection in exchange. Then the same thought struck us all—'Let us grow roses for market.'

"It seemed almost too stupendous an undertaking. We were neither of us strong; we had neither capital nor influence and knew nothing, scientifically, about the growing of flowers. But we loved flowers, we loved all out-doors, and we had latent in us a good stock of Yankee gumption and grit; so we went to work.

"For a year or two we proved most satisfactorily that 'we learn to do by doing,' and we parodied Longfellow into 'Our mistakes of yesterday are the blocks with which we build. But we worked! Oh, how we worked!

"At first our trade was mostly local and among our friends, and we grew only out-of-door roses. We did so well with them that we began to think of forcing-houses. Early in the fray I had improvised a 'house' out of a soap-box, a window-sash and four rose cuttings. One of them grew! But now we had digged and delved and blundered and stumbled for two years, and at last felt solid ground under our feet.

"We decided to force roses for the holidays, and, by careful figuring and not a little doing-without, we managed to build a house 20x50 feet. Then a piece of good fortune was ours. A good friend gave us the glass, putty, paint, etc., so the very next year we were able to put up a sixty-foot house.

"We had confined ourselves closely to one rose, *La France*, which at that time was the 'Society' rose, though we also grew ferns, violets and white hyacinths. We found a ready market in the near-by city, and either Marion or I crossed the Bay each morning with the great baskets of fragrance. Now"—with a proud little bow—"Now we send a wagon.

"So we worked on, building a new house when we could, investing in a little new stock each year until we came face to face with the water question. The place was supplied with city water, but we needed much more for less money. What to do we didn't know. Father had tried many times to get water but at last had given it up as hopeless. Finally we heard of a 'water-

witch,' an old Swiss who lived up in the hills and who could locate water.—Oh yes, laugh if you like, every one else did, but Marion and I laughed last.

"In spite of the jeers of our friends, we engaged him to come. Breaking a forked willow-wand from that tree yonder, he walked slowly around the line fence, Marion and I following. Suddenly that willow switch began to turn. We seized his hands and held firmly, exerting all our strength, but that switch turned and twisted and bent and writhed until it pointed straight down. There we drove our stake and the next morning we had the borers there.

"For three weeks we hardly ate or slept and our friends considerably forbore to say 'I told you so!' And then, one day, when the well was down two hundred feet, the water came with a rush and stood, as it still stands, a hundred feet in the well.

"We sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*! What did it not mean to us! Visions of ferns and orchids and the wonderful Nile lotus! Why our water dreams rivalled those of the far-famed hasheesh. At last we settled down to prose. The first thing to do was to bring more land under cultivation, and to do that we must spend more money. For we must have carts, another horse, a regular man, and we must work even harder.

"Well, we did it! Now our plant is something like this: some 20,000 rose bushes, 50,000 to 60,000 bulbs of various kinds, 10,000 square feet of glass, heated by steam, our own water supply and pumping engines, three horses, wagons, carts, a buggy, and the necessary ploughs, cultivators, etc. And we employ two men and a girl in the house.

"We have a regular Flower Calendar. Roses are still our specialty, with bulbs as an accessory. The Rose Crop begins October first. The Freesias and American Iris are ready for Christmas, and Daffodils and Flowering Shrubs for early Spring. The magnificent Ulrich Bruner Rose comes in April and May. If we didn't dine with President Roosevelt, our roses did; for we supplied 250 dozen of that one variety for his entertainment here last Spring. We call it the President's Rose now, and as we find it grows better in the open air than in the forcing-houses why shouldn't it be dedicated to our out-of-door President? Then we have the Crimson Rambler, the Bride and Bridesmaid Roses, and, through April, May and June, a wedding or a function not graced by flowers from the Alden Company is not the real, real thing.

"In June comes our wonderful Japanese Iris. It is a beautiful velvety flower that we imported from Japan two years ago. We

had to make a swamp for it—that is that queer, cat-tailly-looking place over there—and we wear rubber boots when we gather it.

“July and August are quiet. Society flits to mountain and seaside. We re-plant our houses, almost discard our denims and wear out pretty gowns daytimes as well as evenings. We read and rest and visit. We ‘Loaf and invite our souls,’ but really, we have found that the soul comes fully as eagerly to the invitation from the worker as from the loafer.

“September first finds us ready to cut and market the great crop of Hybrid Gladioli which we have imported from all over the world, pretty much, and which blossom when all other flowers are scarce. And then the round begins again, this year with the American Beauty Rose which we are forcing for the holiday trade.”

This, so far, is the story of “The Plant of the Alden Company.” The garden is beautiful and the home life is lovely. The gentle mother is happy and content in having her girls at home with her, and rests serene in the knowledge that the last days of the beloved son were spent among the beautiful flowers and in the bright out-door life so necessary to his happiness. As for the girls, I looked at them in amazement! Marion, I remembered as a white little thing with crutches; Edith, as a nervous, delicate slip of a girl. Now, rosy, bright, clear-eyed, alert to catch and hold the best in man and nature. No crutches, no pallor, not a nerve in sight! Had the garden done it all?

“Indeed it has,” said Edith, “We are busy, we never have a dull moment. We work hard—and it isn’t all ‘beer and skittles’ either. Get up at five o’clock most mornings, have your pipes burst at midnight in January (even in California that is not exactly a tropical moment), have the red spider get into your roses! Oh, more things can happen to a florist than are dreamed of in your experience, oh, school-ma’am! It is work, hard work, but it pays in health and strength and happiness as well as in the almighty dollar.”

Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

IRIS



A TIMELY RESCUE.

By N. F. CADMAN.



BEHIND an ambuscade of weighty tomes flanking three sides of the study table, Professor Paul Guilder sat in safety while his pencil covered numberless sheets of paper with inscrutable notes. His young wife, having exhausted a small fire of entreaty which he had dodged by laughing evasions, now endangered the outer bastion, built up of works of paleontology, by lightly leaning against it while she fastened hat-pins through a not-too-eclipsing garden-hat, drew on a pair of heavy gauntlets, and picked up a basket containing shears, trowel and twine. The morning called the little lady, and she started at last to go out among its glories, but stopped, frowning slightly, to adjust a window-shade lest there be too much light on the note sheets. She wondered if it could really be the same sunlight that had poured itself out on the morning of the eozoic period.

At her movement Professor Guilder raised his head and bestowed upon his wife a far-away look as if unable to separate her identity from that of the trilobites of the Upper Primordial, they being the present object of his pursuit through many elusive records.

"Let me tell you, Grace," he said, "that if you would read this little treatise on the Lower Silurian, or this on recent discoveries of fossils in massive apatite, your interest in the themes would preclude the possibility of your requiring lighter occupation. They are remarkable—very!" At the last word he descended again to the dry ooze of a past so remote that his wife's reply fell on unheeding ears.

"If you would do a little more delving in the adobe of the present it would improve our garden, here on the very top of Laurel Heights, and it might—give more zest to both our appetites." Hurrying from the room, she closed the study door and murmured to its unresponsive woodenness, "He ought never to have had a wife." Solace waited in the garden where riotous blooming in the California sunshine of March seemed to be the order. Standing a moment in the path, her gaze swept from the rolling foothills to the blue line of the Coast Range. How could a man, at such an hour, close his eyes to the marvels within reach for the sake of anything so musty as fossiliferous formations!

"Two years tomorrow!" she whispered to the fragrant depths of a "La France." "He'll never know from me what day it is!

"This place is a Paradise, but he—" A sense of failure saddened her, for the fascinations of scientific discovery, and the honors won thereby, seemed shutting her husband out from the simple pleasures of every day. The flowers would need to exert their utmost of perfume and color to bring back the girlish eagerness to her face.

The professor absently watched her from the vine-draped study window, as she went from one mass of blossoms to another, cutting dry or blighted flowers and dropping them into a basket on her arm. Before a very large and heavily branching lilac she paused and shook her head, unconscious of the picture she made as she lifted one drooping bough after another. Paul Guilder did not see the angry light in her eyes, or he might have brought his mind back from mouldering eons to the activities of the moment. He did have a fleeting idea that prehistoric man probably missed something of domestic happiness—but the Plesiosaurus beckoned with its unsightly paw, and he hastened to respond.

Mrs. Guilder studied the big lilac, which by this time should have been plumey with lavender pendants, heavy with their satisfying odor. Instead of that, she saw that every branch of buds put forth by her favorite tree had turned brown and sere. Even the green leaves were brown at the edges.

"Paul ought to come out here with a spade, where he could dig to some purpose. What you need, you dying beauty," pressing an abortive bloom to her cheek, "is to have this horrid adobe worked away from your roots and moist spongy loam packed around them. Then we'd see! Last year you were a glory—now you are a sight to weep over!" She glanced disdainfully at the study windows. Whimsical thoughts ran through her mind. It was not the garden only that was neglected. There were dainty meals left untasted, careful house appointments unnoticed, for the scientific mind was capable of such intense absorption! If she could rouse him to a realization of these perfect mornings! He was too young to become a fossil himself. A mirthless little laugh drifted through the lilac boughs. At the same instant her mind became imbued with a startling impulse. Would Paul miss her if she were not there? If she suddenly disappeared, would he come to some knowledge of his mistaken course?

The front gate clicked, and she greeted the newcomer with a cordial "Good morning, Professor Wilhelmi."

The gentleman's beaming face exhaled good nature. "And how is the young Frau Professorin? She is gardening? That is good! Is it that I may see Paul for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, Professor—he's in the study." She moved forward to lead the way, but the gentleman was in no hurry. He chatted

of the garden, Grace showing him one favorite after another, finding him a listener to her liking. Everything interested him and he gave her much good advice about her plants.

"This adobe is not easy to always manage," he told her. "It is full of richness, but it is often like too much plumcake for the little ones. You must learn how much of the heavy black earth your plants shall bear. Do I give you the component parts?" His blue eyes looked teasingly upon her through his glasses.

Grace laughed, delighted with his helpful sympathy. "I am your pupil, as in old times," she said happily. "Only tell me how to get the best results from my roses and carnations, and oh, what shall I do for my poor lilac?"

"Ach! That is bad!" Professor Wilhelmi pushed aside the heavy branches and was almost lost to view as he bent to examine the stricken tree. "I thought as much," he said as he emerged, brushing his coat-sleeves and speaking with decision. "Do you know what would be good for your lilac? A sharp little earthquake that would crack this tough soil away from the tortured roots. It is smothering them. And if one comes not in time, Paul shall make one with his spade. It would need a small explosion to break open that soil. You see, before men came to make their homes here, the earthquake visited these hills many times. I could show you fissures at a very small distance that would surprise you."

Grace, listened, half fearing a disquisition; but she resigned herself the more willingly, knowing him to be vitally interested in every-day affairs.

"But it is of earthquakes I came to talk with Paul," he went on. "There was a most peculiar one in Champerico last week. I have here an account of it," drawing a paper from his pocket.

Grace shivered slightly. "Please don't talk of temblors, Professor Wilhelmi," she implored. "I'm always so scared at the very lightest one, and—I've often heard that one is sure to occur if they are mentioned."

The professor laughed at her superstition, and advised her to remain in the garden while he and Paul discussed the terrifying subject.

She gaily assented. "Go right into the study, Professor. You will find Paul in a Mesozoic maze."

The gentleman had his foot on the front step, but turned at some tale-bearing note in her words and bestowed a searching glance on his former pupil's face. He read with ease the line or two of discontent which marred its brightness. When he greeted Paul in the study, there was something in his mind besides earthquakes. Had scientific absorption so early laid its

grasp on this handsome young husband? If so, he must speedily be jostled out of it. Science could better wait than the home love shining in the wife's eyes. Earnestness of Paul's sort made the seekers for truth exultant, but Paul Guilder must learn to give it second place for his own sake as well as that of the little lady in the garden.

Grace mused a few minutes beside her tree, as lonely as the last inhabitant. It was certain that the lilac must suffer no longer, and since Paul would not believe it to be in immediate danger, something must be done. A sudden smile restored the merry curve to her lips and she ran lightly to the tool-house. Professor Wilhelmi's suggestions coupled themselves with the impulse that had startled her when he opened the gate. She made several journeys to and fro, finding the implements of post-historic man very clumsy indeed. Worst of all was the pick, which she was compelled to use, after making no impression with the spade, though she stood up on it with both feet. Pressing on its blade with one small shoe had been less than useless. The shovel, too, had been used in vain; likewise the hoe, as well as a cruel-looking cold-chisel on which she had pounded valorously with an immense hammer. Hence the pick was the last resort, but it was the most exasperating of all. She tried it in many ways, finally sitting down under the tree and grasping the handle with both hands very close to the blades.

It took a long time; she had to rest frequently; but she labored manfully, paying little heed to the wear and tear of her dainty attire. On one point she was determined. There should be no need of an earthquake if her efforts were attended with success.

Hands and temper suffered most, and she said some sharp things to the hateful pick, after removing her gloves and ruefully regarding certain red marks on her pink palms.

Paul and his friend would have been edified had they watched her, though their equipoise might have been a little disturbed had they detected powder-horn and fuse lying against the tree.

They two, however, were deep in seismic records, and paid less heed to time than the weary little laborer out of doors. Professor Wilhelmi did not hold himself guiltless of the same subtle influence that threatened the peace of his younger colleague's home, but he counted his duty well done when he urged that every morning Paul should handle spade and rake among his wife's flowers.

Paul agreed with the alacrity of one whose mind is already far from the subject in hand, and the genial Professor, mentally patting himself on the shoulder, took his departure.

When left alone, Paul sat musing for a long time. It was all

very striking. He must look more deeply into the matter than he had ever thought of doing. Earthquakes, past and to come, must lay bare the secrets of the Paleozoic period and Science would stand aghast—

"That noise is a little thunderous," he said, pulling a heavy volume toward him on the table as a low rumble sounded through the air. He glanced around the room at window, ceiling and floor. The noise came apparently from all directions.

Plunging into the pages before him he was startled by a trembling under his feet. It rapidly increased, the windows rattled, the chandelier vibrated as if determined to cast itself down upon him, and, just as he jumped from his chair to make some observations of the atmosphere, the disturbance culminated in a rattling, reverberant crash and the study windows were suddenly darkened by some dark body falling against them. At the same instant a wild shriek greeted his now thoroughly awakened senses.

"Grace! Grace! Where are you? I'm coming!" he called, rushing frantically into the hall. The trembling continued, though less violent than at first, and he felt himself baffled at every step. The front door would not open and he nearly tore it from its frame before finding out that the night-latch was down. Out at last to the garden, calling as he ran, but no sign of his wife was to be seen. One glance at the study windows showed what had darkened them. The lilac, torn out by the roots, had been flung against the house-wall, dragging down a luxuriant passion-vine to hang like an awning over the glass. Paul did not stop to notice that the damage was confined to that one spot, but ran bare-headed to the nearest neighbors—there were but few on the hill—but Grace was not with any of them. They were all too much excited by the shaking to pay him special heed.

Thoroughly alarmed for his wife's safety, Paul Guilder hurriedly retraced his steps, trying to assure himself that she could not have left the house. Running into the hall he was suddenly checked by a chilling sense of loneliness. It oppressed him horribly for an instant, but he forced himself to go from room to room seeking the lost one. Everywhere he saw dainty touches that wrung his soul with their mute evidences of her skill and taste in beautifying the little home. He pulled open closet doors and tumbled boxes and trunks out of their places, his mind a mixed whirl of stories he vaguely recalled of frightened children hiding themselves, and a great dread lest he overlook some secret corner and leave his wife a twentieth century Lady Ginevra.

But no "spring lock lay in ambush" under Grace's careful

management. Sickening fears tortured him with wild conjecture. Where could she be? Was it her voice he had heard in the wild shriek when the crash came? He was literally at his wits' ends, fearing to move, yet finding inaction unbearable.

Down stairs again—out into the artistic little kitchen with its shining utensils and an accusing row of thrifty house-plants: but even the maid, whose name he shouted again and again, had disappeared, having fled before the earthquake, regardless of her duties.

Back once more through the empty rooms that sounded hollow to his tread, he snatched a cap from the rack in the hall and opened the front door to go out when he was recalled by a violent ringing of the telephone. Here was a clue at last!

"Hello! Who calls? What's that? You—Oh! *Wilhelmi*? Yes, fine earthquake, but where's—? Can't hear—strike your 'phone, there's something wrong. Earthquake again? Oh—Ha! Wife all right? Thank God! I'll be with you at once!" Throwing the receiver onto its hook, he went out of the door and down the street, the maddest, gladdest, most mistaken man on the Heights that morning.

He swung down the hill scarcely able to keep from shouting out his relief.

"Joy never feasts so high
As when the first course is misery!"

A most unpalatable course, indeed, and such as he hoped would not be served to him again. One thing was certain, he would spend more time with the dear girl and not quite so much with carboniferous crustaceans. The garden would become all that she could desire, and then—wouldn't it be fine to get Grace interested so that together they might tread the ancient floor of the world and read its mysteries! Doubtless they could bridge the gaps between the ages, could find link after link of the chain connecting the *Hydrosaurus* with—m—m—His rapid pace quickened with the momentum of his thoughts as he drew near Professor *Wilhelmi*'s gate. Perhaps Professor *Guilder* and his wife might together make discoveries that would place their names beneath those of *M. Curie* and his gifted lady, who were now holding the world spell-bound with the tremendous possibilities of radium.

"Here I am, Professor," he joyously exclaimed, meeting his friend's hand with a grasp that threatened paralysis of that gentleman's sensation. "What a shake we had!" referring to the temblor, not his greeting. "We must follow its course. Oscillation east and west, don't you think? If you have time now we'll discuss it a little, but first I'll speak to Grace. By the way, did she come down with you? Or—how was it?"

"You are asking of your wife, Guilder?" Professor Wilhelmi questioned with much dignity. "I have not seen her since I left her in your garden this morning. Is she not at home?" A shade of anxiety for he knew not what disaster crossed the kindly face.

Paul Guilder's eyes met his friend's without a particle of expression in them. His features were sharply defined as if suddenly set in stone.

"So will he look when life has gone out of him," was the professor's thought.

"The telephone—" Paul finally gasped out. "You said she was all right—"

"I asked you IF your wife was all right. I rang you up for that purpose. She had told me of her fear of earthquakes, and begged me not to talk of them lest one occur. Come, man." The Professor already had his hat on, and, taking Paul's arm, went back with him up the street to the hillside home.

The house still wore its look of loneliness that had so oppressed Paul when he first sought his wife, and he shuddered as they went from room to room, calling her name, noisily moving furniture and opening doors in the vain hope of hearing the sweet voice answer them. In the study Paul looked around like one dazed. Here he had last spoken with her and she had leaned against these worthless books while she tried to persuade him to go into the garden with her. Had he but done so—

His friend moved about, aimlessly raising shades and looking out of the windows.

"Come, Wilhelmi," said Paul, who suddenly felt himself ages older than his companion. "I must get out of this. Fool that I was! Here I urged her to give her bright young thoughts to some driveling treatise! Please never mention the Lower Silurian to me again!" Hurrying his friend into the hall he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Out of doors again, to stand on the front steps during a hateful moment of indecision.

"All is not right about the lilac," ventured Professor Wilhelmi, to break the futile silence. "No earthquake could so have torn it out."

Paul was tempted to condemn the lilac and the professor as well, in highly colored modern language, but he was self-convicted and forebore. "I mustn't keep you, Wilhelmi," he said at last. "Go home and I'll call you if— I dare not leave the house. Perhaps she'll come any minute."

"You are right, Paul. We are doubtless needlessly alarmed. Some errand down town may have detained her. Let me hear

from you soon." Voice and manner conveyed more than the kindly words, and Paul felt the world-old value of a friend in need.

Alone, he pursued his search, prompted by a womanish intuition that Grace had never left the house. He tried to be systematic about it and prove beyond a doubt her presence or absence.

A fruitless hour passed, indoors and out, and he stood by the upturned lilac, baffled by a nerve-shaking sense of helplessness, and hating the sight of the fallen tree. As Wilhelmi had said, the earthquake could not have been the sole cause of its downfall. With some idea of restoring it to its place he laid vigorous hold on the mass of roots, heavy with dried clods of adobe, and gave a truly strenuous pull.

"Wait, Paul—I—"

"Grace! Where are you? Speak, dearest!" Mechanically he kept his hold upon the tree, relief and dread pounding at his heart.

"Under the lilac, close to the house. You've been such a long time coming to me! Go into the study and you can help me in at the window." The voice, feeble but clear, was the sweetest that man ever heard.

For answer, Paul lifted the tree and with a mighty heave cast it aside. One long stride over a pile of earth and garden wreckage, and Paul, with a shudder of horror in his veins, very gently gathered his wife to the shelter of his arms out of the grave-like hollow in which she had lain, and carried her up to her own sunny room. No more of the study for one while!

A most disheveled little person it was, hat gone and hair in disarray, but he held her close with a pressure that made good the emptiness and loss of the last few hours.

"Paul," she whispered, "I tried so hard to help the lilac, but I'm afraid I put in too much powder. But it didn't have to have an earthquake, as Professor Wilhelmi said it would." A faint little smile of triumph shone upon him as he placed her in a nest of cushions.

"Powder—Grace—!" he gasped. "Then it was an explosion at the very moment of the earthquake!"

Mrs. Guilder's youthful vigor threw off all signs of weakness and she sat erect disdaining the cushions. "Paul, do you mean to say there was one, after all? Then I had all my hard work and scare for nothing! How perfectly horrid!"

Paul, for his life, dared not laugh, but he knew what she had won for her hazardous effort.

San Francisco, Cal.

HOW CAN IT BE?

By *BLANCHE TRASK.*

"You cannot rob a man of anything which he will miss."—*Thoreau.*

NOW can it be
That the land I love
Is lost to me?

* * * * *

In the mimic cliff
The sunlight falls,
The sea entreats,
The curlew calls!

And I think—if I went
Down the old rock stair
The children would still
Be waiting me there,

In the snowy tent,
'Neath the greenest of trees,
Ever a-flutter
In the breeze.

And the camp-fire coals!
Can they be cold,
Where so many a happy
Tale was told?

* * * * *

Yet the children—I know—
Are grown today.
And the land that I love
Is a Land's-stretch away,

Set i' the mist!
And the trails of the Past
Left to the wind
And the sea—at last!

Avalon, Catalina Island.



BEYOND THE REALM OF LAW.

By *GEORGE S. EVANS.*



ERNIE MASON, browned from exposure to the summer sun, his alert, knowing eyes gleaming under the brim of his "shore-enough Stetson," was standing on a crag, intently watching his charge of browsing sheep. By him stood his mindful collie, the sharp pointed nose sniffing, the ears cocked. The brown, dirty-fleeced sheep sent forth their persistent and plaintive bleating. The view was surpassing from where the sheep-herder stood. To the north was the white cone of Shasta, floating like a cloud in the sky. To the east lay ridge after ridge, loaded with trees exuding the odor of balsam, and beyond was the broad and fertile valley of the Sacramento, denuded of its golden harvest, and now covered with a mantle of brown. Back of him was the barren peak of South Yallico Bally, a scrap heap of granite, the playground of cloud, wind, frost and snow. On the west the precipitous Hammer-Horn towered. The air was pure and cold, for there was snow in the vicinity. The sun was on the decline, and the shadows, the advance guard of the army of night, were beginning to creep down the deep canons.

"Go fetch 'em up, Andy!" shouted the herder. The dog darted off, and started the leaders down toward the flat where camp was. The herder whistled, the dog tore back and forth, making the air vocal with excited, ringing barks. Ernie, in a spirit of relaxation, drew his heavy revolver from the holster, and fired several shots in the air, awakening echo after echo. Some of the sheep huddled together as the crashes echoed and re-echoed, but soon lost their fear. Presently the whole band made its way down the narrow serpentine trail. Down, down they went, clambering down rocks, through brush, and then through a spruce forest, closely watched by the dog and herder.

Soon they arrived at the flat, and Ernie betook himself to his camp. The sheep, now that the day's outing was over, became playful. The lambs jumped two or three feet in the air. Whole lines of the band charged back and forth across the flat, somewhat after the fashion of an end-run in a football game. All the time the air was full of their bleating.

The camp-fire burned brightly, the coffee boiled merrily, and the frying venison sent forth a delicious odor. Andy sat near by, apparently very much interested in the preparations for supper. Now and again, a few venturesome sheep began to climb out of the flat to browse. At a word from his master, the dog ran

up near them, turned them back, and then returned to his station by the fire.

The supper was soon ready, and Ernie said "grub pile" to himself, and set to. The mountain air and the day's work had given him a good appetite, and he was oblivious to everything except the hot coffee, the frying pan with its browned venison, and the bread in the Dutch oven.

The sun had gone behind the Hammer-Horn. The purple outlines of the Bully Choops were becoming indistinct. The deep cañons were clothed in dark shadows. The crescent moon was just visible. Soon night, with its bright train of stars, would come. The wind blowing through the tops of the arrowy spruce sounded like the monotonous beating of the surf on a rock-bound shore; the perpetual sound of falling water could be heard.

"Ba—ba—a—a."

Ernie sat up straight. What was that? It couldn't come from his herd; it was too indistinct.

"Ba—ba—a—a!"

He stood up. There must be another band of sheep in the vicinity, and he felt that probably the herder intended to camp with his charge on the very flat where he was encamped. He left his supper unfinished, and went to the place where the trail entered the flat, excitement in his countenance. Yes, it was another herd and was coming to his flat.

He heard the loose rock crunching under the hoofs of the advancing sheep. He saw the herder leading a pack mule, and the ever-present dog was by the herder's side. Ernie walked up the trail to meet the newcomer.

"Hello, pardner!" he said.

"Hello yourself," answered the other herder, a dark, heavily-bearded man.

"Kind o' late gettin' intuh camp tonight, eh? Where yuh strikin' out fer?" asked Ernie.

"I'm a-goin' to camp on this flat down here for a couple of days, and then I'm a-goin' to drive 'em out to the valley."

"Don't see how you're goin' tuh do that, pardner. I've got my band down there, and it won't do tuh mix 'em."

"The hell you've got your band down there! Well, you just get 'em right offen there. That's my land."

"Your land! Why all this land here's Uncle Sam's land. I don't go for you or anybody like you. I'm on Uncle Sam's land, and I'm one of his boys, and I'm a-goin' to stay where I am if 'Old Betsy' 's good for anything, and I think she is—shoots like a rifle, and I kin hit a runnin' deer at one hundred yards."

"Say, young man, you're talkin' kind o' loud. Fire uv youth and

all that, I guess. That land 's my land, and I'm a-goin' to camp this here band of sheep on it spite uv hell and high water. Go along and drive them sheep uv your'n offen' there."

"Pardner, I'll call your bluff. You probably come from Covelo. I've never seen you before, but I'll bet that if you've ever been here before you put four logs down on the ground and called that a cabin, didn't you? That's Covelo style. Never hold in the world. I put some timothy in here last year—did better than the logs did. I'm young, but I wasn't born yesterday. My friend from the Eel River regions, I'm not goin' tuh get off this flat. I've known about it since before the woods was burnt, and nobody has ever homesteaded it."

The intruder scowled; he looked at his rifle stock peeping out of the case strapped to the pack saddle, then at the heavy revolver in Ernie's belt. He hesitated a moment, then blurted out:

"All right, young man, but I'll get even with you. You have plenty of cheek, and it seems to be all sharpened ready for use, but I'll fix you. S' long!"

He turned the sheep down the cañon toward a little spring. He could camp there, but it was not a suitable place, being very rocky and steep. Down went the sheep, keeping up their bleating. Now and again the sharp whistle of the herder, and the loud barking of his dog could be heard above the din. The sides of the cañon were heavily timbered, with here and there a rock-slide. There were many fallen trees; besides, there was underbrush in places; so it took some time for the wrathful man to disappear.

When the din died away, Ernie went back to his supper. The fellow intended mischief, that was certain. They were far from civilization and the mountains could tell no tales. No law of God or man was recognized where they were. Life was reduced to the primal and elemental. The dark side of human nature had full play, for pretense and affectation stopped at the foot-hills. A shot from the brush, a scattered band of sheep, a circling cloud of vultures—who would know?

Ernie decided to keep close watch until his troublesome visitor had departed. He finished his supper, and, when darkness had come, carried his blankets beyond the glare of the firelight to the head of the cañon. He rolled up in his blankets, the "gun" near at hand, and lay looking at the stars. The night soon became very dark, for the moon was young, and sank behind a peak. Overhead the starry host twinkled, and the Milky Way trailed like a shadowy serpent across the heavens. The weather was cold, and a wind sprang up that chilled to the bone. The bleating of the sheep had ceased. Save for the sound of falling

water, and the rush of wind through the treetops a titanic silence prevailed.

On the morning of this day, when Jim Holland had thrown away a lighted cigarette on the cañon side below where Ernie slept, he had not foreseen the consequences of his act. He had not dreamed that his thoughtless deed would start a fire that would lay waste the shaggy forest for miles around. He had been too intently engaged in hunting deer to think of anything else. So, when he had dropped the lighted cigarette in a small heap of pine needles, he had gone right on his way without giving the matter a thought. By night he had returned to his camp miles distant. But the little disk of fire remained. It caught the pine needles, and then slowly spread. By night, probably two acres had been burned over, and several logs were smouldering. It needed merely a brisk breeze, and a royal fire would be under way.

Ernie rolled and tossed in his sleep. Of a sudden he sat up, his eyes blinking. The moon had gone down a long time before. It was unheard of that it should go down and then rise again. Crackle—crackle—a sullen roar! Great God! that light wasn't from the moon. The cañon was full of flame, and the wind was forcing the fire up towards the flat. Huge tongues of flame darted up from dry logs; a brush-heap crackled and burst into a blaze; little trains of fire crawled like serpents among the pine needles; long arrowy flames flared up the trunks of trees.

It flashed through Ernie's mind in an instant. The herder below had set the forest on fire, hoping to cause Ernie's sheep to stampede. Crackle, crackle, rush and roar—on came the fire! A dry limb caught and the flame darted out to the end in a flash. Ernie went down the cañon a little way. The heat was intense there. There was great danger that his charges would perish in the conflagration. Of course he could escape with his life, for he could run faster than the fire, but the sheep! He couldn't move them at night; they would surely stampede.

"Bang!"

Ernie jumped behind a rock out of the light, as the bullet whistled through the boulders.

"Damn a man who does his work in the dark!"

Ernie crawled back to the flat. The fire had not lighted it up yet to any appreciable extent. The sheep were not moving. They were not yet disturbed. With the assistance of Andy he rounded them up in the center of the clearing, and awaited developments. The fire ran swiftly up the cañon, and the flat became lighter and lighter. The sheep became uneasy; their plaintive bleat could be heard above the rush and roar of the fire.

On, on came the flame-demon. With one final rush it reached the head of the cañon, and darted like lightning up a tall, dry spruce-tree that a former fire had killed. The sheep began to run back and forth on the flat. The heat was intense. In a few seconds Ernie knew that his charges would begin to stampede. He would try and drive them up among the rocks where there was no timber. The flat became as light as day.

"Bang!"

A bullet hit the ground at his feet. He saw the flash of his enemy's rifle, and, pulling his heavy revolver from the holster, fired at the spot.

A loud wail of despair greeted the explosion.

"Oh, Christ! Bitten by a rattlesnake! Oh, God! Oh, God! — — Oh—Oh!" came to Ernie's ears over the rush and roar of the flames.

The fire cracked and crackled, blazed and roared. The sheep became more excited and restless. Ernie began to drive his charges toward the rocks. The voice of his enemy could be heard above the roar of the flames; over the bleating of the sheep, the shrill, sharp bark of the collie could be distinguished.

"I'm goin' to die, but I'll take you with me. I'll kill you fer settin' out that fire," yelled a frenzied voice.

Ernie saw a haggard, wild-looking, black-bearded man hurl himself through the flames, his rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"Say your prayers, young man! We haven't got much longer to live. I feel the poison a-workin'"

He drew his rifle toward his shoulder. Ernie heard the lever click.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! this pain is frightful. Oh! Oh!" moaned the snake-bitten man. He staggered. He tried to raise his rifle toward Ernie; then he fell over, writhing and twisting.

Ernie, fearful of some trick, sought refuge behind a boulder. He peered over it. He saw his enemy roll and writhe; he heard his curses and imprecations. For a moment he would lie still; for an instant his tongue would be silent. Then he would have a spasm. Then words would come forth in one long continuous monologue of prayers and curses. Finally Ernie decided to go to his aid, and stepped from behind the boulder. The injured man sat up; he reached for his rifle. Ernie stepped back to his position of security. He looked over and saw the man calmly put the muzzle of his rifle to his head, pull the trigger, and roll over.

Flames chased flames over logs, and through brush. They seemed to compete for the honor of being first up a tree. The sheep began to climb up out of the flat, but the fierce flames, and their rushing and roaring, frightened them.

The mournful sound of the bleating of the sheep blended with the wild and angry roar of the flames. There was a rush, hundreds of hoofs hammered the loose rocks. There was a sound of crushing, crowding, trampling. Some of the frightened sheep dashed straight into the flames, their eyes distended with terror. On the mountain-side, lit up by the blaze, clumps of spruce and alder, mingled with gigantic boulders, stood out in bold relief. When the sheep stampeded, the flat was almost encircled by a flaming wall. Now that Ernie's charges had destroyed themselves, he sought his own safety. He climbed up the summit, the scrap-heap of decomposed granite, and looked down upon the sea of angry flames. Above the rush and roar, he thought he detected the startled braying of a mule, and the shrill ringing barks of a dog.

For two days Ernie tried to round up some of the scattered sheep which had survived the wild, night stampede, but his effort was wellnigh fruitless. When he reached the valley, of the one thousand with which he had started for the mountains in the month of May, he could scarcely muster two hundred.

Far down in the cañon, when Ernie left, was a circling cloud of huge, black birds, and at night bears and panthers growled and glared as they crunched bones.

Oakland, Cal.

AT CATALINA.

By ELEANORE F. LEWIS.

IT lies upon the ocean's heaving breast,
Its misty hills are silent in the sun,
As though their world-work was already done,
And they had gained their time of peace and rest.
Far out at sea the great waves form, and creep
Landward, with gleam of sails and swelling might,
Yet in the island's sea-worn, dreamy sight,
Feel its sweet quiet, and grow calm as sleep.

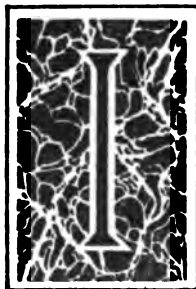
So in my life, the tide that nears its goal,
Yet in the incompleteness of its prime,
Feels the grim pressure of fate's iron clutch;
The waves that form deep in my restless soul,
That now might swell, and break before their time,
Will know your love, and slumber at your touch!

Los Angeles, Cal.

AN ANGEL TO CALIBAN.

"To the most of men this is a Caliban, and they to him are angels."

By ELIZABETH SANDERSON.



IN THE June woods there was a sudden, breath-held hush. The bluejay on a redwood limb had shrieked his alarm note. Among the tree branches swaying in the morning wind, in the dew-hung chaparral, in the grasses of the wood paths where the sun was just beginning to coax from the gauzy webs of the summer-film their discs of rainbow color, the forest life grew mute and motionless. A quail stepping with stately tread in the thicket and crying, "who-are-you-then?—who-are-you-then?" heard the stern "quit-quit!" of her mate and stood to attention with one foot still lifted from the brambles through which she was daintily picking her way. A lizard shoving himself painfully down the too smooth trunk of a bark-stripped tanoak flattened himself and stared unblinkingly into a sunbeam that fell athwart him. A chipmunk that had been currying his tail let it coil quickly round him like an over-large and hairy caterpillar, and, with two tiny forepaws clasped prayerwise under his chin and against his hard-crammed pouches, cast up an eye to the bluejay squirming on its sentinel perch. The swallows poising on halfspread wings at the edge of the shallow creek to gather mud for masonry repairs flew up and off with empty beaks; and a dull, half-blind frog, taking the general infection of fear, plumped foolishly into a water-hole with a thud that made the bluejay shake for rage. Only a gopher-snake, marking its straight trail over a dusty mule path, pushed onward to meet the rustle that sounded on the hill-slope. Then behind the rustling a heavy figure emerged from an opening in the chaparral, a figure and a face to have abashed less timorous souls than the crouching wood-creatures. And yet at their approach the bluejay's cry seemed less defiant challenge than a greeting to one not quite unknown. On all sides the wood was again astir, for to the jay's raucous "who-goes-there?" the familiar form gave answer, "A friend."

It was a woman, and she was seeking herbs in their hiding along thicket and hill and stream. "Crazy Chona" they called her in the Gulch.

There is no community, however small, in which there are not one or two beyond the pale, and not seldom it happens that their ostracism lends them the very interest which social intercourse had once denied. Chona was of these. Local report had given

with superstitious readiness a significance to what in former days was merely the unmitigated ugliness of the Mexican wife of a mill-hand, dead now some years. She had mourned the death of this man; had lived apart from the people of the Gulch, except as she fulfilled the services that gave her maintenance; and had grown with each year more repulsively, grotesquely ugly in face and figure. Children ran whimpering from the sight if they came upon her bent above the wash-tubs at her cabins or mending the coarse garments of the men who gave her work. Chona was really too ugly. Some few women in the Gulch who had sent for her in an extremity to beg her assistance when there was sickness in the cabins admitted that her herb cures were efficacious, but it was doubtful good to cool the fever of a restless child and then to send him into a paroxysm of fright at sight of the ogress who ministered to him. Then they begged of Chona the simples that she brewed and were denied. They must be self-administered to work a cure. This was the beginning of Chona's ostracism. The workers in the Gulch, under whose eyes the canny life of the forest creatures was lived out all unheeded, could not but look askance at wisdom as simple and as simply learned in the herb gatherer who went her trusted way among the furred and feathered ones, and took of them perhaps a secret now and then concerning the staples of her compounds.

As the years passed, Chona was not only shunned by many, but came to be the object of silly persecution, of jeer and jest, and of coarse and even cruel treatment. It must have cost her no slight resolution to come, as she was sometimes compelled, to the Company store for provisions, or over the trestle and down the track to deliver the washing at the cabins near the mill. She bent her eyes upon the ground and was deaf and blind to those she passed in the road or in the groups at the store or the hotel. But if among the taunting voices she heard the harsh, throaty one of Angelo, the night watchman, a turgid flush spread over the dull swart of her cheek, and she shuffled a bit more hurriedly away.

By such an encounter there was always amusement for the onlookers, for when Angelo's croak greeted Chona's appearance there was surely the black pot reviling the kettle. The woman Chona was ugly; Angelo a very Caliban among men.

A scene one Sunday morning was typical. Angelo with a half dozen others was sprawling on a bench before the "hotel." He was deep in a story of some adventure, and was gesticulating violently to eke out the broken English which was the general medium for expression in a company made up of divers foreigners. At the very climax of the story Angelo's voice broke

with a rasping exaggeration of its most hideous tone, and his eyes which had been delivering keen glances at each of his hearers in turn, after the manner of the Italian who tells a tale, were narrowed like a lynx's as Angelo turned abruptly and planted a finger at Chona approaching from a bend in the road. He sat and watched her as she passed, his finger still pointing and the snarl on his lips. Then, when Chona had crossed the trestle, he wheeled suddenly toward his companions, and, grinning like a horrible ape, peered slyly into their faces till some of them drew half away in sudden shame of the thing that looked so little like the man Angelo. A second or two of this silence and then the fellow threw back his head among the dusty ivy-leaves hanging behind the bench and about the framework of the window above. He seemed to gasp for breath, and he plucked deliriously at the neck-band of the flannel shirt he wore as if he would heave some mighty anthropoid jest from the bosom beneath.

"Oh, that Chona—an orang-outang is that!—there is the story you can listen some day. Them big orang-outang. I see him when I am sailor last years ago—some day I tell him—ver' good yarn. Them mighty li'le monkeys ver' funny yarn too—I think I guess I go fish' this morn'." And Angelo was off to his cabin before the men could remember that his story (not the one of the orang-outang and of the mighty little monkeys) hung on a broken thread where the Italian's snarl had snapped it across.

"Hear him call her a what's-is-name monkey? Better look at himself in the glass," said one after a moment.

"I'm not the wan to put it past the I-talian to be traipsin' after th' ould witch to make his mock at her some more this day. Sure, the Greaser wumman's put the comether upon him. God help the face of him that's more like the head off a haythun poipe than a human's. But 'tis my observation, an I put ut to you, is thim the actions av wan that's mortal afeard to tempt the power? That Angelo's an idjut or else he's a 'nigma, an' I'm not wan to onderstand riddles."

Thus another, knocking the dottle from his pipe against his scarred knuckles.

"No, Dennis, I make myself a different idea," protested a German who had been twirling his thumbs as he listened. "He shall be crazy a little perhaps, but when I have seen them once alone a man cannot be more friendly as the two while they speak together. It is no—what do you say?—curse she has worked on him, believe me. This little fellow is more deep as he tells. Sometimes I have the idea it is us he laughs at when he makes those scenes just now."

"'Tis a likely shtory, him actin' friendlike with the old wan,

and deep," hooted the Irishman. "It's deep he is as the mudhole where he'll be settin' fishin' fer minnies in the sun this day. But I'll not deny it's him as has the tongue to the relatin' of a tale. Leastways whin he pershues it without no sideshow fer ter interrupt it, the which, I'm thinkin', we have just viewed free of charge."

The peal of the gong at the mess-house ended present discussion of the theme already worn with much handling. The German's word was in the main the verdict of the Gulch regarding Angelo; he was perhaps a little crazy. Nevertheless there was no fault to find with him in his capacity as night-watchman. Some indeed of those whose cabins were near the mill complained of the vehemence with which Angelo was to be heard singing, if singing it might be called, night after night in his movements about the building. He could be followed by the sound from end to end of the mill, from floor to floor and among the sheds and lumber piles, and out to the edge of the sawdust pit where day and night the refuse dust and chips burned in the great round hole beneath the mill-dam. What he sang, or tried to sing, it were vain to discover; the words were jargon merely, and the tune mere noise, and Angelo sang only in the night like an owl that is heard when the world is black and men sleep.

There came a night when the owl was still. It was Saturday and a party of the Gulch people were returning, walking by lantern light up the track, from a dance in a town below. As they came to that part of the road where the fire from the pit flared red and yellow on the bank sloping down to the mill they stopped of old habit to listen for the echo of Angelo's voice through the building. There was no sound and the group would have passed on had not one girl, as yet unwearied by the dancing and the long road over which they had come, conceived the idea of playing ghost to the watchman whose silence told him to be somewhere out of range of their noisy approach.

Down the bank they went and across the bridge above the mill-dam, tiptoeing to a small side-door of the building. Within the mill the lantern lights showed no Angelo, nor was he about the lumber yards. It was an awkward climb down the ladders to the engine rooms, but the girl insisted. When they were halfway down, picking their way among the machinery and around partitions and platforms, the girl laid a finger to her lips and drew her skirt across the lantern nearest her. A ray of bright light showed under the closed door of the dynamo room before which they stood. The ghosts took whispered counsel, and then the girl pushed open the door. But ghostlier than any make-believe of her conception was the girl's face as she shrank back among her companions. Angelo was laying prostrate beneath the iron ladder at one side of the engine, and the light of his lantern streamed across a face that was not good to see. Some of the men went in and raised the broken body and bore it

through a doorway leading to the edge of the pit. The red of the pit-flames danced flaringly over Angelo as they bore him into the air and someone held up a lantern, but the men needed no brighter light to show them that they leaned over a dying man.

He moved a little when they laid him down, and when one would have loosened the neckband of the Italian's shirt, he seemed suddenly aware of himself and of all that was passing, for he thrust away the officious hand and snarled, though feebly, "No, not you."

The group stood then irresolute about the man, baffled by this unexpected mood, curious indeed to know his will, for surely some aid was needful.

"What can we do for you, Angelo?" asked one of the men. When the answer came—"Bring Chona!"—it seemed like the delirium of that poor mind weakening in its death struggle. But when the wish was iterated, two in the group went to do this strange bidding; for they bethought them that a dying man commanded.

It was perhaps a half-hour afterwards that the men returned, and with them Chona. The women noticed that she came empty handed, the men that Angelo seemed aware of her before she stepped into the lighted space on the pit's edge. He raised an arm when Chona approached. Raised it as he had often done to point a finger at her when she passed; but when the woman went quietly forward and knelt beside him and men and women saw how like a tired child he laid that same arm about her neck and looked up to Chona, the dying man's breathing was all that broke the wondering silence. Then, as they watched, their wondering grew to understanding. Angelo was talking to Chona.

"Dying," he said, and the words came composedly. "Dying now. Now ever'body can know—ever'body can see."

"These all," he went on, "I give them."

He tried to slip from his ears the gold rings which he had often shaken so merrily in his talk with the men; tiny discs shaped padlock-wise and worn smooth and thin. Then he tried to draw his wallet from his pocket. One of the men took it out for him and put it in his almost nerveless grasp.

"Last—this," he said again, and his lips were stiffening fast.

He would have opened the flannel shirt, and Chona unbuttoned it deftly. There was a crucifix about Angelo's neck, bit of carving rudely gilded and colored.

"All Chona's." Then he made one last brave struggle and with Chona's help the mangled head and shoulders were raised that he might speak to the group around him.

"Now—tonight—all see," he cried, and with his last strength he bared his breast.

Chona bent over him and covered him close with the coarse flannel as he swooned to a merciful death. But the watchers had seen enough. Across the dead man's breast there lay a livid line where a very vulture of disease had gnawed for long, long months; and Chona's hands need never dress again with soothing herbs that hidden wound.



It was the serene and sonorous Bishop Heber who reminded us, in the only Missionary hymn that has ever become classic (and perhaps the only one which has truly portrayed the inextinguishable tact which has made our missionarying precisely the kind of success that it is):

What though with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn?
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to Wood and Stone.

When we shall have missionaried them adequately, the surviving heathen, if any, will quit their gross material fetishes and join us in our civilized adoration of the "Four Hundred," the Golmighty Dollar, Friday, Thirteen, spilled Salt, and of other idols truly progressive. Particularly of the Stereotypes.

It is a sleepy month in which the protest of some soul is not recorded in some country paper or by mail, against the Lion's scandalous liberties with capital letters—the which he handles as irreverently as if they were mere tools meant for the use of human hands, instead of being sacred eikons to be worshiped in the dim religious light of what little we remember of the little grammar we learned in school. It is bad enough to Swear; to Disagree is worse; but perhaps there is no crime which so horrifies the Chautauqua-minded as familiarity with the sacred Parts of Speech.

Now the Lion is nothing if not obliging. He would like to feel bogeying in his bones that tremulous awe of the "upper-case" which is so general. It is not of willful irreverence that he refrains from taking the shoes from off his feet before he approaches a capital letter. If he could regard the English language as she is so commonly regarded—namely as a mummy, so inviolable that the parchment remnants of the first Pharoah are as skipping lambkins by comparison—it would really save him a good deal of trouble. And trouble is always worth saving in this world—unless it costs too much.

This is, of course, the age of machinery; and all our machines are set to a uniform gauge. Our planing mills roar the length of what was once a piece of one of God's living trees; and leave

it in a semblance which is esteemed beautiful by those so much smarter than their Creator that they admire only the things that God has never condescended to make—among the chief of which may be named the straight line, and the plane surface. Our roller-process mills deflour the wheat and leave it an innutritious wilderness of whiteness. Our schools tend very seriously to do as much in the milling of the youthful mind. As for the hasty and half-taught compositor who sets our daily example in typography—now that we are Smart, and that books are no longer the mechanical, as well as the literary out-put of scholars—he is rapidly reducing our typographic taste to the same terms of the planing mill. Human nature and human taste remind the student of what was once the California valley of the San Joaquin—an infinite meadow of wild flowers. Unless we watch out, the precision of the steam-ploughs and walking harrows and lawn-mowers of uninstructed printers similarly will reduce the vale of our English to a precise patch of curtailed grass.

Now, every real workman respects and cares for his tools. But equally, of course, he does not make idols of them. The more he is lover and master of them, the more he realizes that they are Tools—tools which he has made his own, that they may serve him in the things that need to be done; and not fetishes whose shadow he has to make sacrifice unto. To his hand, also, these sheer bits of steel seem to have a certain response, even as the locomotive has whims her engineer lover knows. You have only to watch, and you will know this understanding between the fit artisan and his implements.

It is now almost a lost art; but once and again you will still find the grizzled veteran who is all that is left of the old ship-carpenters—and about as much as is left of the old glory of American shipping. You will see him bare foot, cooning backwards down the spar, plying the adze—broad and heavy as an ax but with the edge of a razor—down to within a hair's breadth of his naked toes; trimming the stubborn spruce with that precision that not one American workman in 10,000 today has failed to forget as he learned the machinery which has made a poor imitation of that master of machines, the human hand. And perhaps it may occur to you that the man who knows his adze may hew round, flat, square, triangle, hollow, or convex, as he blooming good and pleases. The two sole gospel requisites are that he shall get his timber into the appointed shape, and that he shall not cut off his foot. It is true that the comparatively limited intelligence which invented the first adze did so for limited purposes; but the man who "can play on it" may hew his log and then take it to shave withal, if he so chooses.

Letters—both in the alphabet and the shop sense, have many funny features; but the very funniest is the superstition which still attaches to them. Cadmus should have been hung for a witch if he had not been a robust person whom the grannies of both sexes deemed it advisable to leave alone. In 200 years the suspicion of sorcery against the art of printing was not eradicated in Europe. And as much superstition survives today, though almost unconsciously. I have never yet known a person who was not more impressed by, and more cautious toward, the printed word than to the same utterance from the same person, when out-given vocally. Very few of us know anything of printed language except what we mislearn at school; and a certain holy awe attaches to it when we read it in mud-black ink.

Of course the daily paper does not use any more capitals than are sanctioned by the public school today. This is partly because the reporter ended with the public school; and partly because capitals cost extra in "composition." The same limitations apply largely to the current novel. In fact to those who know only English—and not much of that—it is not surprising that the daily custom of punctuation should become sacrosanct. Evidently, however, those who object to this liberty with the grammar-school conventions do not know German, in which every noun is capitalized; have never read old English, in which about as much was the custom; will look blank if you mention the New England Primer, which bristled with solemn capitals; and also, as a rule, they themselves violate the ethics of language, whenever they write a letter, by a vain procession of italics.

Now to divert, and not with disrespect, a certain historical axiom, "Language was made for man, and not man for the language." It hardly needs to be said that the greatest master English literature has ever known, Shakespeare, pretty much made over the speech that was English in his day—"lock, stock, and barrel." No man before or since, nor in any tongue, has ever taken so many liberties with the stuffed doll of grammar. But Shakespeare's blasphemies have become religion.

It is equally true not only that there has been but one Shakespeare, but no serious reminder of him since. Nor will there ever be again. But the reason why he could take the petty, narrow, muzzle-bound English of his day up by the tail and swing it around his head, was not because he was Shakespeare, but because he knew what he wanted of speech and how to get it. So far as this is true in another writer, so far he is entitled to use the vernacular not as a mummy in a case, but as a tool for his own usage. And in spite of our natural—and very proper—reluctance, the same phenomenon is going on among us every day.

Every day, some minstrel troop, the newspaper reporter, the flashy novelist, or college professor, coins a word. 999,999 of them fizz; but the millionth one snaps. There was a need of it. There was a need, not only in the ephemeral line of Least Resistance, which every day has for its own, but in the eternal necessity of language to be an elastic thing for the elasticity of human nature.

The object of language is not to pass an examination on the mechanical precision of your memory of what little you learned out of a text-book written by a man who wrote it because he could not make a living at other things; the object of language is to express thought; and unless we are forever to think the same thing, the medium for proclaiming thought must have some resiliency, and some growth. The dictionaries show first what use has been given to a specific word; second what use had better be given it by every user unless he has a valid reason for a new employment of it. The dictionaries are not divine revelation. Neither are our grammars, which are written almost universally, by men even less advanced in the knowledge of mummies than are the dictionary makers. Punctuation is a wholly indefinite art, about which no two text-books fully agree. Its object is to make more clear the shadings of expression. There is no definite revelation nor inherent sanctity in Roman, lower-case, caps, italics, or any other device of the job office. Like the other relations of life, the conventions of print are to be greeted with respect, *ex-officio*, and to be continued respected until they fail of their requirements.

It is true that in classical literature all necessary emphasis is presumed to be supplied by those who care to read such things anyhow. But in off-hand, and somewhat good-natured writing, it is a matter of taste rather than morals whether one shall use the italics which are so much abused ordinarily, or some other device of infinitely better historic and etymologic authority. Probably no one who ever met the sense of humor on the street needs to be told that the Lion is bantering, even when angry. He does not own the English language; but neither does it own him. He prefers, as a means of emphasis, the capitals, which have been used by masters for as many generations as the careless have used italics for years. And as he prefers them, he is very likely to keep on using them.

As a matter of fact, the man who shaves himself is never the one that abuses the razor. That fine, though now neglected, tool meets real disrespect only at the hands of those who clandestinely borrow it to cut their corns.

* * *

Nothing in nature more literally "cometh up as a flower" than the volunteer prophet. Ill-natured persons get angry with him;

but this is waste of time and energy. He really is not worth that friction. He never lasts long enough to be heard of by history; and self-forgetfulness is one art in which he surpasses even his self-precipitation. We come, perhaps, nearer to remember him even so far as the day after tomorrow, in times of international disturbance or national elections. But at best, Saturday is a late date for him to survive, whether in our memory or his own, after his Monday outgiving.

The conditions have not changed, which long ago became evident to every thoughtful American—the Japan lacquer of all our war news, which come, of course, by way of the insular ally of Japan. We have had, for about three months, Port Arthur falling, falling, falling, from its high estate, any time from 10 A.M. today to 12 meridian, tomorrow. By now, the parachute descent of Satan shrinks to the proportions of a mere comma.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star.

Which was a long way for Satan. But Port Arthur hasn't hit the ground yet.

Everything considered—the comparative number of besiegers and besieged, the modern arms of high potency, the land and naval re-enforcements, etc.—this siege already comes before the historical jury with claims as a candidate for the first place. Even by dates of the calendar it is getting that way—though, of course, neither this, nor any other siege in history, has yet got the better of that marvellous beleaguerment of Callao, which Rodil, “the Spartan of Peru,” defended against overwhelming odds for over 693 days. Whatever record Port Arthur shall make—and perhaps God knows what the reporters assume to—it is safe already for the historical student to write Stoessel in the top line of the heroes of defense.

As for the quiet, slender, gray-faced invalid who is commander-in-chief of the Russian armies; who, unprepared and with 40,000 men, has held back five times as many of the little brown demons that had been getting ready for a decade to “try it on the nearest block,” before tackling the two great world powers, for which the modest self-esteem of Japan is “laying”—he has not, indeed, succeeded in satisfying either the Japanese generals or the Japanese journalists, or their echoes in England, or their sub-echoes in America. But he has done “well enough for poor folks.” He seems to pay his attention largely to fighting; and while the Japanese, with their fanatic fatalism, fight well enough to suit anyone, they are no less devilishly expert in the civilized use of press bureaus. There is probably no American High

School boy who does not realize the fact that we are getting our war news today, as we have taken our early-American history for three centuries, by way of England, and colored with all its religious, commercial and political prejudices. England is one of the great history-makers; but it would be ignorant to pretend that the recording of present history is best left to those who expect to get the swag. Every scholar has learned, no matter how hardly, to discredit the English historians of early America; the English press on the present unpleasantness is as well-meaning and as unhistoric as the same press was in the case of the Boer war, or of certain historic disagreements best known to Americans by the dates 1775, 1812, 1861.

The Lion is no prophet. But a certain rude American who finally directed the winning army in the greatest war in all the world's history, won it because with his tanner's faculty for "two-and-two," he foresaw that he could give the South two dead men for one, and still have army to spare. Kuropatkin has not yet been dubbed the "butcher," but otherwise he very much suggests Grant. It may be presumed that he can count as well. If he cannot, Russia can count for him..

And if Russia does the due arithmetic, no one will have done a greater service in modern times to what we are pleased to call our Christian civilization. Of course all other Christians are Mere Imitations, compared to Us. But if an oriental race whose idea of etiquette and religion it is for a gentleman to sit down and cut out his personal bowels as a token of marked displeasure or disappointment, were to conquer even the tail-end nation of Christianity—even the poorest exponent of the Caucasian—it would be the Beginning of the End. Of course some of us gladly confess that Russia is No Good. She was our friend when we had no other among the nations of the earth—and when we needed friends in our International Business. But what of it? England has hated her even longer than England has hated us—and nowadays we think via England. If England hates Russia, so must we. To err is human, to forgive divine—and we run, as a people, a close second to all the gods there be. A century and a half of contempt and oppression—we forget them in a minute of that "Hands-Across-the-Sea" which results from the unwelcome realization by our Step-Mother that the Brat has the Goods. Now, she Has to be Nice. Dear Little Tootsy-Wootsy—however did he Forget Mumma? And where Did he Get the Booful Nuggets? Better let Mumma take care of them for him!

The Lion is no anglophobe. All his life that isn't spent to Do things goes to try to Learn things—and no man who either Does or Learns can hate a nation. That is for such as never

earned callouses on hands or mind. The Lion loves the English people—who were “agin” the English politician that “did us dirt” in 1775, in 1812, in 1861, and are doing us more now than ever. He loves the English literature. He loves the political independence of England, and its average Good Government.

But he hates, with what little capacity for hatred he inherited or has built up by practice, the English snobbery for cause of which an American maid is too good for an American lad, but may “Do” (with apologies and a few millions as salve) for some diseased runt of British “Nobility.” He hates the Divine Right which puts the scrub son of a reasonably certain Mother infinitely ahead of the man whose paternity was as sure and whose personal accomplishment is infinitely greater. He hates any system under which a few calmly uncover to Huxley, or Darwin—but everyone, even unto the forty-millionth infant, wiggles in voluntary dust when Edward Dei Gratia goes by. He hates the logical corollary of crown colonies—the ruling of unwilling peoples by their Natural-Born Masters—and he hates it as badly when his own country Plays English in the Philippines or in Panama, as when our Great Exemplar set the fashion in a game which was rudely interrupted by American clowns at Lexington and Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

England is a good country to learn many things from—some things by direction, some by the contraries of a Terrible Example. It was easier to limp like Byron than to write like him. It is easier to copy the Dizzies and the Joeys of English politics than the Gladstones and the Morleys. But it doesn’t pay as well, in the long run.

* * *

By now, Bishop Potter’s saloon is allowed to work out its own salvation or undoing. The newspapers have had what sensation they could out of it; the religious papers and the individuals to whom piety is more or less a pain, have arrayed themselves on one side or the other, even as God made them. And the experiment may now fairly waddle or fall by its proper feet.

Probably there is no human prescience which can safely foretell whether it shall be fall or stand. There are good arguments (and theories) on both sides. The Episcopal Saloon is founded in recognition of the visible fact that for a few centuries to come some men will want to drink something besides water, whether they ought or not; and with the laudable hope that if they must drink fire it shall be fire that may go out, and in quenchable quantities.

It is easy to say (for those who Say Easy) that if this abuse of human nature may be thus authorized by some such golden

tolerance, so may other and even less tolerable frailties of our kind. It is easy to say that there should be no Compromise with Evil. It is not hard to understand that attitude of mind which looks with horror upon anything short of instant death for the sinner.

But courage is a nice thing anywhere, misapplied or not. It took more courage for the envired Bishop Potter to launch upon his solution of this problem than was probably shown by the three bravest men in the American Civil War. Howsoever his experiment shall turn out, the man who dared to experiment ought to have the very first Carnegie hero medal—as one who ventured in behalf of his kind. He and his enterprise will always be the mark of many sharp-shooters. But it is always much easier to be smart than it is to be right; and while Bishop Potter may not be right in believing that a decent saloon is, while not a cure, a probable mitigation, in a civilization which is going to have saloons, decent or indecent, he is dead right, and eternally right, in trying to prove for the benefit of the public a thing which no man does know, ever did know, or ever shall know by anything short of such an experiment. If there were more ministers as little afraid of taking risks—not risks on the Day of Judgment, but risks on their salary and on the countenance of their influential parishioners—the millenium would be a good deal nearer.

Here's hoping that Bishop Potter's good saloon will put a great many bad ones out of business. And here's to Bishop Potter anyhow, for a man who has the nerve to try to solve the second biggest problem of civilized life.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.





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THIS magazine has repeatedly called attention (see, for instance, the September, 1904, number, p. 288) to the destitution of many reservations of the Mission Indians. Several hundred of these unhappy wards of a remote and apparently unteachable government are shivering and half starving. They are industrious; but they have been robbed of their lands and crowded out upon desert corners so barren as to be absolutely worthless. No industry can make a living there.

For forty years of California history, these people have been half-starved. For forty years the Interior Department has known it—not only by innumerable protests of mere human beings, (like editors, bishops, merchants, etc.) but by the repeated official reports of its own agents, inspectors, commissioners and other credible creatures.

For forty years the government has been aware of these facts; in forty years it has not done so much to remedy conditions as would fill a cavity in the wisdom tooth of a California flea. The heartless and brainless routine of the Indian Office—the obsession of that Ring of pinhead clerks in Washington who really Run Things, no matter how fine a Secretary of the Interior we get, no matter how honest the Commissioner of Indian Affairs—this Red Tape has disgraced the nation for nearly half a century. Every Indian agent, every field inspector, every "supervisor," every teacher in the "Service," knows in his or her heart the truth of this flat statement as to the Department from which their

salary comes. The less cowardly of them will freely say so in private conversation. In all my experience, of over twenty years, I have never known one single man or woman in the pay of the Indian Service whose human common sense was not revolted by the ignorance, inefficiency and heartlessness of the "Service"—and I have known a great many employes who hadn't sense enough to be superior to much of anything else.

Following is a new memorandum, and up to date, of the condition of the Mission Indians on five reservations. It may be repeated, here, that over two years ago the Warner's Ranch Commission procured the funds to put these starving Indians permanently beyond the reach of want; and that the Department has squandered this money foolishly (and probably without legal warrant) on other things, and still leaves these people suffering.

Mr. Davis, who presents this report, is no casual tenderfoot nor salaried incompetent. He is a reputable and responsible citizen, personally acquainted with this field for over sixteen years.

CONDITION OF THE CAMPO INDIANS.

Nearly all Mission Indians are poor; and the aged require constant assistance. But there are degrees of poverty; and it is no exaggeration to say that the so-called Campo Indians are the most miserable and are in the direst straits of any of the Mission Indians. I do not think I am exceeding the bounds of truth when I state that they will be face to face with starvation by the time winter sets in. This refers more emphatically to the aged.

That heroic and tireless worker in the Indian cause, Miss DuBois of Waterbury, Conn., learning that Col. John S. Lockwood, President of the Indian Industries League of Boston, was about to come to California, begged that he would examine into the conditions actually existing among the Campo and other Mission Indians in Southern California. In pursuance of that idea he came to Mesa Grande and finding that the Campo Indians were probably in most cruel need of assistance, requested me to take him to Campo. This I did, traveling over the mountains in cold and threatening weather for 60 miles. Reaching Campo in the late afternoon, we had only time to make a short visit to the Campo rancheria before night came on, and as Col. Lockwood had to leave on his return trip early next morning, I was delegated to visit the various rancherias scattered through the region and report conditions as I found them. A small fund was left which I invested in rations and distributed where most needed.

I visited the Campo, La Posta, Manzanita, Cuyapipe and Laguna rancherias and made-house-to-house visits. I received free permission to enter their houses (or what pass for houses) and took the liberty of examining boxes, ollas, basket-granaries and sacks, to ascertain the state of their larders; took the lids off pots and ollas cooking over fires, and endeavored to make my inspection as complete as possible. I was everywhere received with hospitality and made welcome. Seven-eighths of the people do not understand Spanish or English. Some of these rancherias are from 10 to 15 miles apart, and we traveled 70 miles over what were once roads, but which had been so torn up and ripped wide open by the fierce summer cloudbursts that traveling by wagon was all but impossible. That our wagon was not

broken into kindling wood, or thrown over some grade, was due more to good fortune than anything else. The Indians travel mostly by burros.

Without going into too many details, this then is the state in which I found the Indians October 7-12, 1904. The land, for the most part, is sandy and dry and this dry year, succeeding a series of dry years, caused a practically complete failure of crops all around. What pitiful quantity was harvested will soon be consumed, if it has not been already.

The pine nut crop is a failure, and the acorn crop, which is usually their main dependence, is almost a failure. The few acorns they have, had to be brought for miles on burros. Of beans, only a very few were harvested, and calabashes were short—and these are what are being boiled and eaten every day. A straight diet of boiled squash, or a straight diet of shrow-ee (acorn meal mush) eaten day after day, becomes rather monotonous even for an Indian. But they would be glad to have this, if there were only enough of it.

In only one place did I see flour being used, and that was in a house where a sick girl-wife lay on a few blankets on the earth floor and tortillas were being patted and cooked over a fire on the floor. The room was chokingly full of smoke, since the only exit was the doorway. The people are actually too poor or too ignorant to build chimneys. In only two or three instances did I see stoves. All other places had a handful of wood coals in the middle of the floor.

The food used at present consists nearly altogether of calabashes and "bellota" (acorns). Meat is almost unknown, unless a diseased horse or cow dies in the neighborhood; and jackrabbits are scarce.

It is a common thing for these hungry Indians to rob the buzzards; but they would not do so if better meat could be procured, for they like and appreciate good living as well as anybody.

At Cuyapipe and Laguna the houses are built of split cedar slabs; but with few exceptions all the other huts are built of brush and grass, as tules are very scarce. As a winter protection against two feet of snow, pitiless east winds and pelting rains, a grass hut cannot be recommended; and two-thirds of the Indians live in grass and brush huts. At one place a family of six, a baby and two girls, grandmother, grandfather and great aunt, slept curled up about a fire on the ground and protected by a few old quilts. The great aunt was about 90 to 100 years old, nearly naked, blind, deaf and *loco*.

Nearly all the able-bodied men were away at work, either on the desert or on county roads. The domestic life is continually broken up by these absences.

The men are a sober, industrious class, as a rule; but the greater part of their earnings go to support themselves and they return with very little money with the result that the women practically support themselves and families. This they do by making baskets and gathering acorns and piñon nuts.

During the winter months at Cuyapipe and Laguna those who are able to travel pack their burros with a few of their household goods and hit the trail for the desert, leaving the aged people to worry along as best they can. Sometimes four feet of snow falls; the altitude here must be about 5,000 feet.

At the Campo reservation there were only five or six people at home, and the conditions here, nearest to civilization, were more miserable and hopeless than at the more distant rancherias. At Laguna, the furthest away, no assistance is required as the people are self-sustaining.

According to the census taken in August by Mr. Weegar, the store-keeper at Campo, the different rancherias tabulate as follows:

	Souls	Aged Indigents	Children School Age
Campo	16	6	?
La Posta	15 (17)	2	8
Cuyapipe	39	7	10
Manzanita			

(The numbers in brackets are mine, and also the number of school children.)

There are about 40 children of school age growing up in dense ignorance, both sexes intermingling promiscuously and herding together with parents or grandparents in cramped houses.

The more intelligent Indians realize their condition and begged to have schools established at Manzanita and Cuyapipe.

The immediate necessity of these people is seed grain—barley, wheat, corn and beans. November is their month for sowing. They require 36 sacks of wheat, 45 sacks of barley, 9 or 10 sacks pink beans and 5 sacks corn. If they fail to sow next month they will lose their next year's crops and be entirely dependent on charity or government red tape—which is worse. In addition to this, they require warm clothing, barrels of it, a quantity of blankets and comforters; and lastly they need rations to tide them over until next harvest time.

These are their most pressing necessities, but as soon as possible a suitable tract of land should be purchased for them in the neighborhood, enough to make them self-supporting, comfortable houses erected and schools established.

Through the efforts of Agent Shell (at Pala), Miss DuBois, Mrs. Watkins and Col. Lockwood, a matron and helpers will be established at as early a date as possible before December and they will form a center for distributing clothing, bedding, rations, etc. Charitable organizations or individuals may be sure that any donations sent to Campo, San Diego county, Cal., directed to Matron of Campo Indians, will be placed where it will do the most good and be gratefully received.

Mesa Grande, October 17, 1904.

EDWARD H. DAVIS.

A BLOODSUCKER.

The Geo. Larando Lawson, to whom some attention has been given by the Sequoya League, has resurrected himself. This young man was a cub reporter on the Los Angeles Evening Express until discharged as a dead-beat. For some time longer he was a casual country correspondent of the same paper—until discharged from even this precarious connection, as a willful liar. These are but mild distinctions; it is of official record that he took the money of the Warner's Ranch Indians, at the time of their eviction, to deceive them. It is also of record that he is now "missed" in Los Angeles for board-bills owed to widows, and other manly debts.

Mr. Lawson is now on his way to Washington to besiege the Secretary of the Interior "on behalf of the Warner's Ranch Indians." Needless to say, Mr. Lawson is not paying his own fare. His dupes do that.

Secretary Hitchcock is abundantly able to take care of him-

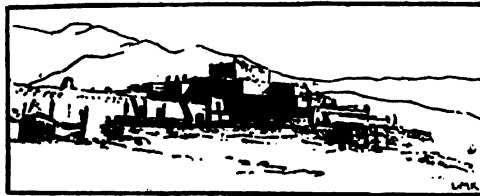
self. Commissioner Jones was not born yesterday. They need no sympathy. These presents are merely a quitclaim from California. This unsatisfied calf that milks the helpless may come out of California—but no railroad ticket can enable him to come from it. There are a good many things the grace of God may pardon; but the creature that swindles Indians—he will have to look for his 'pay-check Down Stairs.

THE LEAGUE.

Meantime, the Sequoya League is steadily growing in grace and numbers for the prosecution of a work every good American feels necessary. The Los Angeles Council, if latest to be founded, is also increasing fastest in membership—and among the People that Count.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$280.00; Mrs. C. M. Severance, Los Angeles, \$5. \$2.00 each—Geo. E. Crothers, San Francisco; Miss Mary L. Jones, City Librarian, Frederick H. Rindge, Francis L. Braman, R. N. Bulla, Dr. Francis B. Kellogg (instead of "Irving B.," heretofore acknowledged), G. J. Lang, W. C. Patterson, Mrs. A. E. Tyler, Miss M. F. Wills, Mrs. J. E. Cowles, Miss Adeline B. Hill, Jas. D. Schuyler, H. S. McKee, Mrs. Wm. S. Derby, Margaret Caldwell, Richard G. Beebe, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Mrs. F. A. Gaylord, Lawrence Hurlbut, Mrs. C. P. Morehouse, Mrs. R. H. Root, O. S. A. Sprague, H. B. Sherman, Thos. B. Swan, Miss Charlotte Thomas, Mrs. W. S. Wright, Pasadena; Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara; Mark Sibley Severance, Arrowhead, Cal.; Chas. R. Schenck, Santa Ana, Cal.; C. T. Brown, Socorro, N. M.; Col. A. H. Sellers, Mrs. Hattie Dean, J. W. Kendrick, 3rd V. P., A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago; Paul T. Brown, New York; Mrs. W. D. Campbell, Los Angeles.



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WITH the additional memberships of T. E. Gibbon, Esq., Vice-President Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, and the Los Angeles High School, the Southwest Society of the Archæological Institute of America now consists of twelve life and 102 annual members; thus taking rank about fourth or fifth among the affiliated societies of the Institute—numerically. As to accomplishment during its first year, it is unquestionably first.

The annual meeting will be held Saturday, November 19, at the home of Chas. F. Lummis, 200 E. Ave. 42, Los Angeles, at 3 p. m. Reports of the year's work will then be presented; officers for the ensuing year will be elected, and a large number of new members are expected to be received.

* * *

The Secretary of the Southwest Society is appointed to deliver the December lectures before the Eastern Societies of the Institute, and will present to them particularly the work done (and to be done) by the Southwest Society. At the General Meeting of the Institute (at Boston, December 28-30,) it is hoped to have present several of the Southwest Society's representatives in the National Council, to urge the claims of the Southwest to the special consideration of science.

The historic paintings of the Caballeria collection are now undergoing expert "fortification." Thirteen of these ancient canvases need to be remounted; about twenty need restretching; all need expert cleaning. It is a matter of only a few weeks when this priceless collection will be ready for public exhibition in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. A public reception will signalize the event.



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THE LANDMARKS CLUB has at last "paid out" on its extensive and expensive repairs at the branch Mission of Pala, the work having been done promptly, and the indebtedness carried by the generosity of Mr. Frank A. Salmons. It is therefore ready to resume repairs at one of the other Missions as soon as sufficient funds are on hand to justify the undertaking. At the Missions of San Juan Capistrano and San Fernando, particularly (on which also the club has leases), there is crying need of extensive repairs. A large number of the members of the Club are in arrears for dues; if they will remit, it will enable the resumption of active work.

Meantime, if the Landmarks Club Cook-Book is not already a part of your domestic economy, you are missing more than you know. It is the best of all California cook-books—and the only English work containing a large number of expert recipes for the delicious Spanish dishes. Price \$1.50; by mail \$1.60. Of C. C. Parker, bookseller; Mrs. Mossin (as above) and this office.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$7292.13.

New contributions—Mrs. Eleanor T. Martin, San Francisco, \$25 (life membership); Mrs. S. G. Mitchell, \$, Los Angeles; Miss Lucy Mitchell, \$3, Los Angeles; Beeman R. Hendee, \$2, Los Angeles; Charles Mathews, \$2, Los Angeles.

Net from sales Cook Book since last report, \$62.50.

\$1 each—Rev. John G. McQuade.



In one delightful volume after another, for a dozen years back, Lafcadio Hearn has been interpreting Japan to the English-thinking world in marvellously clear and convincing fashion. Yet none of his earlier books would have deserved the title given to that just published—crowning and completing his work—*Japan; An Attempt at Interpretation*. All the rest of them may be fairly compared to portfolios of such studies as a painter makes—of the curve of a hand here, the turn of a head there, the sweep of a drapery, the arch of an instep, or the toss of a curl. True, they were rich portfolios, and most fascinating; and from the wealth of detail, delicate, minute, and charming, there presented, each reader, according to his gifts, might construct a vital whole. But not until his life was drawing to a close did this master of both insight and expression undertake to let us see how *he* saw that whole from which he had made those most entertaining studies. The result is a book which will add materially to his reputation. Indeed, it adds a different *kind* of reputation to that which he had already earned; proving his ability—which might, lacking this book, have remained in doubt—to take a large subject and handle it largely, thoroughly and conclusively.

The subject which Mr. Hearn formally sets for himself is the Japanese character. About this we can learn something, he says, "if we are able to ascertain the nature of the conditions which shaped it,—the great general facts of the moral experience of the race. And these facts we should find expressed or suggested in the history of the national beliefs, and in the history of those social institutions derived from and developed by religion." Evidently a large enough theme—and the author's grasp is as large. When Mr. Hearn began to write from and about Japan some fourteen years ago, questions about Japanese belief and character were rather of curious interest, than of practical importance. Today the little brown man is one of the world's largest and most compulsory interrogation points, and such a study of him as this is an important help toward an answer.

It would be useless to try to sum up in the little space here available this book, which is itself, in some measure, the summing up of many years of observation and reflection; nor shall I even seek to indicate the main current of the author's thought. Instead, I shall quote a few of the many paragraphs which have particularly interested me. Discussing the social organization, Mr. Hearn writes:

Those who write today about the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for organization, and about the "democratic spirit" of the people as natural proof of their fitness for representative government in the Western sense, mistake appearances for realities. The truth is that the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for communal organization, is the strongest possible evidence of their unfitness for any modern democratic form of government. Superficially the difference between Japanese social organization, and local self-govern-

ment in the modern American, or the English colonial meaning of the term appears slight; and we may justly admire the perfect self-discipline of a Japanese community. But the real difference between the two is fundamental, prodigious,—measurable only by thousands of years. It is the difference between compulsory and free co-operation,—the difference between the most despotic form of communism, founded upon the most ancient form of religion, and the most highly evolved form of industrial union, with unlimited individual right of competition.

Mr. Hearn's study of the Japanese woman is given more poignant interest by the fact that he chose a Japanese woman for his wife. He is speaking, however, of the woman as formed under the pressure of the older society, not of the modern type. One can only guess to which class his own wife belonged.

A being working only for others, thinking only for others, happy only in making pleasure for others,—a being incapable of unkindness, incapable of selfishness, incapable of acting contrary to her own inherited sense of right,—and in spite of this softness and gentleness ready, at any moment, to lay down her life, to sacrifice everything at the call of duty: such was the character of the Japanese woman. Most strange may seem the combination, in this child-soul, of gentleness and force, tenderness and courage,—yet the explanation is not far to seek. Stronger within her than wifely affection or parental affection or even maternal affection,—stronger than any womanly emotion, was the moral conviction born of her great faith. This religious quality of character can be found among ourselves only within the shadow of cloisters, where it is cultivated at the expense of all else; and the Japanese woman has been therefore compared to a Sister of Charity. But she had to be very much more than a Sister of Charity, daughter-in-law and wife and mother, and to fulfill without reproach the multiform duties of her triple part. Rather might she be compared to the Greek type of noble woman,—to Antigone, to Alcestis. With the Japanese woman, as formed by the ancient training, each act of life was an act of faith: her existence was a religion, her home a temple, her every word and thought ordered by the law of the cult of the dead. . . . This wonderful type is not extinct—though surely doomed to disappear. A human creature so shaped for the service of gods and men that every beat of her heart is duty, that every drop of her blood is moral feeling, were not less out of place in the future world of competitive selfishness than an angel in hell.

Remembering that Japanese evolutionary development is held to be thousands of years behind our own, it is most interesting to compare an enactment of the shogun Iyeyasu, some 300 years ago, with what are understood to be the sentiments of Kaiser Wilhelm concerning the "honor" of his officers. Mr. Hearn quotes as follows:

The Samurai are the masters of the four classes. Agriculturists, artisans, and merchants may not behave in a rude manner toward Samurai. The term for a rude man is 'other-than-expected fellow'; and a Samurai is not to be interfered with in cutting down a fellow who has behaved to him in a manner other than is expected. The Samurai are grouped into direct retainers, secondary retainers, and

nobles and retainers of high and low grade; but the same line of conduct is equally allowable to them all towards an other-than-expected fellow." (Art. 45.)

To one who remembers those pages "From the Diary of a Teacher," written in 1890-1, during Mr. Hearn's first year in the schools of Japan—pages brimming with joy over the dear friendliness of his pupils—what he now has to say about the relations between native student and foreign professor tells of an awakening which must have been exceedingly painful.

The gentle boy who, with innocent reverence, makes his visit of courtesy to the foreign teacher, bringing for gift a cluster of iris-flowers or odorous spray of plum-blossoms,—the boy who does whatever he is told, and charms by an earnestness, a trustfulness, a grace of manner rarely met with among Western lads of the same age,—is destined to undergo the strangest of transformations long before becoming a baccalaureus. You may meet with him a few months later, in the uniform of some Higher School, and find it difficult to recognize your former pupil,—now graceless, taciturn, secretive, and inclined to demand as a right what could scarcely, with propriety, be requested as a favour. Later on, at the University, he becomes more formally correct, but also more far away,—so very far away from his boyhood that the remoteness is a pain to one who remembers that boyhood. . . . The foreign professor is now regarded merely as a teaching-machine; and he is more than likely to regret any effort made to maintain an intimate relation with his pupils. . . . No matter what the foreigner may do in the hope of finding his way into touch with the emotional life of his students, or in the hope of evoking that interest in certain studies which renders possible an intellectual tie, he must toil in vain.

Two quotations concerning religion may well enough end this note. The first applies to "The Higher Buddhism"—a religion of metaphysicians and without much relation to the beliefs of the masses. The second has to do with the ancestor-worship, upon which "all the societies of the Far East are founded," and with well-meant Western efforts to tear it out root and branch.

Yet the reader should now be able to perceive that, because a man disbelieves in a personal God, in an immortal soul and in any continuation of personality after death, it does not follow that we are justified in declaring him an irreligious person,—particularly if he happen to be an Oriental. The Japanese scholar who believes in the moral order of the universe, the ethical responsibility of the present to all the future, the immeasurable consequence of every thought and deed, the ultimate disparition of evil, and the power of attainment to conditions of infinite memory and infinite vision,—cannot be termed either an atheist or a materialist, except by bigotry and ignorance. Profound as may be the difference between his religion and our own, in respect of symbols and modes of thought, the moral conclusions reached in either case are very much the same.

Whatever the religion of ancestors may have been thousands of years ago, today throughout the Far East it is the religion of family affection and duty; and by inhumanly ignoring this fact, Western zealots can scarcely fail to provoke a few more "Boxer" uprisings. The real power to force upon the world a peril from China (now

that the chance seems lost for Russia) should not be suffered to rest with those who demand religious tolerance for the purpose of preaching intolerance. Never will the East turn Christian while dogmatism requires the convert to deny his ancient obligation to the family, the community, and the government,—and further insists that he prove his zeal for an alien creed by destroying the tablets of his ancestors, and outraging the memory of those who gave him life.

The Macmillan Co., New York, \$2 net.

This is the dedication of *Songs of Motherhood*, selected by Elizabeth Huckel:

This small book grew up little by little to help one mother in the sacred months of waiting. It was a real benediction in her life. It is sent forth with the prayer that for many mother-hearts it may help to make the holy season of the coming of the baby a time of happy thought and of deeper spiritual appreciation of the divine miracle.

The selection of poems is the best evidence of the reverent, earnest, loving spirit in which the work was done. The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.25 net.

Now, if the Phoenix had determined to break itself of that tedious habit of laying an egg and burning itself up every five hundred years; and, discovering the Magic Carpet, it had arranged to have the Carpet convey the Egg to some place where, after two thousand years, the suitable fire of sweet wood and aromatic gums would be provided for its hatching; and if, by consequence, both rejuvenated Phoenix and Magic Carpet should fall into the hands of a family of energetic children; why, then the particularly curious adventures by E. Nesbit in *The Phoenix and the Carpet* might follow quite as a matter of course. As an adaptation of Arabian Nights to Twentieth Century the tale approaches perfection. It will be a bad case of the blues that does not yield to some of the comical situations which are developed. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

In the "Woman's Home Library," edited by Margaret E. Sangster, appear *Beauty Through Hygiene*, "commonsense ways to health for girls," by Emma E. Walker, M. D.; *The Courtesies*, "a handbook of etiquette," by Eleanor B. Clapp; and *House and Home*, "a practical book on home management," by Mary Elizabeth Carter. Each of these books contains much sensible advice, clearly and compactly stated, and will accordingly be useful to those who have use for it. The last-named volume is, besides, enlivened with such truly thrilling anecdotes as that of the young lady who lost a trip to Europe because she left her soap wet; or that of the "lady who only knew splendor in living," yet who was on a certain occasion dismayed to find "one" "inside of her costly silk stocking." A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1 each, net.

A Short History of Ancient Egypt, by Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang, covers—in 188 pages—the period from the founding of the monarchy until the break-up of the empire, some 3000 years later. I am wholly unacquainted with this field, and can only say that the book is readable and has the earmarks of scholarly work. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.20 net.

Five recent additions to the admirable series of "Pocket English and American Classics" are *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, *Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and

Old English Ballads and Songs. This series is primarily intended for school use, but I find it worth a shelf in my library. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents each.

A Captain in the Ranks is the story of a young Virginian, who, after fighting gallantly for his State through the war, finds himself after Appomattox obliged to commence his fight for a fortune as a day laborer. How and what he wins is interestingly told by George Cary Eggleston. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

That courier of Washington, whose adventures are told by Everett T. Tomlinson in *The Rider of the Black Horse*, certainly found plenty of excitement in the pursuit of his vocation, and the boy who reads about him is likely to be interested. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Much the same thing may be said about the Confederate officer who carries the brunt of the action in Randall Parrish's *My Lady of the North*, but with the difference that this is avowedly a love story, in which the deeds of derring-do appear by way of spice and seasoning, while in that the hair-breadth escapes are really the whole thing, barely sweetened by a suggestion of love-interest. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

Little Almond Blossoms is a book of stories about small Chinese lads and lassies, as seen in San Francisco. The illustrations, from photographs, are delightful. Jessie Juliet Knox is the author, and she may very reasonably be proud of her book—her first, I believe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Many excellent old "toasts" and a host of excellent new ones are to be found in *Prosit*, for which the Spinners' Club of San Francisco is sponsor. Admirable taste has been shown in selecting a variety sufficient to suit every taste and every occasion. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$1.25 net.

From the same publishers come *101 Salads* and *101 Beverages*. I am prepared to guarantee as to some of these recipes that, if their instructions be deftly followed and the resultant mixtures be administered at the psychological moment, the effects will be entirely satisfactory. 50 cents each.

Four fairy stories by Dr. Thomas Dunn English are published under the title of the first of them—*The Little Giant*. They are pleasant and ingenious enough—but the author will continue to be remembered as the writer of "Ben Bolt." A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.

Both text and illustrations in W. W. Denslow's *Scarecrow and the Tin-Man* are up to his own high-water mark of hilarity. Which means that this is one of the books which must not be overlooked in Christmas calculations. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. \$1.25.

In Search of the Okapi is adequately described in its sub-title—"A Story of Adventure in Central Africa." Tested on one of the boys for whose consumption it was intended, it gave the proper reaction. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



HAULING ORE ACROSS THE MOJAVE DESERT.

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXI, No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1904.

THE DESERT TEAMSTER.

By *RICHARD SCRACE.*

SOON will the desert teamster, as did the buffalo hunter,
Become but a wraith and a theme for the voice of tradition;
He will pass and his place in the cycles to come, will be taken,
But not by other men like him, or anything living.

Here is the mining camp, and an outfit ready for starting;
Teamster and swamper both, as silent and red as Apaches.
The swamper works the brakes; the teamster, his horses;
He picks up the jerk-line, sombrero aslant on his forehead.
Then, trained athlete he—of the sky-circled desert-arena—
Mounts the great wheel and throws himself high on the wagon-box,

With a sweeping glance behind, to make sure all is ready;
Loosens the brake with a bang, and gathers the slack rein.
The horses line up, full a score, and veterans most of them,
Twitching and pricking their ears to the driver's jargon—
A mixture of oaths, it is, Mexican, English and Indian—
Yelled out; the leaders and wheelers respond to them.
They think it no jargon; the nerves in them, tense and constraining,
They stretch the great dragging chain taut that holds them together,
And out of the town they go, to the withering desert.

Day after day, burning sand over thousands of acres;
Day after day, blazing sky with its azure unclouded;
Over the yellow sand crawling, away to the low sun-baked foothills.
Through parched sage chaparral, on to the bald blistered mountains.

All the color of stunted nature, a brown, dull and lifeless,
Day after day. Then black night and hot sand to lie down on;
A pipe more or less of tobacco, smoked out in the silence,
And blankets under the wagon, to sleep till gray morning.
Enduring fierce hardship and loneliness rugged and dreary,
With the low, steady creak of the wheels, as they hardly seem
turning;
Days of deadly monotony, then days that bristle with danger.
Over the arid foothills of white scalded alkali,
On to the mountains, desolate, lifeless, forbidding.
Under such strain, men go mad, in the great Gila desert.
If in those two silent ones there is smould'ring a passion,
Aught of foreboding sombre, or lurking ill will of the other,
Soon there'll be wild work, wreckage of life, and one less on the
journey.

'Tis good, honest work, the steering a ship on the ocean,
Between icebergs and fogs, and mayhap on a rock to be found-
ered.

But here are two giants of wagons, with ore top-heavy,
To engineer down the incline, groaning, crunching and sliding.
Where the curves are so sharp of the mountain road scattered
with boulders

That the horses jump over the span-chain, and throw their
strength outward,

And pull away from the inner wall of the mountain

To haul the lumbering things round the side of the cañon.

Now there's a turn in the road, round a precipice winding;

Now there's a thoroughfare leading them close by a chasm.

Then again it shoots through a region of titanic boulders.

Sometimes the wagons may chance to swing out at false tangent;

Sometimes there's a projecting rock in the turn of the roadway;

Sometimes the men jump, but mostly they stick to the outfit

Over the grade to plunge—men, horses and wagons,

"The brakes—at times do they fail—or the gear snap," you're
asking?

There is many an unmarked grave on the edge of the desert—

Wrecked wagons, and whitening bones that will answer that
question.

The teamsters, their lives full of fierce light and menacing
shadow,

Isolation almost primeval, and dullness and danger—

The trick of the brake, every link in the chain that they tight-
ened

Bringing the desert towns closer and spreading their wealth
through the country—

By these shall the mining-camp lore be so much the richer.

From Mojave across the Death Valley the old trail is passing;
The life-line soon fades from the treacherous palm of the desert,
But the seven days' march through a land of implacable peril
Leaves many a sinister sign for the future road-maker.



A DESERT TRAMSTER AND HIS TEAM.

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.



"RED-WOODPECKER" DANCE—HUPA.

HUMBOLDT INDIANS.

A SKETCH.

By WINIFRED S. FRY.



IN WRITING of the North American Indians, especially in writing of the Indians of the Pacific Coast, where the division into petty tribes is a well-known element of confusion to the student, he is the wisest writer who indulges in the fewest generalizations. No man can know all Indians well, and his word is the most sufficient who speaks from his own observation; his contribution to the Book of Facts is most worthy who, not attempting to tell the whole story, strives to tell his own tale faithfully. Thoreau once said, "We must look a long time before we can see." Certainly it is true that we must live with a people a long time before we can truly know them; and perhaps the more we know of them the less we say about our knowing. It is the rapid-transit newspaperman who makes the most copy.

So, in order to be wise in mine own conceit, I would make it clearly understood that, in the following article, I write only of the Indians on my own home-plot, i.e., the Indians of Humboldt County, California. Inasmuch as the basketry of this county has acquired a merited popularity throughout the whole United States, perhaps some few facts about these Indians themselves, as they live and move and have their being, may prove of interest.

In Humboldt county (within an area of some 3500 square miles) there were four distinct tribes of Indians—distinct in language, custom, and tradition. These were the Hupa, the Upper Klamath-River, the Lower Klamath, and the Mad-River and Table-Bluff. The remnants of these tribes are still with us, but the tribal differences have grown less and less with the Indian's general adaptation to his changed condition. There are no distinguishable differences in the basket-work of these various tribes. But in their language and ceremonial, the differences live on. A generation ago when there was any intercourse between the neighboring tribes, it was carried on by means of interpreters—men who, living on the border-land, had learned to speak both languages. Now it is the common thing for the Indians to talk English to their tribal cousins when they need a common medium of speech.

Some of these languages are very hard for a "white man" to learn. The Hupa's language, for instance, is full of peculiar sounds made in the throat—sounds very hard to imitate. The

Upper Klamath, on the other hand, is easier for us to learn, and it contains some truly beautiful and euphonious words; such as: "nena-mich," little one; "na-vish," pretty; "yu-ko-ko," new, etc. These languages contain no preposition, no idiom, no gender, no cases. And there exists no writing.

Of the Indian ceremonial and tradition it is very hard to gain satisfactory information. The things one learns must be learned a little here and a little there; from one Indian today, from another next year; just as times and opportunities propitiate. And to get the facts at all, one needs to do one's questioning with the utmost tact and sympathy. The Indian needs to feel you are his friend before he will confide in you; he needs to feel that you are not questioning him in the spirit of impudence, and that you will not laugh at him or at his story. For much of my information concerning their very interesting legends I am indebted to a gentleman and his wife who were stationed for some years near the Indian reservation in this county. These people appreciated the Indians, were kind to them, won their regard; and as a result learned from them much of their folk-lore which I believe few others have been able to obtain.

So the Indian's own reticence on matters of his tradition is the first difficulty one meets in seeking for the information: a reticence fostered by a variety of other feelings. To the "old-time" Indians, the traditions are sacred, and he guards them as we would guard our hearth-stone from the police-reporter's gaze, and even though you may get him to tell you something, he does not want you to tell that he has told! To the younger generation of Indians—many of them—the reticence is born of a far different motive; he does not wish to talk about the old ways because he feels himself above them; he condemns them as "old-style!" And still another cause for this reserve comes from a natural dignity which resents the kind of cross-examination to which the white man submits the Indian in his eager search for Indian truth. Such questioning, instead of being done with tact, is often done with an assurance and persistence which cannot but offend. Fancy opening one's heart to a person who asked us in so many bold, bare words who we said our prayers to! Fancy explaining our domestic economy to some one who crudely demanded of us what we had to eat! Yet this is the sort of thing that goes on. It is the rushing-in of fools while the angels wait outside. But we cannot blame the Indian if he confuses the fools and angels, and preserves an equal silence before both.

Still another difficulty, which the student must meet in trying to make anything like a composite picture from these frag-



"CAPTAIN JOHN," OF THE HUPA'S. SWEAT-HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

mentary parts, lies in the fact that to the Indian himself there seems to exist no composite picture; to him there seems to be neither guiding-thread nor connecting link between these scattered fragments.

And then, besides the difficulty of the Indian's own reticence, and besides the difficulty in the nature of the folk-lore itself, the student seeking this information must face the other great difficulty of the people's own peculiar condition. The Indian is no longer noble in his tradition. He is no longer noble in his barbarity, neither is he nobly civilized. It is hard to see what he was in what he has become.

There must be forever elements in the spread of civilization which are really and intensely saddening. And no one can look on the general decline of a people and be wholly glad. In our minds we may believe in the progressive spirit of the age, and our lives may even be spent in the cause of the same; yet there is a something in our hearts—a something of conservatism—which looks back from time to time in sympathy for the things we have left behind. We are better men and women if we can look kindly on the ghosts of things that have been found unfit in man's advancement. It is well when we can find a meaning in the things we have left behind as well as in the things for which we are striving. But there is a sadness that comes with looking back. So it is we cannot view quite dispassionately the condition of our Indian race today.

Speaking particularly of the Indians of Humboldt, the disintegration among them—of pride and spirit and race-tradition—that has been evidenced within the last two generations is, from one point of view, appalling; and is something incalculable in its effect upon the Indian people themselves. The Indians of this day, while they are peaceable, generally industrious, and sometimes sober, are nevertheless like the Gibeonites of old, little more than hewers of wood and drawers of water.

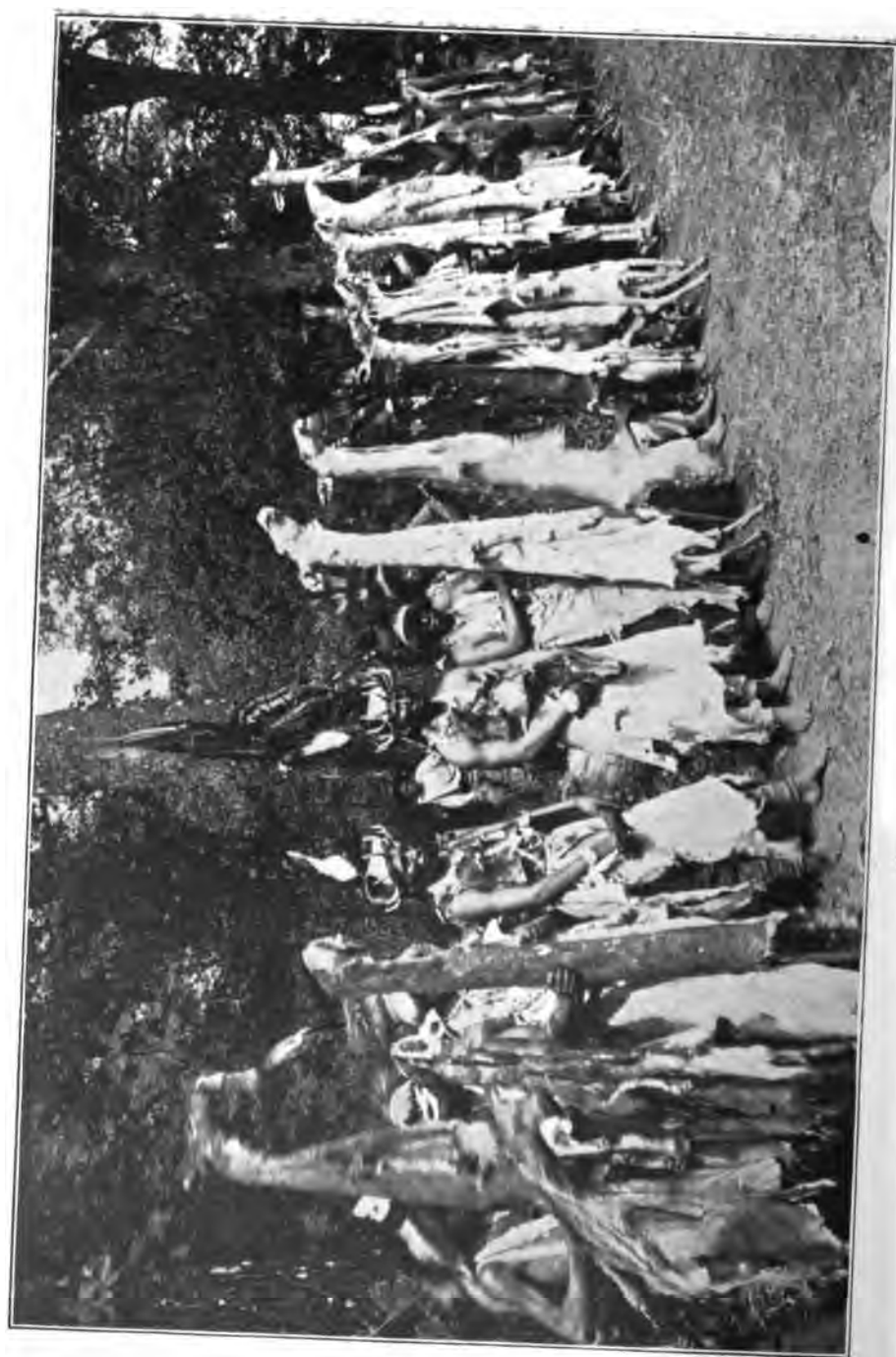
One has to go to the outlying mountain districts, or to the Indian reservation, to see anything akin to the old Indian life. There the traditions of their forefathers are still held in some sort of honor, and the customs are in part preserved. It is by these mountain Indians that most of the modern basketry is produced. Nowadays we see the Indians—even the mountain Indians—ready to part with their household goods, and they are worth to him just what they will bring in money. Moreover, since the "white man" wants his goods, he is wary enough to make new ones to sell after his old stock has run low. The collector of these curios should be just as careful as the traveler in Palestine, or he may be quite as badly imposed upon!

It is in the mountain regions of Humboldt that the Indians still celebrate their religious dances. To be sure these dances are now little more than occasions for drunken brawls, yet a few years past they were ceremonies of the most intense significance. In one of the accompanying pictures is seen the costuming for the "White-deer-skin" dance; in another, the "Red-woodpecker" dance. The White-deer-skin dance is the great dance at Hupa; held rather seldom now, but at one time held annually in commemoration of their God-man, or legendary first man. Him they



"CAPTAIN JOHN" SPEARING SALMON.

reverence as the father of their tribe, though they do not worship him. Nature is the God to whom they say their prayers. The God-man was the first man; ask them who was the first woman, and they can't tell you. They say, "always plenty woman!" The legend says this God-man went up into the sky in fire—very much as our own Elijah is believed to have ascended. The dance lasts several days and is held in a series of places throughout the valley; first in the place where the God-man is reported to have first appeared; thence to another place—and another—honoring all the places where he is supposed to have been seen; finally, at the place where the legend says he was last seen on earth. The women do not participate in this dance; they look on, and do the work of the camp. The dancing consists merely of a lateral swaying of the body, with a waving of the arms, and a weird shouting. During the dancing (and in fact during many



"WHITE-DEER-SKIN" DANCE—HUPA.

of these ceremonial dances) they hold various treasures in their hands—flints, either loose or fastened to a decorated stick; the priceless “medicine-stones;” and, in this dance, one great feature is the white deer-skin. The occasional deer born white is of immense value among the Indians, and the skin becomes a treasured heirloom. In this dance they hold these skins aloft on a long pole, as will be seen in the picture. Such dance-properties as these represent wealth to the Indian; they are his luxuries—his diamonds.

On the Upper Klamath, the great ceremony is the “Soft-sand” dance. The part of “Soft-sand” is usually played by an old, old man—selected among the Indians, the same man being often reappointed for many years. It is a tremendous honor to receive this appointment, and Soft-sand is “big Injun!” He, for about a week, is obliged to sit in the sweat-house by night, and two Indians are appointed to sit with him to see that he does not sleep. He may close his eyes, but, at any sign of actual sleep, they must poke him to keep him awake. By day, Soft-sand is chased over the hills by two girls, supposed to be virgins. They are supposed to look for him, but tradition forbids their ever finding him. Soft-sand, during his journeyings of this week, has certain spots he must visit, and certain duties he must perform. He goes forth clad in a bow and arrow. Traveling far and wide over the mountains, he must look neither to the right nor to the left, or bad luck will come to his people. At a certain place he has to go through a ceremony of “making the world new;” at another place he must drive a stake in the mountain to keep it from falling down. Then he must visit the river so the salmon will be plenty. So he goes on from day to day, fulfilling his obligation, staying in the sweat-house by night with no chance to sleep. Soft-sand’s is a most rigorous honor! Then comes the dance, which lasts about three days. During these days the two virgins are “queens” and are served and honored as such. After the dance, for about a week, those virgins must stay alone in the sweat-house (as a rule no woman is allowed to enter the sweat-house), and there they are virtually kept as prisoners. Food is brought them, and they may sleep, but they may not leave the sweat-house unless it be for a little while by night.

There are several other such ceremonials, such as the “Red-woodpecker” dance, the “Brush” dance, the Woman’s dance, etc., but space forbids detailed mention of them here. In speaking of them, however, I am reminded of an interesting law among the Indians. No Indian may come to these dances who has any troubles unsettled. Previous to the Soft-sand dance, for instance, a committee is appointed to go about among the Indians

to see that all disputes are settled. Their law requires that when an Indian is wronged by another, either he or his friends must receive a money compensation. Also, when an Indian dies, his people must be paid so much in compensation by the tribe. Sometimes there is so much trouble (so many unpaid compensations) that it is impossible to get all settled and the dances cannot be held. Once, during a Deer-skin dance, an Indian came announcing the death of his baby, demanding instant compensation or he would stop the dance. And the tribe had to pay it!

After an Indian is buried, fire is burned on his grave for five days. After the expiration of these days his name may not be mentioned; speaking of him is doing a wrong, and must be paid for in money, or enmity is aroused. They show their mourning by cropping their hair close to the head. Their custom is to bury all his treasures with him when an Indian dies; those things that cannot be put in the grave are heaped on the outside—old clothes, blankets, hats, baskets, everything. The graves are never tended because the superstition says that anyone touching a grave, or anything on a grave, will die right away.

Some of the Indians have become Christianized; especially those women who are married to white men. When questioned regarding their heathen superstitions, it generally appears that though they have quite accepted the Christian faith, it has in no way displaced their belief in their old superstition. They claim to believe in both at once.

Strangely interesting to us is the revelation that in their old faith there seems to be a shadow of a Garden of Eden legend. In a great burst of confidence one day, an old Indian asked his white friend:

"Say! You know what's in moon? White man know?"

"No!"

"Indian he know! Man! Woman! Big snake! Bimeby snake he bite woman! Never bite man! Sometime man git mad—hit woman!"

They seem to have a belief in hobgoblins and perhaps in fairies. They also have a Devil! But you can seldom find an Indian who has seen the devil: it is always the "other fellow" who has seen him.

Finally, a reference to the basketry, so widely known for its exquisite beauty that a few words concerning the work may not come amiss.

Nowadays it seems there is a fad for all things Indian: it is the proper thing to have an "Indian corner," and to gather the baskets, blankets and other curios merely for display. Co-existent with this present popular craze is a taste far older and far

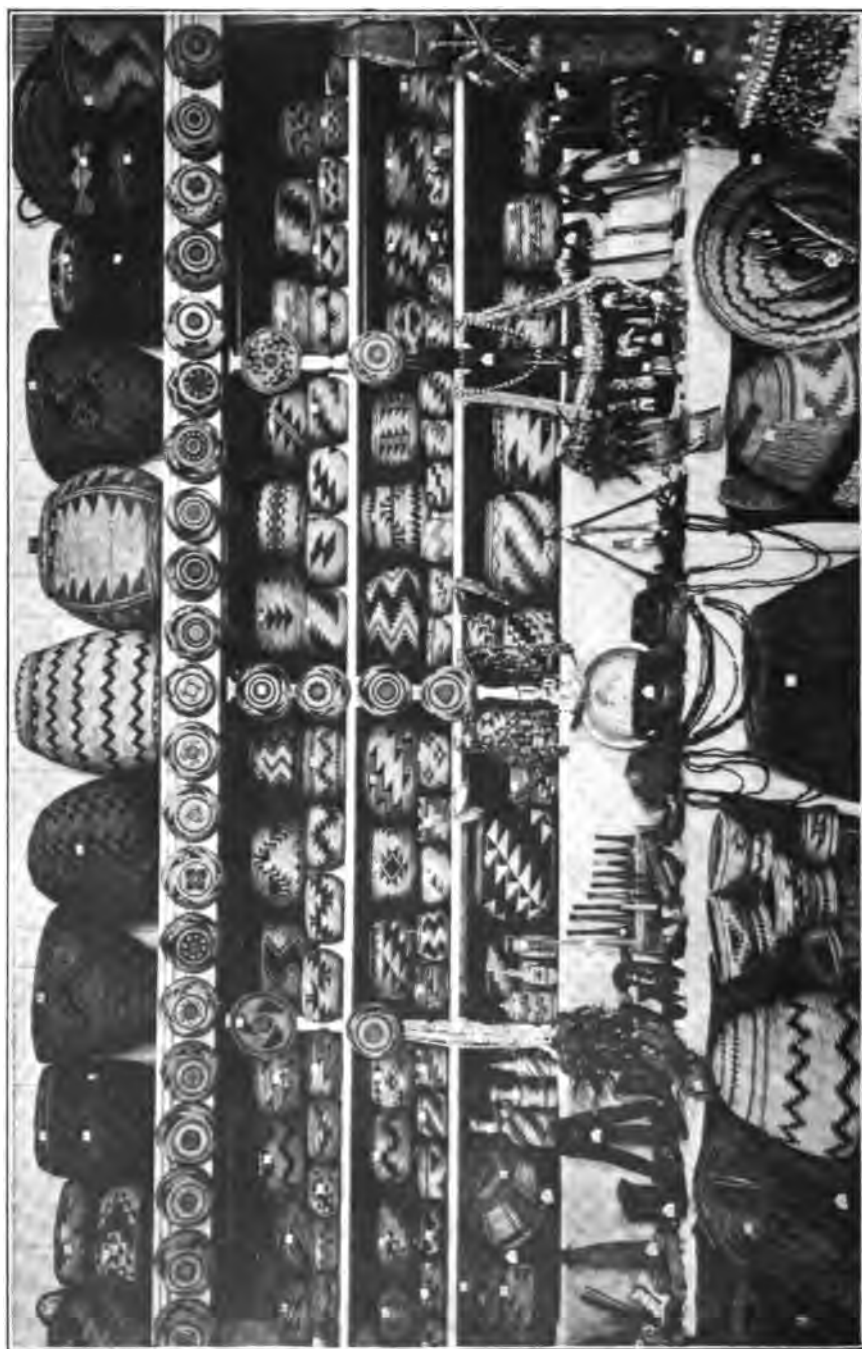
more genuine. It is the love of the true lover. Such a lover gathers his Indian treasures with a taste and discretion born of a real appreciation; he gathers them as a student gathers his books, and there's a light in his eye and a swelling in his pride when he looks upon them. And though perchance he likes to show them, he does not gather them primarily for display. To him the Indian fad has brought its alarms; not because he is selfish, but because he is sincere. The promiscuous and unintelligent buying of the popular collector has had most serious effect upon the Indian handicraft. Those who live at all in touch with the Indian world will bear me out in saying that the Indian art



AT THE HUPA RESERVATION.

work is becoming defiled by the touch of that commercialism belonging to our own white world. The basket-maker, finding such an open market for all her products, now makes her baskets simply for the money she can get out of them. Some of the growing evils are these:

Material. The original materials which the Indian woman used were only such as she herself gathered in God's wilderness; and her place as a basket-maker depended no less upon her care in the preparation of her materials than upon her skill and taste in the weaving of them. Hazel-nut stems, strips of fir-wood, various grasses, roots and the fibres of different ferns—these were the original materials. Now the basket-maker is import-



BASKETS AND OTHER "INDIAN CURIOS," FROM HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

ing broom-straw for her work; and moreover she has lately learned to make use of straws ravelled from floor-matting. These, used in combination with her own materials, make a very good-looking basket, a basket so good in fact that an untrained eye will not readily detect the difference between it and the genuine thing.

Color. The Humboldt basket-work has, until very recently, been distinguished for the beauty and simplicity of its coloring. The colors, like the materials, have been the product of virgin nature; and the color-designs have been the secret of the Indian woman, striving to express the soul within her, the finished



A BASKET MAKER, MAD RIVER.

basket remaining the outward and visible sign of we know not what inward and spiritual longing. Recently, however, with the commercial spirit, has come the love of new and more gaudy color—aniline dyes, and the colored straws from mattings are now beginning to be used. The true colors, other than the natural-colored roots, woods and grasses, are only two: the red-brown, which is made from alder stain; and the black, which comes from the “bark” of the “five-finger” fern. These, and these only, with no variation—save in the natural shading—are the true colors. The blues, yellows, reds, greens, etc., which one now sees introduced, are a spurious and very recent innovation in the basketry of Humboldt.

Shape. Another evil, perhaps not so serious as the others, but still serious, is the growing tendency among the basket-makers to make baskets in such shapes as have no meaning in Indian tradition. The original shapes were few and were the outcome of domestic and personal needs. Such were the papoose-basket, the burden-basket, the acorn soup-basket, the acorn storage-basket, the acorn "mill," the winnowing-basket, the fish-basket, the "tobacco"-basket, and the woman's basket caps. Now we see marvellous creations, with handles and pedestals and lids and all manner of white man's flourishes! Moreover, we see some of the original shapes marred by a finish not their own.

If the general basket buyer would buy with more intelligence: if he would seek to understand, and, understanding, would demand only the very best and most genuine Indian work, we might hope to see the art remain an art. Such evils carry their own burden of meaning to those men and women who, be they Indian collectors or no, view with sorrow the decadence of any art. Though, in speaking, I have referred particularly to the evils among our own basket-makers, the truths have an application far wider than the geography of Humboldt county.

Arcata, Cal.

AT LAKE TAHOE.

By WINIFRED CHANDLER.

'TIS twilight, and the shadows fall about me as a prayer,
While ripples creep from circling shores to mingle
debonair.

The pine trees sway in soothing time, each to a soothing mate,
And make the rhythm in the verse of hills soft and sedate.
Each giant peak draws slowly on her purple, mist-woofed gown,
And each to each her secrets pours, in whispers softly brown.

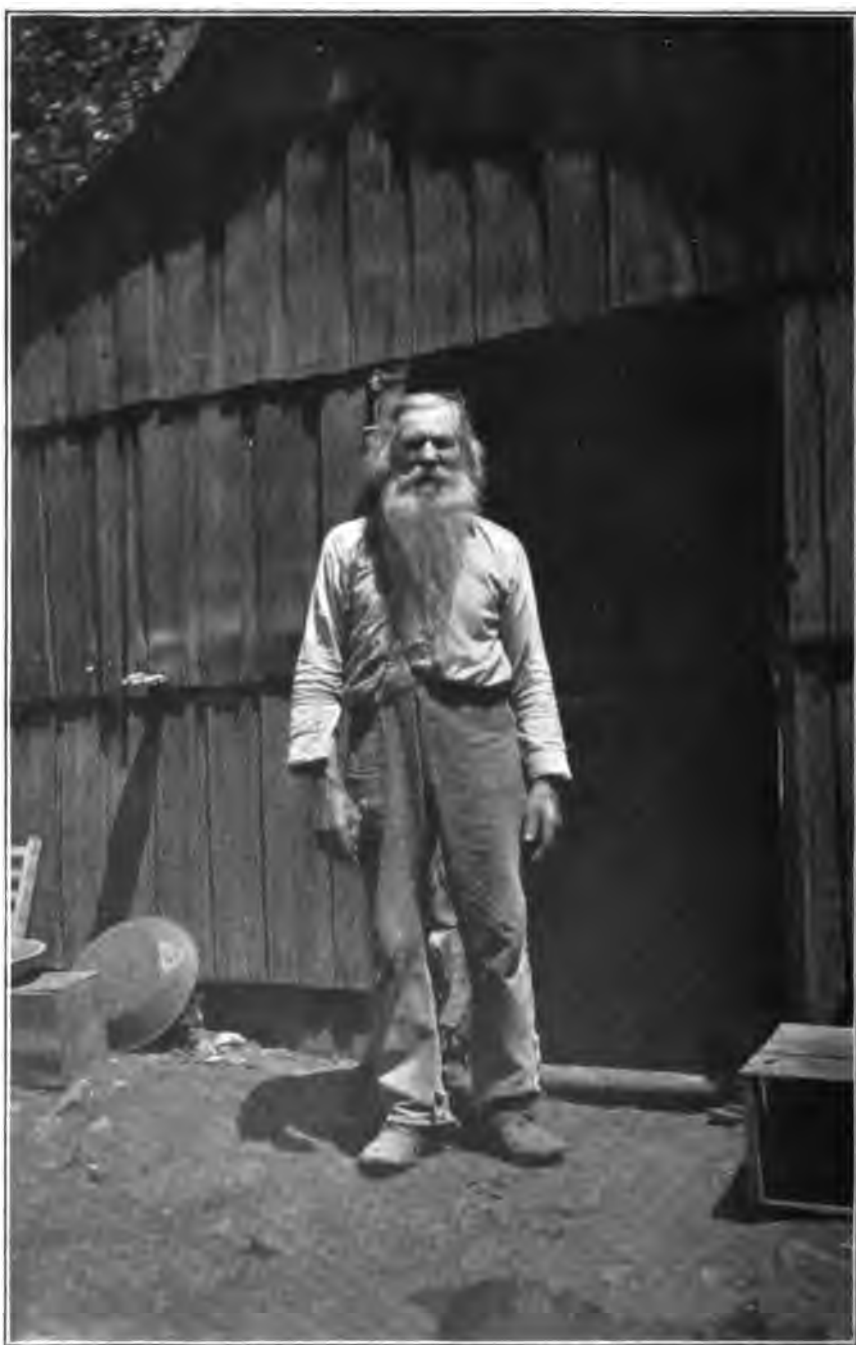
Then silent in the opal sky, a twinkling star appears,
And flashes salutation to the multitude of spheres.
Somewhere amid the blankness a star gives back its call,
For Nature builded not alone: there is a mate for all.

For all—but, oh my loved one, now far you are from me!
The silences of continents give back no call from thee.
But when the day falls from us, and our love asserts its right,
Your spirit, dear, shall fold me, and shall cheer me through the
night.

Palo Alto, Cal.



CARRYING WOOD IN A "BURDEN-BASKET."



A TYPICAL MINER-HERMIT, SAN GABRIEL CAÑON.

SOME CALIFORNIA HERMITS.

By HELEN LUKENS JONES.



THE particular type of each hermit is determined by his individual temperament. In some the deformities of soul, intellect and manner produced by years of separation from their kind, are deplorable. They become churlish, morose, cynical, suspicious, and totally inhospitable. The tired wanderer who, either in sunshine or in blinding storm, seeks shelter beneath the roof of such a recluse, invariably meets with a vicious rebuff; for he has innocently crashed into and shattered the reflective solitude, which, to this particular type of hermit, is far more precious than the rarest painting is to the connoisseur. From such a man love and human interest have dropped as ripe fruit ungathered drops from a tree, or as leaves drop with the first breath of winter's adversity.

In vast contrast to the hypochondriac is the jovial, generous hermit, who heartily welcomes the traveler and who gives up his last crumb, his bed, his house, his everything to accommodate his guest. Though he may have been buried in the wilderness for years, the morose thoughts that controlled his life when he first entered the wilds were gradually effaced by constant association with the blithesome, inspiring outdoors. Because of



A HERMIT'S HOME IN SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK.
Its occupant is said to have made pets of rattlesnakes.

this association a new and wonderful love is born within him. His geniality becomes of the allegro quality. It literally rushes, and struggles and bubbles for outlet and expression. He may have no desire to return to civilization, and be perfectly content in his isolated retreat, yet the advent of a human being into his domain revivifies a thirst for news of the world; and his mind and heart greedily devour every morsel of information his guest may offer.

There are many so-called hermits who are not really hermits at all. They live in towns and cities, though they mingle with people in a commercial way because of their love of money, they



THIS MINER-HERMIT HAS BUILT PART OF HIS CELL FROM STONE.

are social recluses. They hate people, except for what they can get out of them. They have stirred and brewed some injury, perhaps a trifling one, to the boiling point; and as they have watched it bubble they have become more and more suspicious of neighbors and would-be friends. They stick to their ideas as an abalone sticks to a rock, and no argument can free them from their distorted notions. As an instance of this:

In a certain large city are two old maids (or bachelor maids, rather, for that designation is more pleasing to damsels of uncertain age, covering the whole range of birthdays, from 16 to 100), who live alone in a cottage and make fancy pastry for receptions and dinners. They have an abundance of property, but they are miserly and eager to accumulate. Some years ago the



HOME OF MR. LAMBERT, IN THE TUOLUMNE MEADOWS.

street superintendent and the city fathers connived to improve the street on which the bachelor maids lived. This flank movement aroused the ire of the spinsters, who declared that their hard-earned ducats should not be sunk in any such ridiculous project. They threatened the street workers and all concerned in the diabolical enterprise with guns and knives, and hinted at applications of fire and brimstone to be administered in the next



A HERMIT FISHERMAN, SAN PEDRO.

world. But in spite of their vigorous efforts to stop the improvement, the good work progressed. They have discussed these awful doings over their teacups, and have brooded over the affair until they have become semi-insane. These women are known as hermits. Children are afraid of them and people shun them.

In the same city lives a man in a two-room shack. Though comparatively wealthy, he does his own cooking, dishwashing and housekeeping. He hates women and none have ever crossed his threshold. Many years ago he built a beautiful house among the pines near a popular mountain resort. In speaking about this house to one of his very few men friends he said, "Scores of folks



"MURDERER'S CAVE," SAN JACINTO MOUNTAINS.

made a great fuss over that place and tried to get me to rent it. Finally I decided I would rent it. Now after all the hullabaloo about that house," his voice pulsed with anger and he almost hissed out the words, "NOBODY RENTED IT. Houses round there have rented every year for \$200 a month, but mine has been as empty of tenants as an ox is of milk. Those folks lied to me. EVERYBODY LIES. They can't do anything else, blast em!" Because of this man's eccentricities the story is about that his house is haunted, a fact which may account for its having remained vacant all these years.

Hermits generally prefer to be let alone. They have been their own companions for so long that they feel no need for outside entertainment, and they have no inclination to give



STALACTITE CAVE IN SAN GABRIEL CAÑON.
Said to have been a refuge for desperadoes.

others entertainment. It is almost impossible to get them to talk, especially about themselves. They are frequently woman haters. They will shun and avoid the "sex" as musicians avoid discords. Many a hermit has been made by the coquetry of a woman. The cases are all very similar. A man has given the greatest and mightiest love of his life to some fair charmer who has played with his emotions as a kitten plays with a mouse. His trust and devotion are repaid by deceit and treachery, and at the last a final "turn down." Unless he holds the reins pretty tight over his better senses, an unending antipathy for women will



A SEASIDE HERMIT, SAN PEDRO.

be the result, and he will strive to get away as far as possible from the creatures.

A Rip Van Winkle sort of a hermit, who hides away in a California wilderness, had a serious love accident in his early youth, which he survived admirably; but later in life, when Cupid attacked him again, he failed to pick himself up. The affair was disheartening enough to send any man into a hermitage.

He became enamored of a woman to such an extent that when she accepted him "for better or worse," he, to prove his love, deeded her all his property. When the papers were safely in her hands, her love for the aged suitor shrank as a California river shrinks in summer. She lost no time in selling the vine-



THE DESERT HOME OF A LITERARY RECLUSE.

yards and groves, the herds and farmhouses, which the old man had been years in accumulating, pocketed the cash, and, as a fitting climax, she married another man. The discarded suitor,



**FORMER HOME OF A RECLUSE ARTIST—SAID TO HAVE BEEN AN AUSTRIAN
COUNT—NEAR ALPINE TAVERN.**

impoverished in heart, soul, and pocketbook, took to the woods, and there he lives, alone, forsaken, destitute.

Some of our most famous writers, John Muir, John Burroughs, Joaquin Miller, Thompson-Seton, Frank Norris, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and many others, have lived like hermits at times. For months at a stretch they have isolated themselves in old cabins, or they have rambled over trackless wastes seeking the secrets of the great outdoors. Their close association with the grandeur of snow-capped peaks, rocky crags, tumbling waterfalls, forest mysteries, gleaming glacial masses, flower-strewn fields, fern glens, alpine lakes and glowing sun-



A HERMIT'S HOME IN THE SIERRAS.
Visitors were cordially welcomed here.

sets have inspired brilliancy and greatness and purity of thought that could never have found origin or expression within the walls of a city house.

The question has often been asked, "How do hermits without means manage to support themselves?"

In the first place, their wants are few. They are like spokes dropped from fortune's wheel. The desire as well as the necessity for outdoing their neighbors in the grand whirl is past. A shack, or a cave, and a bed of boughs, means comfort. As for food, if they hunt or fish their cupboard is usually full and running over. Outside of this, \$50 or \$100 a year suffices to keep the hermit's larder in comfortable condition. In order to earn



HOME OF A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.
On Idyllwild Stage-road, San Jacinto Mountains.

the few dollars necessary for a meager existence, they choose such occupations as trapping and getting skins, keeping toll-roads in order and tending toll-gates, splitting shakes, acting as guides, making odd furniture from mountain woods, digging for gold, herding sheep, pasturing cattle, making collections of botanical and geological specimens, etc. One old hermit made many a neat sum by catching and selling rare butterflies.

Artists of both excellent and questionable talent wander about nomad-fashion, plagiarizing nature, sometimes complimenting it in their presentation on canvas, sometimes insulting it. A hermit artist of considerable ability, a real Austrian count who had

a name as long as his pedigree, lived for several years in a log cabin near Alpine tavern. The cabin still remains, but the hermit has disappeared, no one seems to know where.

A sheep-herder of extraordinary talent was a well-marked figure in the Southern California hills during the last forty years of his life. He improved his time while watching his sheep by carving what were probably some of the most remarkable canes in the world. One of these canes, like an ordinary walking stick in size and shape, contained 210 carvings. On the top of the cane were the different races of the world; below, in their order,



A SOLITARY HOME IN ELDORADO COUNTY.

came beasts, birds, insects and last, the lowest types of life. All these carvings showed high technical skill, and each object was naturally colored by juices which the artist had extracted from plants and grasses from the fields and woods through which he and his flocks wandered.

Fugitives from justice sometimes haunt woods and rocky shores, and form a dangerous type of hermit. My father and a friend, tramping in the High Sierras, had an ugly experience with a vicious criminal whom they afterward learned had murdered an entire family before taking to the tall timber. They pitched camp late one afternoon in a rugged portion of the range, fully 100 miles from any town. They supposed they were entirely alone in the wilderness. When they were getting supper



A RAG-PICKER AND HIS PALACE, LOS ANGELES.

over the camp fire, and appetizing odors of coffee were being wafted through the forest, they spied a wild-eyed, unkempt man peering at them from among the pines that walled the river. Finding himself discovered, the fellow edged toward them, his every movement indicative of suspicion, and asked the way to Independence, a town on the desert more than 100 miles away. They gave him the desired information, and, as he seemed tired



A HUT OF DRIFTWOOD, SAN PEDRO.



AN IDEAL SITE FOR A HERMITAGE.

and half-starved, they shared their supper with him. He watched them covertly while he ate, and seemed prepared to jump or run or fight at a moment's notice. After supper he muttered brief thanks and sneaked away among the forest shadows. His actions led his benefactors to suspect trouble, and that night they slept with one eye open. Next morning, having seen nothing more of their strange visitor, they left for a day's hunting and fishing trip. At night, when they returned to camp, they caught their guest of the previous night packing up a goodly store of provisions and blankets from their outfit. They leveled their guns on him and ordered him to get out. He did so, and quickly, and they did not see him again. Later, when winter snows filled the cañons and covered the slopes, cold and hunger drove this fugitive into the lower valleys, where he was captured, his crime of murder proved, and the death sentence passed against him.

A picturesque character, Curtain by name, was for a long time conspicuous in the Sierra Nevadas. For forty years before the government established the Yosemite National Park, this man ran cattle into the meadows in this locality. So long was he there that he became perfectly convinced that the entire mountain region belonged to him. He took up a claim of 160 acres on the very top of a rocky mountain, for no other reason than that it overlooked what he believed to be his vast domain. When the park was established, stock-raising inside the area staked off by the government was prohibited. The old man protested vigorously; but it was of no use—the cattle were driven off. To my father this old hermit poured out his troubles. "Come with me to the mountain," he said; and when they reached the summit, from which stretched a mighty panorama of crests, and peaks and pinnacles, of meadows and streams and forests, the old man, tottering with age, stretched out his trembling arms and pointed in all directions. "Look, look," he cried, "Be gad! it's mine. For fifty years it's been mine. It's mine yet. It'll always be mine. They shan't make me go."

One hermit of the High Sierra was noted for his hospitality. He always kept a goodly store of provisions on hand, and when away from home a slip of paper was pinned on the door telling people to come in and make themselves at home. He had the utmost confidence in people, and for many years this confidence was not betrayed; for his involuntary guests always left his cabin and contents in good condition. At last, however, a party of university students, who were out for a series of summer pranks, came to this man's little cabin in the forest. They read his modest little sign of welcome, but respect was not of them a part. They ate greedily from his store of provisions, packed all

they could on their animals and polluted what remained. Before leaving they battered doors and windows and destroyed everything it was possible to destroy. When the hermit returned from a week's hunting trip and discovered the ruins, his entire character changed. From a man kind, gentle and generous, he became a man of wrath and hatred, consumed with a desire for vengeance. He was a famous tracker. He got on the trail of his tormentors, and, though they had a week's start, he managed to track them to Stockton. Here he found out who they were. The parents of the young men were compelled to pay damages, and the man who had been injured declared if he ever caught any of those fellows in the woods again he would shoot them on sight. Needless to say, to this day they avoid the mountains.

Remote portions of woods, shores, deserts and mountains are specked with the mysterious homes of these mysterious people. Many of these dwellings are as eccentric in appearance as their owners are eccentric in personality, character and dress, and often the antagonism expressed in bleary windows and rickety timbers repel the spectators, just as he is often repelled by coming in contact with some of the uncanny specimens of humanity that hid and find shelter within the walls. In almost every instance these dwellings are architectural contortions, but occasionally a hut is found nestling in some picturesque wilderness that shows respect for symmetry and art. Though sometimes built of boards or logs after somewhat conventional methods, these houses are more frequently constructed of stones, old pieces of tattered canvas, discarded odds and ends of timber, old cans split open, driftwood, palm leaves, cakes of sod, grasses and all sorts of strange materials, the very suggestion of using which would shock an up-to-date architect. In the most astonishing and unexpected places these dwellings are found. They cling among tree branches, hide in rock walls, drift with the ocean tides or form dug-outs under the earth. They nestle among grand old trees and rocky crags in mountain fastnesses, their crumbling chimneys and faltering walls breathing of hopes never realized.

Houses built in trees are most curious and unexpected. The one shown in the photograph on page 525 is on the line of the Idyllwild stage-road in the San Jacinto mountains, and is said to have been occupied for several years by an escaped convict, who built it from the wreckage of an abandoned gold mine. It contains a door and two tiny windows that remind one of the loopholes in a fortification. This curious structure, consisting of one room eight by six, is firmly wedged among the branches of a mammoth oak about fifteen feet from the ground, and can only

be reached by climbing a ladder. As years passed and he remained undiscovered, the felon congratulated himself on having so secure a retreat. The necessities of life were stolen during night raids. He seldom risked wandering from his den during the day, but night always found him stealthily speeding through the darkness like a beast of prey, perpetrating crime and revelling in the proceeds. But one sunny morning a party of hunters discovered him and the discovery resulted in his capture and imprisonment.

The "Murderers' Cave" (p. 520) is not of man's creation but of Nature's. It is an enormous boulder split almost in twain, the separated halves spreading out to form a tent-like enclosure. The cave clings to a rugged mountain wall in the San Jacinto range and faces a torrid expanse of desert. A great gnarled oak stands staunchly on one side of the entrance, its branches and luxuriant foliage forming a tapestry of deep olive. The young man who for several years made this place his home was born and bred on the frontier, and was reputed to be the finest horseman and most accurate shot for miles about. While indulging in one of his wild rides on an untamed bronco, he was thrown, and in the fall both ankles were broken. When he recovered, the dismal truth was forced upon him that his feet were useless, and he became so despondent and morose that he went to the mountain and hid in the cave, where he lived alone for many years. A mountain wanderer stopped one day in passing, and lingered on for weeks. Altercations concerning trifles sometimes occurred between the two. One day during an angry controversy the cripple snatched his rifle, fired, and the man lay at his feet dead. With the report of the firearm his anger fled. Horrified at the deed he crouched beside the corpse, moaning and penitent, while the mountains, with bared heads and wrinkled brows, gazed sadly from their heights among the clouds.

One of the best known hermits in the Sierras was Mr. Lambert, who spent his summers in a rickety old cabin in the Tuolumne meadows and his winters in another cabin on the Merced River below Yosemite Valley. He took up a claim of 160 acres in the meadows, and, with nothing but ax and saw and a pair of hands, cut enough rails from pine trees to fence the entire claim. At the time the U. S. Government had a signal station on Mt. Conness; Lambert was employed in carrying provisions to the workers in the heights. He was a student and had a fine library of books in his wilderness home. John Muir and other noted mountaineers were occasional visitors at his cabin. Sometimes snows caught him before he had time to reach the lower and warmer valley, and he was obliged to remain in the Tuolumne meadows

during an entire winter. For months he would be held prisoner, the snows crowding above his cabin to a depth of fifteen feet, his only companions being a few goats and his books.

Strange stories are told of an old fellow, now dead, who lived among the towering peaks of the Sierra, and who had a mania for the companionship of snakes. He was an aged man with snowy hair and flowing beard who was always caressing a coiling assemblage of rattlesnakes, that cuddled against his great chest or coiled at his feet, twisting, rattling, and rubbing against his legs like a lot of purring kittens. This queer group was always so calmly happy and peaceful, that the traveler would invariably curb his first frantic inclination to run, and hesitate on the tips of his toes to take a second glimpse.

Rag-pickers who wade through the filth and debris of cities, gathering a bit here and a bit there, sometimes construct most marvelous huts—huts that resemble nothing quite as much as old-fashioned patchwork quilts. Bits of oilcloth, leather, glass, paper, rags, old carpets, wood, brick, stone, sticks, straw, bad smells, and in fact almost everything under the sun are united in creating the rag-picker's palace.

Fishing villages often contain remarkable architectural combinations and contortions. On the outer rim of a seaport town in Southern California is a quaint and picturesque settlement of hermit fishermen that inspires artists to activity. The huts line a breakwater that extends a mile into the sea. They are built on platforms supported by piles. During storms angry waves crash and uproar about them. Here fishermen live a life of absolute contentment. They have neither ambitions nor aspirations. They are satisfied with their lot—perhaps more so, than multimillionaires who live in palaces and sport steam yachts. They have neither cares nor responsibilities. They are as happy and as free as the sea gulls that wing the air above them. They love their pipes, their boats, their cats (of which they have many), and their bottles (of which they have more). During the day they are picturesquely busy mending nets, cleaning and drying fish, boiling lobsters, or preparing their meals in a fashion that is alarmingly original. At night they take to their boats, and the fleet sails out to deep water where anchors are lowered and seines are cast. As the boats drift lazily with the tides, the men catch a few hours' sleep. In the early morning the nets, which are usually wriggling with fish, are hauled in, and the fleet returns to shore and home.

Thieves sometimes choose queer places in which to meet and perfect plans for future depredations. It is said that the "Stalactite Cave" (p. 521), a spot of considerable geological sig-

nificance in the southern mountains, was once appropriated by the most vicious Spanish criminals, and used as a rendezvous as well as a place for storing booty.

Everywhere in wildernesses of mountain and desert may be found the homes of miners, who, intoxicated with a desire for wealth, have spent their lives hoping and hunting and digging. Many of these men are scholars and might have accomplished much toward the betterment of science and art and philosophy if they had made practical use of their God-given talents instead of sacrificing them to a vision that ever lured them on.

The light of success and the shadows of misfortune glorify or dim human life, just as nature-lights and shadows play their part in the great outdoors. The conditions constitute a mighty seine, in the meshes of which struggle the weak, while the strong break through into life and liberty and power.

Pasadena, Cal.

MISSION RUINS.

By AIMÉE TOURGÉE.

ABOVE the lush alfalfa rise the walls,
Laid by so many patient hands with fast,
And vigil. Now rain-stained, rent by vast
Cracks—which the wild bees store with honey—falls
The campanile; birds and bats have fouled
The choir-loft where the dusky neophytes
Intoned; where shone the twinkling altar-lights
The unbarred sunbeams lie; the brethren cowed
Have gone, and waste and desolation reign.

The eastward nations, from their ancient place
Where soil and heavy air seethe with the thought
And life of countless generations, trace
Our newness with a sneer; and yet unsought,
In ruin swift, our monuments have lain.

Mayville, N. Y.



LAT. 23 N.

By ARTHUR B. BENNETT.

IF this life were the only one, could sceptic prove that true,
 I'd seek the swaying cane that grows in quiet Comundú.
 For lethal wind comes gently there from far out, spangled
 To dream away a life away, what happiness! Ah me! [sea ;
 What girls they grow in Comundú, as graceful as the palm
 That sways, and whispers soothing things, when ruffled from its
 calm ;
 And dreamy breakers mutter far some vague, sleep-talkers'
 speech,
 That seems to hint of far Cathay which forms its other beach.
 There dark-eyed, deerlike cattle peer right gently from the brake,
 Since no one hastes to slaughter them for pelf their flesh will
 make ;
 There ghosts haunt lanes at even (though lovers haunt them
 most)—
 I'd give a year of pleasure here to see that lane and ghost.
 The moon's your entertainer! resplendent through the air
 That, cooled by gulf and ocean, is like no other anywhere—
 Beseeching to be peaceful, to love your nearest best ;
 Where neighbors all are gentle folk, your nearest, loveliest
 So far as trusting eyes pertain : so far as gentle grace
 To charm the leering foreigner from sin that woofs his race.
 If this life were the only one, had I to live it through,
 I'd seek the swaying cane that grows in quiet Comundú.

Ensenada, Lower Cal.

THE WINDWARD ROAD.

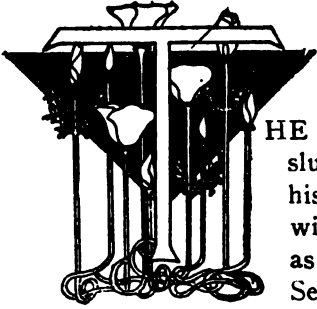
By ALDIS DUNBAR.

AH. smoother winds the valley trail,
 More softly stirs the air
 (With never hint of storm or gale).
 Than where the mountain gusts prevail,
 And grass and shade are there.
 But who would know and prove his soul,
 And gain the strength bestowed
 Through strife maintained—the self-control—
 Who straight and swift would reach the goal
 Shall choose the windward road.

Erie, Pa.

THE KISS OF NIÑO DIOS.

By MARY AUSTIN.



THE day before Christmas—a gray day, too warm and sluggish for the season—Pascual Romero came with his sheep to the brink of Hornitos, came slowly with a dim sense of home and a hope of hiding such as hurt creatures have, dragging back to the lair. Seven years had Pascual spent holiday week in the close-walled hollow, getting his Christmas blessing from Father Padilla riding over from evening service at Posada to hold morning mass at Tio Juan, but never with so heavy a heart.

Hornitos is a fair and secret pasture between Salt Wells and the Dripping Spring. It lies deep-locked and winding in the heart of the Black Rock country, and there is never a way into it but the trail Black Baptiste showed him before he won a fortune in a lottery and went back to Arles to spend it. At that time, which was as long ago as when Tio Juan was a roaring camp—so long ago that Reyes Romero, who told me the tale, had grown a little frosty about the temples in the interval—at that time when the whole land was overrun with wandering shepherds and good pasture was worth a shepherd's conscience, it was doubtful if any but Pascual visited Hornitos. Wild cattle found it, and strayed or abandoned horses; Father Padilla after Pascual had pointed out the way, but no Indian would have gone there for the life of him. According to their tales, round the meadow in the heat-blown lava holes had lived the fearsome Pigmy People of their fathers' time. Pillars and partitions of rough stone crumbled in the caves, and piled barriers of porous lava defended the approaches. Here had lived a traditional little people, surpassing by art and cunning the hut-building hill tribes whom they visited with desolation, returning to trace on the black weathered walls of Hornitos a record of their forays in an art or language to which no man now holds the key. Strange hints of beasts and men, sun-rayed figures and inextricable, foolish squares and circles—so much of them was left on the Black Rock, and the meadow grass flowed green and blossom-crested over grave or garden to the blackened hearth-holes by the doors. But if the Indians were to be believed, the spirit of them lingered in malice and wonder-working, and in rare and fearful times their pigmy figures danced on the sky-line before lost, or too venturesome, travelers in the country of the Black Rock. Pascual was himself reported to have seen them; but as he went in to Hornitos each year with his flock lean and came

out with it fat, it was slyly winked about at shearings and gatherings of herders that he was not unwilling to have the pasture so safeguarded.

Pascual had a house and a wife at Tres Pinos, a fig tree, a great vine spreading from its branches to the roof, a row of peppers in the garden, a guitar hanging on the wall. Twice yearly he found it a little Eden, when in the spring and fall the condition of wild pasture made it possible to feed the flock within sight of the winking candle which Alicia set in the window to light him home.

Then the peppers would go into the pot with the frijoles, the guitar would come down from the wall, Alicia would sit with her arm upon his knee, Reyes, the boy, leaning against her, and they would sing and be content. So it had been for eight years; and in the ninth spring, when he had been a month gone upon the Long Trail, a sudden storm of rain had flooded an ancient creek bed where he lay and carried his outfit clean away in a wrack of wet and shining sand. This had forced him back to Tres Pinos for supplies, where he had not been expected until September. Pascual it may be said, was so much a lover that he went thankfully enough, glad to see his wife even at the cost of a season's supplies. What he had to learn was that it is not wise that even the master of the house should come to it unexpected. No doubt the lonely life of sheep-herding encourages the habit of suspicion; certainly it is a great discourager of open speech—without which the best of lovers may come to misunderstanding. Alicia was plainly fluttered by his return. It was unfortunate of course that she should have the Gonzales girl staying with her, though Pascual must know that she was often lonely with himself away in the hills. Lola had a teasing tongue and a train of lovers. Hers, of course—why should he doubt it? But that was no reason why the two women should whisper so much together and giggle upon each other's shoulders. Secrets? Surely, how else could a woman be a match for a man! A dish of enchiladas, laughed Lola, against anything he liked that Alicia had a secret from him at that moment—and Alicia blushed. The Gonzales girl delighted to see his slow wit fumbling with the hint of things toward.

"What will you do, Pascual, should you find a pretty young man in your place when you come again?" she tormented, and at that Alicia laughed and blushed again and smothered the girl's mouth with her hand. Along with his simplicity and speechlessness, the herder had great directness. He thought himself mocked, and dealt with his trouble as he dealt with failing springs and the chances of unseasonable snow. He tightened the

corners of his pack and set his face toward the hills. Reyes, turned eight at this time, ran with the dogs to keep him company until the trail turned off from the traveled road. He looked up and laughed in his father's sullen face.

"And when you come again, we will have the surprise. Yes. I heard Lola and my mother talking of it when I lay in my bed and they thought me asleep. Something—how should I know?—but you are not to be told. Do you like being surprised, padre mio?"

At the word Pascual saw the props of his house come down. Moved by the instant need of comfort and retaliation, he suddenly swung the boy up and set him on the burro in the midst of the pack.

"You shall go with me," he said. "We also will give surprises." The boy sat scared at his grimness.

On the woodroad they met the father of Lola Gonzales, with the train of stacked logs jogging down on donkeys' feet, and gave him good day.

"What!" said he, "you put the boy early to the work."

"Better he goes with me, neighbor," said Pascual. "A house where there are secrets is no place for my boy."

Gonzales looked embarrassed and scratched his head.

"Eh, neighbor, but if you know it, it is no longer a secret."

"Tell his mother the child is with me," was all the answer he got to that as the shepherd fared forward to the hills.

It was a merry enough life for Reyes; all open field and running flood, though at times he pined for his mother and grew a little fearful when they came through the high hills and the twilight thicket of pines. The fare was of the plainest; but there was his father for company, the dogs, the flock, the brown kindly earth underneath, and overhead the kindly stars. Pascual made him a little staff and a coat of skins: he learned the ways of the unroofed world and ran happily at the head of the flock. It fared better with the child than with the man whose mind ran in the trail of black recollection and blacker imaginings. Jealousy and wrath burned in his slow being like fire in forest litter.

They passed the summer in the wet pastures of wooded hills, and when September was come, instead of turning south for Tres Pinos, Pascual bore north to Minton and purchased new supplies, then by hill and swale and open plain worked the flock toward Hornitos. Reyes when he perceived his father's course began to fret secretly for his mother and cry for her in the night, knowing by this time (but not understanding) that with his father the subject would not bear talking about. He sensed in some dim childish way, the approach of the Christmas tide, and,

childishly too, warmed to it as confident of its seasonable delights even in the black hole of Hornitos.

So he ran ahead of the flock up the trail, singing amid the bleating and the bells and the shattered noises of sheep scrambling in a stony way. But when he came to the top of the gorge and looked down on the grassy hollow, darkly green from hidden springs, its secret strangeness in the brown land, the things he had heard of it, worked together in his mind with fear, so as they came near he left off singing, left leading to the dogs, ran less and at last came into Hornitos holding fast by his father's hand. The sheep poured down the sliding trail fan-wise into the dank, wet grass. Back across the lava flow lay the painted hills of the Salt Wells country and that particular honey-colored cone that stood up behind Posada: while forward lay the high rolling district of Tio Juan.

Already there was a little hint of Christmas in the air, the glooming sky and the soundless sigh of wind that heralds snow. The sheep fed hurriedly, as being forewarned of weather stress. Pascual made a camp in one of the clean, draughty caves scored over with the picture writing of the vanished tribe, and, knowing the boy safe with the flock, went out with the burro over the lava walls to bring faggots of greasewood for their fire. There was no noise in all that country but the eager cropping of the sheep.

Pascual hurried to and fro with heaps of brushwood in the early dark of afternoon. A cloud came down and hid the huddled, long pent-cones beyond the Black Rock: now and again a lifting wind showed the high barrows of Tio Juan white with Christmas snow all down their long brown flanks. Snow fell here lightly once or twice in the year to nourish the stubby shrubs that would feed the flock back to the spring pastures of Tres Pinos: but Pascual kept his thoughts turned persistently away from that place.

Little Reyes, safe in the shallow cave, busy with blackened fragments of a partition wall, built him a manger for Niño Dios. All the child's thought was away with the Christmas at home: with the candles between the greens on the high altars; with the wondrous waxen image of the Child, laid in a manger by the altar rail that all the children who had been good might go forward to kiss it. At that Holy Hour, his mother had taught him, he might breathe a little prayer which, if he had been truly good, Niño Dios might grant him. So it had been for the eight Christmas nights of his life, and though there was no altar at Hornitos, Holy Tide was Holy Tide, here were sheep and shepherds and he would have a manger and candles at least. Pascual assured him that the Child forgot no good children.

"And will he truly come to this far place?" questioned the lad, wistful for assurance.

"Ay, truly," affirmed Pascual, mindful of some poor toys secured in his pack against this day.

"But I have no candles; all the church was full of candles, tall candles, for the Mother of God, and little ones for the Child. Do you think he will miss the candles, father?"

"But that is a small matter; one you shall have for the head and the feet, and there are dry reeds in the meadow which you can stick in the clefts of the rock. They should burn finely. No doubt there will be gifts in your manger against morning," said Pascual, who learned parenthood fast in the lonely months of shepherding. Never since he had been born had the lad been so much with him.

"And is it true, padre mio, that when you kiss the Christ Child he brings you what you ask? Do you think it is true?" The boy leaned wistfully against his father's knee. All the pretty ways of him smote Romero with a new sense of the mother's desertion.

"If he should come here to Hornitos so that I might kiss him, I should ask for my mother," said the boy and went back to his building. The evening darkened in, the fire of greasewood sung and sputtered; an arm's-length over his head the pictured gods of the Pigmy People grinned and wavered in the wavering light.

By nightfall, little spits of dry snow were falling. The sheep had left off feeding, and the dogs held them reluctantly, hankering for the fire and the company of the boy. Reyes was lining the manger he had built with soft grass, in a childish half-faith which he was loth to have disproved.

Pascual had gone to the head of the gorge to look for Father Padilla whom he was accustomed to meet there as the kindly priest rode between the two mining towns of his diocese that neither of them might lack a Christmas service near to the Holy time. To Padilla the night ride and the hour with the wandering shepherd had the value of a pilgrimage to the environment, if not to the land, of the Nativity. It was yet too early to expect him, but Pascual could hardly bear the child's wistful prattle of Christmas at home, charged as it was with thoughts of his wife. Too early it was by an hour or two for the priest, and yet it seemed to the shepherd that a sense of presence warned him through the dark. At last far down the black gorge stones rolled and rattled as if a horse had stumbled on the trail.

Suddenly there rose a clamor from the flock, blether of the sheep and sharp barking of the dogs. Dim shapes raced in the

meadow in the smother of cloud and snow, threading the scared, scattering flock.

"Coyotes!" said Pascual, but in his mind arose a pricking, fear-some reminder of the little people. The flying shapes crossed his path and ever as he gathered the sheep they came upon him from new quarters with snapping jaws, and broke and scattered them anew. No doubt in the holes of the Black Rock the coyotes found many a safe and pleasant lair, but shepherds are a simple folk. When from the side of the meadow where he had come in that afternoon a thin voice called him, "Pascual! O, Pascual!" a cold sweat broke on him and he crossed himself.

Meanwhile up the trail rode Father Padilla; on a led horse behind him rode a woman with a young child pressed against her bosom. At the edge of the meadow he had dismounted and let her down. Once before he had done that when in the late afternoon they had struck into the trail of the sheep; and the woman, discerning the prints of childish feet in the sand, had wept over and stroked them with her hand. Now, as she came down from her horse, she trembled, but not from cold. The child lay warm and asleep in the hollow of her arm.

"Best you go on from here alone," said Padilla, and the woman went on alone, guided by the light of the fire that flickered at the mouth of the shallow cave. She was still frail with the stress of new maternity, the snow clung to her hair and garments, her heart failed her. She laid her child in the grass-lined manger and withdrew into the shadows. Strange figures of beasts and men leered faintly from the wall. The woman crouched weeping, and called softly on the Mother of God.

The shepherd had drawn his flock together, and Reyes had come back to the fire as his father had bid. He threw fresh fagots on the embers and lit the two cheap candles, and when these had flared up feebly he saw that the Niño Dios had already come to Hornitos.

It lay rosy and waxen on the gathered grass, robed in white, between the dim candles, and the other child, never doubting and hardly afraid, knelt to it in a hushed and tender awe, breathing lightly above his clasped hands, timid lest he should waken it.

Pascual came in with the flock and found them there with a great light shining round them from the quickened fire. The shepherd stood astounded; but the sheep with no amazement pressed between his knees, went and put their cold noses to the child's curled palms. It woke and smiled; and Reyes, going forward on his knees, bent to kiss it, whispering softly, "Niño Dios! Niño Dios!"

At that there was a sudden burst of sobbing, and Pascual be-

came aware of his wife, drooping in the shadow of the wall.

"Alicia!" he said in a tone that blotted out remembrance, and there was no sound between them but the woman's sobbing and the tender blether of the shivering lambs.

"Alicia," said the shepherd again, and then an old evil raised its head. "Alicia, whose child is that?"

"Yours."

"Mine?"

"Ours. O, Pascual, do you not understand! This is the secret that I would not tell you, for I feared you would be troubled about me, being so long gone from home. It was that foolish Lola who teased you until I thought you would have guessed. But if you had come home in September you would have known. The child was born a month ago—but I could not wait—I knew where you would be—and Father Padilla—" she shivered, remembering her journey, and the hair fell wet across her bosom.

As for Reyes he did not know if this was the Christ Child or no, but he was sure of his mother and he moved over on his knees until he caught her skirts and kissed and cried in them. Alicia gathered him to her lap, feeling him to see if he were sound and whole, kissing and crying over him and looking timidly between sobs at her husband. Pascual looked back at his wife and suddenly the want of her took and shook him as the wind shook the little candles that wavered and went out among the rocks. The child in the manger whimpered and cried. Pascual put out his hand to it with a vague intention and the rosy fingers closed round his own. The clutch of them and the sound of its crying went through and through him. He lifted it fatherly and laid his cheek against its rosy mouth.

It was the kiss of Niño Dios that bringeth the heart's desire.

He held it in his bosom and soothed it tenderly; men whose work is about lambs grow to have a gentle touch.

"Alicia," he said. "My baby cries—have you no comfort for us?" Alicia took them both in her arms. The sheep at the threshold surged forward a little and the dogs raised a friendly whine. There at the door stood Father Padilla with the snow on his shoulders, as he lifted his hands above them for the Christmas blessing.

Independence, Cal.



TO THE GRAND CAÑON.

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

UPON thy lofty rim we breathless stand,
 As thy stupendous, myriad structures glow,
 With color's opulence, while far below
 The mighty river seems a narrow band.
 Thou feignest thou art eternal, yet thy grand,
 Unrivalled palaces will surely go
 In wreck adown the ages as they flow,
 While other beauties will their place command.
 Time is for man alone, and not for Him
 Who bade the light immortally to be,
 And thee in all its amethyst to swim.
 The Lord that fashioned us has fashioned thee,
 And as we put our puny hands in thine
 We thrill to feel that we are both divine.

San Francisco, Cal.

TUYO.*

By HELEN ELLIOTT BANDINI.



THERE was joy in the hearts of Juan and Pita one winter morning. The rising sun shone on no happier home than this little adobe under the cottonwoods, for in the silence of the night, God had been with them. As in the simple Bethlehem home so long ago, "unto them a child was born, unto them a son was given," and they thanked God with lips and hearts, calling the "little piece of their life" a "Gift of God."

Pita, lying with the precious swathed bundle on her arm, was filled with the peace and joy of fresh motherhood. Its great content enwrapped her, and her steadfast, faithful face was glorified by its hallowed light. And yet, she was only a poor woman of an Indian reservation, ward of the Government, classed with paupers, insane, criminals and idiots, but if she were aware of her low social status, her heart was too happy within her to admit dark thoughts. She lay watching contentedly the movements of the old woman who stirred about the room preparing the simple breakfast.

Presently the curtain of skins that covered the door leading to the courtyard was pulled aside, and a couple of black-haired,

*Miss Bandini's story is not fiction. It has a few minor details which are not historic nor important; but it is a truthful statement, in every vital fact, of a case in my own knowledge.—Ed.

brown-faced, sturdy urchins peeped in, half curious, half sheepish, A happy gurgling exclamation from their mother summoned them to her bedside, where they looked with all a child's interest at the tiny new brother; yet, with hearty boyish disdain of anything so little and helpless, they asked the boyish questions, "Will he ever be able to leap? To run? To ride? Do you think he can ever be a brave?"

The aged grandfather came next. He took the baby in his arms and said a mixture of Christian prayers and pagan charms over the little head, but the tenderness that filled his deep-lined face gave it the beauty, that, thank God, can come into the homeliest, the fiercest—and sometimes even the depraved—face at the touch of a child's hand, the confiding smile from a child's face.

Little Tuyo grew apace—hearty, loving and loved, wrapped in his cocoon he lay watching his little world, awaiting the time when, like the butterfly, he would emerge into the activities of life.

One day when he was nearly a year old, Pita sitting in the sunshine without the door, Tuyo beside her, was told by the two boys as they flew down the path, that the man from the Indian school was coming. A cloud of fear and anxiety settled on the mother's face. Swiftly she caught up her baby and darting into the far corner of the inner room hid him under some skins. As she returned to the door the man rode up, the boys watching him from the safety of the court yard. "Hello!" he shouted brusquely. "These boys of yours should be in our school, they are over age—I have spoken to you before, see to it that you and their father bring them up, else he will find himself in trouble, do you understand?" Pita bowed her head gravely; the man rode on.

The boys, slipping to their mother's side, looked at her with fear in their eyes. "Is it true that we must go, mother?" they questioned. She saw their alarm; and with a brave attempt at a smile she answered in a cheerful tone, "The time is come, my sons. We would not have you grow up in ignorance. This school is built for you, and it is time you should have the good gifts it holds for you." But when they had gone off to their play reassured she went in doors and there in solitude she beat her breast and snatched at her heavy black hair until Tuyo, stirring in his corner, reminded her that she was not alone.

That night they talked it over, Juan, Pita and the Grandfather; and tried to comfort each the other by recounting the good things the boys would have, "Meat every day, and soup, and the dried fruits, and good warm clothes from the store,"

said the mother. At this the Grandfather groaned. "That I like not," he said sadly. "Take from the boy the dress of the Indian, put him in the white man's clothes, and what have you? A good Indian lost and no white man gained." At this Juan spoke briskly, "Ah, my father, it is not the clothes but the heart that proves the man! You know it is all we can do to keep the Indian dress now; as the years come, there will be no dress of skins, no embroidered leggins, but only the white man's clothes and a white man's country."

"No Indian dress and no Indian," said the old man sadly; then in more cheerful tones, "But it is well they should go to learn wisdom. Wisdom is mighty."

The next day Pita and Juan started early in the morning to take their little lads to the school. Tuyo was left behind with the old woman.

The father and mother watched from the open door of the little office the entering of the boys' names in the record book of the school. The children were then turned over to the barber, their thick black hair was cropped close, a hot bath followed, then a complete suit of clothes and the boys appeared to the parents' astonished eyes completely transformed. The old clothes were rolled in a bundle and handed to Pita, a pathetic relic. Her birds had left the nest and moulted; yet in spite of the warmth of their new attire, her heart clung to the little parcel of shabby garments which seemed all that was now left to her of her dear ones.

With the boys gone, life would have been dreary in the little home had it not been for Tuyo. Soon he was able to cast aside the wrappings that confine so closely the Indian baby, and toddled about on uncertain feet after his mother as she worked. He was always happy, though never noisy. Occasionally he would give a low gurgle of pleasure as he played by the hour with the simple objects that served him instead of toys.

After a little he learned to go forth, to watch for the return of the hard working father and grandfather from the fields; and as their eager eyes sought and found the sturdy, square little man in bravery of beads and embroidery with which Pita delighted to adorn him, the lines of fatigue and care would fade out of their faces, and the holy light of love irradiate the dusky features, and when the little figure sprang joyfully to greet them, no white man's darling could meet a more tender welcome.

Tuyo's was a caressing nature. As his mother sat or knelt at her work, he would trot up to her, pat her cheek or lean silently for a moment against her. At night before he slept she held him in her arms, and sang songs of the Indian folk-lore, or

told him why Mr. Coyote had the toothache, or how the little deer outwitted the sly old wolf.

Thus the months passed away, and it became time for the vacation at the government schools. Pita got a store of good things together for the boys' home coming. Tuyo had a new buckskin shirt, and the mother sat for hours scanning the long white road leading to the school, looking for the little travelers her heart was aching to greet. Days passed; weeks passed. She waited with the pathetic patience of the Indian woman. At last the fear came that they were ill or dead; and one morning Juan and the grandfather rose early to go over to the school and learn the truth.

Pita watched them go over the divide; then she finished her household tasks and sat down outside the door to watch and wait. Silent, impassive, a white woman would little have guessed to look at her what a turmoil of hope and fear contended in her breast. All day she watched and waited. Not until evening did the two men come toiling homeward. Her quick eyes caught sight of them as they came over the hill crest, and a spasm of pain clutched her heart as she saw they were alone. No children bounced before them or stamped sturdily beside them. She met the travelers with no anxious exclamations; she only looked into their stern, sad faces and followed them silently into the house.

"And is it that they are ill or dead?" she asked at length. "We know not," replied Juan briefly. "They say they are well and happy, and it is not good that we should see them. They say that the order from Washington says they must not come home."

"But they promised we should have them in the time of the summer's rest," said Pita.

"And they spoke with evil tongues, for the truth is not with them," cried the grandfather shrilly. "And they said they would have us whipped or else give us to the law if we came again."

From this time anxiety for the absent boys clouded the home of Juan and Pita. Try as they might, no reliable word could be obtained. They knew not whether their boys were alive or dead.

Two summers passed in this way, when one day Pita, who was out gathering tunas with Tuyo, saw the superintendent of the school riding by. When she saw him she sprang forward and knelt in the dust of the road in front of him, raising supplicating hands, "Tell me of my boys," she begged. "Let me see them once again, or if they are dead, tell me that. Think of your mother and speak the words that will take away the pain here," and she pressed her hand to her breast. She spoke in Spanish, which she knew the man understood. He frowned and

drew back his horse. "What is this foolishness," he asked harshly. "The boys are well, as you have been told. They do not need you; they are better without you. Let me hear no more complaints." Then noticing Tuyo, "What, you have another boy? It is time for him to come also. We have now a school for such as he. You must send him up."

"No! no, nunca!" cried Pita, wild with fear, clasping Tuyo to her bosom.

"Oh you won't, eh? We'll see about that." There was an evil smile on the man's face.

"He is not of the age," gasped the mother, but the man had ridden on.

That night Pita told the story to Juan and the grandfather. "They cannot take him, he is not four until next month," said Juan.

Tuyo's fourth birthday was celebrated in a simple way. Juan shot rabbits for the stew, the mother made a bead collar, belt and moccasins, and the interesting stories told that night of the Tee-whan people kept the child up late.

All next day he played near his mother quieter than usual, until she wondered, but his shining merry eyes and firm brown cheeks spoke of his good health. Toward sunset he pulled her skirt. "I go to meet father," he said, and ran out of the door.

The men were very late in that night. "Where is Tuyo?" asked Juan of Pita, who, hearing them coming, was dishing up the supper.

"Tuyo?" she cried, a keen pain stabbing her heart. "He went to meet you two hours past."

"We saw him not," said Juan.

All night long they searched for the missing child, but could not find him. The neighbors came to help them. Hither and thither the mother went, calling the baby names that were sacred between her and her little one, but there was no response. In the light of the early morning they gathered in front of the house. "It is the man from the school," said Pita, remembering the evil smile on the cruel face. "That is not possible," said Juan; "never have they stolen a child." The search continued until a few hours later, when an Isleta lad coming home said he had seen one of the men from the school with a little Indian child in his arms ride into the school grounds late the evening before. The child, he said, was moaning as though hurt or frightened.

Instantly Juan and the grandfather and the head man of Isleta set out for the school. They were at first refused admission, but Juan was so quietly decided that the principal was sent for.

TUYO

He came in blustering. "Look here, you Indians," he cried fiercely, "You get out of this, or I will have you arrested. The child is here, yes. He is well. Has a good bed, good food, good clothes. He will learn the games and songs of the school and forget all about you before three days have passed. You are fools and brutes, or you would let your children alone when they are in a good home."

"The home for a four-year-old child is in his mother's arms," said Juan firmly but respectfully. "No school can care for a little child like its mother."

"The sooner he forgets you—and his mother, too—the better," said the principal angrily. "Drive them out," he said, turning to his men, "and if they don't go fast enough, throw them out." Juan refused to go without Tuyo; finally, bruised and beaten, the Indians were thrust out of the grounds.

That night Pita lay on her bed, her eyes wide open in the darkness—a mother bereft of her children. The words of the superintendent repeated by Juan rang in her ears. "He would forget his mother and you, too, in three days." Her little Tuyo, the joy of her life, the darling of her heart, forget her! No knife wound could make such a pain as she felt. Where was he now? who would care for him? Would the people of the school get up in the night to see that he was covered from the cold? and if the evil spirits sent the little one bad dreams, would there be one ready to make the blessed sign and say the charm over him, to smooth the little head until he sank to sleep again?

At last the pain was too great. His spirit was drawing her. She slipped quietly away from Juan, who worked so hard in the field and must not be awakened. Dressing and wrapping a blanket about her, she struck out under the starlight over the road that led to the school. She took a swift yet steady pace. The cold night wind blew down fresh from the snow-clad mountains, the stars seemed to project from the sky, so brightly they gleamed in the clear atmosphere. Off in the hills a coyote gave his lonely cry, and a ground owl hooted softly; but she noticed nothing, thought of nothing but her baby, her Tuyo; when would she feel again that dimpled brown body, pat the little head, see the dark eyes shine tenderly into hers?

In the early morning she reached the school—the gates were securely fastened. She must wait. In the silence of daybreak she looked at the big brick building, all the doors tightly shut; and would fain have entered by Indian cunning and wile, but she feared the law and more she feared to anger the people and so perhaps bring punishment on her boys.

In the cold she stood there patiently, that saddest of all sights

—a mother with no children, yet if they spoke true words, three children of her body, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, were being held prisoners there and being taught to forget her.

When at last the doors were opened she stated her desire quietly to the "man who understood"—the interpreter—but was told that she had done wrong to come, that she must go away. She begged to see the principal; and at last, overcome by her entreaties, they sent for him. He came unwillingly at best, and when he recognized her called tauntingly, "Oh you are the woman who wouldn't send your boy here! Now we have him and we will keep him. You need never expect to see him again. Now go straight home, and if any more of your people come bothering here you will be put in jail and the boys shall be whipped every time you come."

Then she was hustled out by the superintendent's burly followers, all arraigned against one poor little Indian mother. As she stood on the high road outside the grounds, she looked like some stricken animal suffering its death wound. It seemed to Pita that something went wrong with her that moment. Never afterwards did she feel quite the same.

After a time she got home; but what was home without the boys? She cooked and worked as a machine might—but she seldom spoke. Day and night she brooded over Tuyo, pictured his lying down and his getting up. Spoke to him when she was alone, dreamed of him at night when she slept—which was an uncertain thing. The neighbors said she saw visions, that angels were with her. The home once so happy, in its simple way, was wrecked; gloom and sadness marked the days. Juan made repeated attempts to see the boys, but was beaten with such threats held over him as made him fear for the children should he persist in his efforts.

Time passed—four years the older boys had been gone, and Tuyo over a year, when the anxiety of Juan and Pita and other Isleta parents who were in like condition grew too great to be endured. The Indians convened their tribal council and summoned the one white man on whom they could depend to come and advise them.

So the "Man-who-Cares," as they termed him, came in to their council hall, where in the wavering uncertain light of the candles, as they flickered over the bare walls of the long room, he sat with them nightly advising and planning.

As a result, suit was begun against the Superintendent for the possession of Juan's three boys—a writ of habeas corpus was obtained. Swiftly following this came a night attack from the Superintendent and his men upon the home under the cottonwoods

and an endeavor to make away with the complaining witness. An unsuccessful attempt, however, in which the official and his force were routed. He dared not let the matter get into the courts, and the three boys were at last liberated.

It was a pathetic home-coming. The older lads, estranged by years of absence, hung back; but in a moment Pita had Tuyo in her arms. How for weary months, she had been longing for this moment. But the shock when she whispered caressing words of love, and his own special name (known but to him and her), and the poor little fellow, though he recognized the love in her touch and eyes, did not understand her words, and answered only in English, to her an unknown tongue.

Then Pita sobbed aloud, and Tuyo cried; and the wife of the "Man-who-Cares," kneeling beside them with tears pouring from her eyes, translated between the mother and her baby. A four-year-old child, wilfully deprived of his mother's language!

Two days later, fifteen other captive children of Isleta were released at the demand of the "Man-who-Cares," and on that morning there might have been seen in this Indian town a thousand people crying, sobbing, thanking God, as they clustered about the children they had believed to be dead or lost to them forever.

This is, I trust, an unusual case; but the complete separation of child and parent seems to be the principle that underlies the action of the government in its treatment of the Indians. This is a veritable crime against nature and will never redound to the good of the Indian or the nation.

What is our best work in the slums of the great cities? The settlement work, the mission, the Salvation Army. Going down among the people, living with them, showing them by daily example and contact the beauty of clean godly living. This our mission schools are doing for the Indian, but they are limited in power, money and opportunity, while the government, with unlimited wealth and ability, fails lamentably.

As a people we should take a lesson from the Lord in the evolution of a nation from barbarism. According to His plan, it takes generations. Are we in our vain-glory capable of accomplishing it in five or ten years? Why should we attempt to make the Indian children of today High School graduates, expecting them to hold their own with our boys and girls who are products of years of culture, training and adherence to moral and Christian laws?

Instead of elevating them little by little, making haste slowly, it is as though our government would "raise" them with a wrench that destroys all previous ties. Forgetting that heart is often superior to mind, and that Jesus and John, Peter and Paul, all joined in proclaiming love the greatest factor in the world, would we wrench from these people the one thing that they have, their holiest of holies, family love?

COLONEL COLUMBUS. PROSPECTOR.

By ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.



COLONEL Columbus Boggs had returned from a prospecting trip and was feeding his two mules as I rode under the shade of the large walnut trees, that edged the corner of the corral. Just when and where he had won his title nobody seemed to know; but it was as much part of him as the comical squint in his eyes and the unfailing hitch in his gait. To everyone in the Duarte community, Columbus Boggs had been "Colonel" as long as could be remembered. Hopeful, restless and sympathetic, generous to a fault, he was the miner typical. For nobody knew how long, he had owned the small shake-thatched cottage on the plot of ground now in the very heart of the thriving southwestern town.

Some three or four times a year, a little pair of dun-colored mules might be seen ambling briskly into the town, hauling a big, heavy-tired, springless wagon, with a high, uncomfortable-looking seat, upon which, shaded by a dilapidated, flapping canopy, sat the Colonel, smoking and always happy. His leather boot-legs were wrinkled from constant use; his heavy brown overalls usually patched at the knees and held up by an old canvas army-belt with huge brass buckle; while a thick, double-breasted, blue-flannel shirt, turned away at the throat, revealed a bronzed neck, with cords tense as bowstrings. On his head, ordinarily, was a limp, misshapen, felt hat, which had weathered the parching heat of alkaline desert and the cold fogs of damp coast-land.

Perennially poor in pocket, the Colonel was everlastingly rich in hopes. Returning time after time with not so much as a grain of precious metal to show for the hard jaunt, when other men would have given up in despair, he was cheerful and contented, and always "goin' to strike it rich nex' lick."

It was he who nursed old "Cripple Jake" Eaton's boy, when the lad came up from Mexico threatened with smallpox and all Duarte eschewed the Eaton shack. It was he, too, who, happening near, saved the life of poor blind "Mother" Stokes, when her old reprobate husband, crazed with drink, in wildest delirium tried to kill the woman. The whole town knew how the Colonel had held Jim Stokes in a grip of iron, until the struggling, battling man had sunk into that unconsciousness from which he never wakened.

The women admired Colonel Columbus for the tender care and love he had shown his invalid wife during her weary life.

They never tired of telling how, each time before leaving for a prospecting jaunt, he used to take the frail little woman upon his lap, and tell her of his hopes of locating some rich claim where he would make the money to take her to the noted German specialist across the water, who, he had heard, could effect such marvellous cures.

They recalled also the time Mrs. Boggs died, when ill-luck was a close companion of the Colonel's. They knew how it had been necessary to circulate a subscription paper for defraying the funeral expenses and how the honest old fellow had secured that subscription list, committed to memory the names written thereon, and guarded the document among his most treasured possessions, until, several years later, having sold a small claim he owned in the Rand district, he hunted up the persons whose names were subscribed to the sheet and paid them dollar for dollar.

This time Colonel Columbus had come directly from Death Valley, and to my greeting and question replied: "Howdy, young feller! Git off'n hitch, won't you? Oh, I'm toler'ble; got my eye on a boss claim, what'll pan out a-heap, I'm guessin'."

"Who went with you this trip?" I asked.

"Nobody. Made it alone—that is, with them mules there: they's lots of comp'ny though.

"D'ye know, I think stacks of the mules," he went on, his small gray eyes shining with an affectionate twinkle. "They know me jest like a brother; we're same's three triplets, me an' them mules. Sorter funny, too. Why, when I got 'em, three years ago, they was wild as buffaler.

"Yes, siree, that Jack there"—and he pointed to the animal nearest us—"Yer couldn't git no nigher to 'n this; he knocked the hip-bone clean off'n a feller onct 'fore I got him. That's how I come to git him so cheap; only give a pinch o' dust for both of 'em, but you couldn't git nary one now for all this here town.

"Cause why? Cause I ain't got no pertickeler use for the town, 'cept my old shake-down here; but I have got use for them mules.

"Bill Mellen wanted 'em orful bad to use in his brick yard, and took on terrible 'cause I wouldn't trade.

"I jest says, 'Bill,' says I, 'won't you sell me your oldest boy to take along a-prospectin' with me, to wash out my fryin'-pan 'n slice my bacon!'

"I says it jokin' like, you know, an' Bill, he looked surprised enough an' says, says he, 'Be you gone plum crazy?'

"And I says, 'No crazier 'n you be, Bill Mellen, 'cause I reckon I think jest as much, an' mebbe more, of them mules 'n you do

of that boy o' yourn, judgin' from how you treat him. Sell 'em to work in a common brick-yard? Well I guess not. No, siree!"

The Colonel was silent for a moment and then continued, as he rubbed his angular chin meditatively: "Them mules is the apples of my eyes, jest look now! Here, Jack, Jack, Jack!" The mule munching alfalfa nearest the corral rails threw his long, pointed ears forward and walked over to the old man, who spoke gently as he rubbed the soft, flabby nose: "Come, Jacky; put yer head down on my shoulder like as we was goin' to have our picters took," and the head was stretched forward over the shoulder and held there patiently for a moment.

"Now, Jacky boy, give me yer paw." The mule lifted a slender front foot in an easy manner, and the Colonel held it a moment in his seamed palm.

"There, that's enough, boy; you can go back to yer grub now."

"Talk about higher edercashun, there's a sample for yer! You betcher I think a pile on 'em, an' you've no idee how the little fellers like me too. When I'm off prospectin', if I go jauntin' out round for a day, I always leave 'em staked near camp, and when they see me a-comin' back at night they both on 'em open their big jaws wide, jest like an alligator, an' set up the everlastingest beller yer ever heard, like as they was sayin', 'Glad to see yer back agin, old man.' I tell yer 'twas sweeter 'n music to me, 'cause I knew they wa'n't puttin' on like some people does when they give yer the glad smile. No, siree! Them mules way down in their souls was most pertickeler glad to see me.

"Pete, that off one there, come mighty close to dyin' 'bout three months ago, didn't yer, Pete?" The Colonel stepped between the corral bars.

"'Twas a snake bite," he continued, as he stroked 'Pete's' hair carelessly in the wrong direction, "an' it happened in this way. We was comin' down a narrer trail out of Black Skull Basin, me an' Jack 'n Pete. The sun had sot behind the hills, 'twas gittin' dark an' we was hurryin' to git ahead a ways 'fore stoppin' for grub. All to onct this Pete here jumped like a kangyeroo at somethin' alongside a manzenity bush, as a lively whir-r-r-zipped out. 'Fore I could pull up, the rattlin' pizen spurter had lunged plump into the mule's shoulder.

"'Twas all done in a jiffy, an' I says to myself, says I, 'You Columbus Boggs, you! Stir your stumps if yer expect to have a Pete Boggs round these diggins very long.'

"If the swellin' got the drop on me, that mule was a goner, sure. So I out with my hyperdemic syringe, rammed in some ammony mixture I allers have handy, an' was down by him in

no time. He was shakin' an' tremblin' frightful, with the sweat a-runnin' off him in big trickles. I got water from my canteen mighty sudden, an' wettin the mule's shoulder, scraped the hair off with my knife, huntin' for the fang slits. Well, they didn't look much deep, but yer can't never tell 'bout the things—they's mighty uncertain an' it don't pay to take no chances—so I squirted in a load from the syringe, for the hide was a-swellin' all the time, mind yer.

"Then I got the team onhitched. Jack was good as could be all through—he certainly understood the whole predickement, that mule did, an' was feelin' sorry for his pard. I pitched in, rubbin' an' squirtin', pinchin' an' walkin' Pete round; he behaved wondrous well, too—'cause he knowed I was tryin' to help him—an' took everything in the most understandingest way. Curious how much a mule does know now, ain't it?

"Well, I had to keep him walkin' away into the night; couldn't let the poor feller keep still a minute, though he got awful leg weary—'n I confess I did some, too. I tell yer I was proud of his grit. Made me think of the sand old Sam Salter showed when he got snake-bit so bad an' cured himself by bindin' up his leg tight so's to stop the blood a-flowin', an' then chewin' that bitter snake-weed all night long.

"Pete was jest as much game as Sam, an' by noon next day dogged if that mule wa'n't a-feelin' that smart that it seemed like he was tryin' to thank me, but course he didn't have command of the proper langwidge. Pity mules can't talk United States!—Well, Petey boy, we don't want any more o' them snakes foolin' with you, do we sonny, eh?" and the grizzled miner put his wiry arm tenderly about the brute's neck.

"Jest feel of that flank; sound an' hard as a healthy punkin'," he went on. "An' Jack's the same way; they's both on 'em tough an' hearty as I be, but they will scare at a bear! Yes, siree!

"One mornin' this last trip, I left 'em chained to the wagon—I'd locked the wheels yer know—while I went up a cañon a piece with my gun for quail. Jest as I was comin' back, I heard the chains a-chinkering like fury, an' when I got to the open sumac, there was them mules a-backin' for all they was worth, 'n pullin' the locked wagon with 'em right up hill an' all on account of a bear, a little black runt of a feller that was lumpin' round the trail. I up with my gun 'n 'fore the youngster could git away, my aim had fetched him. That's his hide hangin' over there on the corral rail now—pretty pelt, ain't it? Well, sir, as true as Jack is standin' there switchin' flies, it's hard for me to git them mules past a good-sized black dog now. Oh, it beats all what amazin' interlocks mules have got, rememberin' so much.

"I ain't got no honester friends livin' than Pete 'n Jack. A mule's as good as gold, that is, if yer git one to suit yer; but like in gittin' a woman, yer can't allers find one as suits. I've been powerful lucky in my deals, though."

"How long are you going to be home this time, Colonel?" I asked.

"Oh I dunno, I dunno! Mebbe a month, mebbe two, an' like as not, mebbe three. Jest depends on how soon I have that oneasiness come over me to git back to that new ledge I've struck. But Jack 'n Pete have got to have some good feed 'n water 'n a little lay-off; they deserve it."

"Indeed they do," I assented. "Well, you surely have my good wishes for luck and fortune soon."

"Thanks, young feller; jest so. But my business allers seems this pesky pursuit. Some like the boy chasin' the rabbit in the snow. Boy runs 'n runs an' gits all tuckered out a-runnin'; then jest as he is about to catch the animal, some other feller, a-layin' low near the trail, hops up an' as he's fresh 'n not winded from runnin', he muckles onto the game, while the other boy is so plum tired, he don't say a word."

"I ain't a-kickin', though; oh, no! Don't understand me as complainin'. Ain't got no reason to—no, siree! Why, I've made three good piles 'n never had sense enough to salt one down yet; don't suppose I ever will. But I'm pretty well fixed all the same, for yer see I've got my health 'n spirits an' them two mules, an' what more can a old feller like me want anyway?"

Pomona, Cal.

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

By S. I. DARLING.

UP out of the sand it grew,
Grim as a northern pine,
Where never a drop of dew
Gathered on stem or spine;
And never its branches knew
The clasp of a clinging vine.

A perishing beast drew nigh,
Trampled it, roared with rage
And sank on the sand to die;
Fainting with thirst and age,
Man prayed to the burning sky,
The earth and the dull gray sage.

And then, at his very feet,
Crushed by the hoofs and horns
That still, in the dying, beat
Hard on the mail of thorns,
Oozed nectar as cooling-sweet
And fresh as the eastern morns.

Then man, the forgetful, made
Trailings of waters there,
And orchards of fruit and shade
Answered his early prayer.—
Yet far off, sad, unafraid,
Still bristles the prickly pear.

Diamond, Cal.

SONS OF THE WEST.

By SUSIE C. OTT.



HIS is to be a tale of certain Sons of the West—who were not sons of the West, after all, any more than a coyote's cub is a panther because of a panther foster-mother's milk. And it also, incidentally, concerns a woman.

Certain laws of "supply and demand" caused the woman to be of so much consequence. And also there was involved a dogged tenacity to ideals in those wanderers of the House of Hanover who each night sleep at the breast of the west—a tenacity that makes them break off from certain things and go back to England and marry the girl who has ceased to be a girl and who might have had children grown. Or perhaps marry her younger sister, while the girl, who has ceased to be a girl, sits by and looks on and wonders at the uselessness of waiting.

"Here, Bob, kick that hound out of the bean-pot, can't you?" A howl from the hound bespoke the thing as having been accomplished. "You are sure you didn't kick a piece of the ear in?"

"Well, there is a shortage on bacon seasoning, isn't there?"

"Hello, Pancho! What's the row now?" as a Mexican came trotting up on a burro.

"Oh, them blame coyotes, Mister Dick. I jess came from the campo of Luciano, who have the three thousand herd in the Griffeith flat, and he say the coyotes all going loco. One of them, with the spits hanging from the mouth like the strings of the suds of the soaps, an' him running an' running, the head straight out an' the hair stand up on the back like the comb, an' the eyes—Valgamé Dios, the eyes!—come one other night an' kill three sheeps an' then run for the brakes. Por el cuerpo de Christo! Luciano have mucho the scare."

"I wonder what's getting into the brutes. This is the fifth in three months. Pancho, you take some strychnine over and doctor those dead sheep and put them in the edge of the brakes where those scoundrels run."

"No, señor; the coyotes no eat that which has been kill by the thing that is loco. They smell the loco and take care like the devils."

"Well then, kill some more sheep, but put out plenty of poison. How about Flora?"

"Luciano say him bit one more sheeps the day before tomorrow."

"Bit another, hey? Poor old girl! Did he beat her?"

"Si, señor! she say she beat him till she crawl when she walk."

"You'll have to kill her, Dick. When a sheep-dog gets a taste for that sort of thing there is no cure short of a shotgun, to say nothing about her ruining the other dogs."

"I know it. But, great heavens, man, I can't kill Flora. She is the only gentlewoman on the place. Pancho, you bring her over here tomorrow, do you hear?"

"Si, señor," and Pancho thought things concerning the incomprehensibleness of the Americanos. He delivered himself of them with a shrug, and squatted himself cross-legged by the fire and drank deep of the joy of a cigarette.

Bob was rubbing two-days-old calf brains into a deer-skin that had not lost its spots yet, and that was fastened by mesquite thorns to the upturned bottom of a wagon-bed. The scent of the aging brains and the not-too-distant sheep-pens and the boiling-over coffee pot was the incense of a new religion rising to the mother skies of the West. Nature had been made for some time—human nature, also.

"Yes; and I say thank heaven there is no other lady on the place. A man is either a fool or a brute to keep a woman out here. Surry——"

"Oh, Surry has put his wife under obligations to him by marrying her at all. The obligations would be the same here or in Timbuctoo. There is a rule by which he measures her incomings and out-goings—'my wife,' spelling the 'my' with a capital and underscoring it. There are 'my' cows and 'my' sheep and 'my' dogs also," and Dick pulled out handfuls of biscuit dough, and, rolling them into balls the size of lemons, threw them into a Dutch-oven that stood on a box table by his side.

"How under the sun some women come to marry some men——" As has been already suggested, the woman was of much consequence because of the scarcity of that article.

"Oh, she hadn't been his wife then, to judge from; neither had she camped with him for three months; nor run sheep with him for a year and a half on adjacent and over-lapping ranges. These things go to broaden one's horizon somewhat."

The next day Pancho rode again to Griffith flat, but returned without Flora. Luciano had informed him that she had taken to walking on her hind legs and to cutting up circus-lady tricks generally. Therefore had Pancho not insisted on Flora's company.

"You do it, Bob—I can't," groaned Dick. "For God's sake make a clean job of it!"

And Bob rode up to the flat, his Winchester rasping against

his leggins and his heart heavy above his cartridge-belt, leaving Dick sitting on a mesquite stump, his head buried in his hands.

Beautiful Flora, who had starved for water when there was not enough water for two, and for food when there was food but for one! Flora, who had given many sons and much love to the world! Little sweetheart Flora, who had slept in his arms, her nozzle buried in his neck, when the winds blew cold from off the divide!

Bob was just disappearing over the second rise when Dick overtook him, galloping wildly.

"I can't have it done, Bob," he gasped. "I'll tie her up."

"Yes, and let her eat her heart out in disgrace!" said Bob consolately. But when they reached Griffith flat, Flora had gone.

She had slept quietly all through the night before beside the sheep till toward morning, when a panther had screamed in the cedar brakes two hundred yards away. Then she had jumped to her feet and stood quivering in terror for a moment till the panther had called again; then she had leaped among the sheep, snarling and killing. She had sprung all-fours on Luciano, carrying away, hanging to her lower tusks, a piece of the shirt from nearest the throat. At last she had run, a yellow flash in the gray of the chaparral, and disappeared in the brakes. She was dead before this most likely—the loco kills quickly once it is well seated.

"Well, it's settled," said Bob, but Dick rode all the morning in the cedar brakes, calling the peculiar call that Flora always obeyed—but vainly. Turning back toward the ranch, finally, he rode on over the sloping hills, thinking. It was only a dog that had gone out of his life, after all. Had Flora foreseen a cause for jealousy? Dick laughed grimly and shook the hair from his forehead. He sat sideways in his saddle, cowboy fashion. He put his hat on again and drew it down over his eyes. The sun was flaring hot waves back from the alkali. There was not enough wind to lift the dust from the ground where it rose heavily from the horse's hoofs and fell heavily back again.

He drew rein on top of one of the hills, and from under the shade of his hat-brim gazed off to where a group of live-oaks bespoke water somewhere below the bleached bones of a vanished river. Stretching out beyond the line of trees were sheep-pens built of brush woven in tall posts; to the right of the pens was a house, a one-roomed thing with a grass roof and a lean-to brush shed at the back, from which issued a tail of smoke from the camp-fire.

Dick sat there, frowning. The horse patiently shifted its weight from one side to the other.

"I won't be a fool," said Dick at last, and he brought the quirt down on the pony's flank. "It's like Moses gazing on the promised land," and he laughed.

"Well, Sarco, old boy, I spoiled that dream, didn't I? Poor old chap! I think I caught you, too, looking longingly down there. I believe you have a sneaking notion for the place, too, eh? Never mind, old boy; we haven't any right down there. I wonder if we'd conduct ourselves like officers and gentlemen if we went? Can't always, sometimes tell! Kind of a ticklish business. I believe you'd go if I gave you half a rein. I have a good notion to try you, just to prove the experiment, you know! If you go you'll have to bear half the blame if anything turns up, do you understand? Half the blame! Is it a bargain, huh? All right, old fellow, so it is. You just take your head when you come to the fork of the road and I'll stand by you! That's right. I guess we're gentlemen, you and I! I don't think we're much off our oats. Trot along!" The pony obediently paced forward.

"Here we come! You pays your money and takes your choice! Don't be backward about coming forward!" A few feet ahead the road branched. The pony still moved forward, little interested in the proceedings. He reached the forks and quietly turned down to the right. Dick threw back his head and yelled and slapped his legging with his quirt.

"Half the blame, old fellow! Half the blame! No, no, you can't go back in your tracks!" as the horse pranced around, nettled at the noise. "You've got to stick to your bargain," and Dick struck in his spurs and pulled the pony back into the road, and they loped down the hill toward the live-oaks. "We might as well go it in style, old fellow! There is no use in sneaking in like we were stealing rams!"

A barbed-wire fence crossed the road, with a gate. Dick got down and unfastened the gate; then, still keeping the reins over his arm, he went toward the house. The door was open and he could see inside. He leaned his arm against the casing, and, taking off his hat, said:

"Please ma'am, might it be plum pudding?" A woman on the other side of the room raised her head suddenly, startled little flags of color waving in her cheeks. She leaned her arms on the moulding board and laughed.

"No, you crazy boy! We don't knead plum pudding."

"I do. I have needed plum pudding for the last five years."

"Now if anybody should ask me, I should say it was a dictionary you most stood in need of! No, I think possibly these are biscuits—'East powder' biscuits. At least that is what the recipe says they are, and it ought to know. But come in."

"'East powder' biscuits till I die!" cried Dick, as he sank luxuriously into a boudoir chair made of a sawed-down barrel and upholstered with most wonderfully beflowered calico.

"The recipe calls for a half-cup of milk and butter the size of an egg——"

"Diamonds and pearls!" cried Dick.

"Oh, I used goat's fat and water," and she gave her shoulders an expressive little shrug. "I sent Josefina three miles down the river to get a cup of milk—I thought she would spill enough to even it up to the half cup the recipe called for—but they said they 'didn't have but fifteen cows up now, and there wasn't enough milk fer th' calves less'n one milked all day.' And here we have two thousand head of cattle!" she said.

"My dear Mrs. Surry, haven't you learned yet that it is not etiquette to have milk on a cow ranch? Cows only exist that they may be shipped to Kansas City."

"You must stay for dinner," said Mrs. Surry, as she kneaded and rolled the mass of dough. "Mr. Surry will have returned by that time. He has gone over to Tulerosa to the post office."

"So sorry! Just my luck! Did you ever eat sour-dough bread?" said Dick with the calmness of resignation.

"Did I?" She smiled, though a little color had gone into her face. "Mr. Larmour, I am afraid you fail to appreciate the fact that 'east powder' biscuits are an innovation, or do you purposely ignore the fact that they are simply an oasis in a continual Sahara of sour-dough bread?"

Dick had risen and gone over to a chest of drawers on the other side of the room on which stood some photographs. One of them, a little oval thing that leaned against a small jug, was that of a woman who bore much resemblance to the woman with the bared arms at the moulding board. The one in the picture had bare arms also, and bare throat, and loosely-piled hair, and the beautiful eyes looked fearlessly out into the future; but the lips would never betray that future, whatever it might be—they were firm and straight. Dick reached for the picture. It fell, face down, and across the back was written in a large firm hand, "To Harry from Aileen." Dick picked it up gingerly and put it back in its place again without looking at it and then promptly turned his back on it.

"Do you know," he said, "Sarco is to blame for my coming here today."

"Is it necessary to blame some one for your coming to see us?" she asked.

"Well, do you know, I sometimes think it is," he said grimly.

"Your dog, the pretty yellow one," said Mrs. Surry hurriedly,

"went by here today. She was running after a rabbit, I guess. I called her; but——".

"Great God!" and Dick turned suddenly toward her. "And you alone!"

"Yes," she answered in surprise. "Why, what is wrong?" But Dick had strode over to the door and stood looking out, the sinews knotting on the back of his neck and his hands clenching and unclenching.

"What is it? Tell me!" she cried.

"Nothing," said Dick, turning round and looking at her. "Nothing," he went on in a hard metallic voice, "only she's mad—loco."

"Oh—oh!" she gasped, putting her hands to her throat.

"That's all," and he turned again to the door.

"Oh, and you loved her so," she whispered.

"Yes, I loved her—so," he answered without turning.

"I loved her so that I saved her to—— I was a damned coward! If she had heard you!" and Dick buried his head in his arms and leaned against the door jamb.

"I am so sorry! Poor pretty thing! But you were not to blame. You would not have been to blame, even—" She came close and put out her hand in her excitement. Her eyes were dark and the danger flags were wig-wagging in her cheeks.

"I know you saved her because you loved her. It is in you to care for things you—love. She had been your friend so long, longer than—I had. And she had suffered for you—and served you—and—and—and loved you—and would have died for you! And—and I—I—" but she suddenly stopped and dropped her hand. Dick turned and looked at her.

"Thank you," he said. Her eyes wavered and swept past his face and down the valley. He took a step toward her, then he reached for his hat. "Yes," he went on in a hard, mechanical voice, "you are to be congratulated, the dog might have proved annoying, though I hardly think—" And as they stood there, the muffled sound of horse's hoofs came up, and a moment later Surry appeared at the door.

"Oh, it is you, Harry," said his wife. "Here is Mr. Larmour to see you. He has been waiting for some time. Are you ready for dinner?"

"Yes," returned Dick with the brilliancy the occasion demanded, "we have been waiting to kill the fatted calf, only we could not decide just how you would prefer to have it cooked."

"That's just it. I prefer to have it cooked rather than to be cooked. I hope you will come to some satisfactory conclusion within the next hour, as I am going to the sheep-pens and will

return in that time—or is that too soon?” And he smiled and turned on his heel.

Dick had a sudden and pre-historic desire to go out and assist him thither, and when they reached the pens to proceed to wipe them up with him. But Dick was a product of nineteen centuries of evolutionary civilization, so he told polite lies instead, and departed in peace.

Dick fumbled with the gate fastenings, blind in his fury at the insult to the woman. Evidently nineteen centuries of civilization were not proving palatable. He opened the gate and rode on down the fence. When he passed the door, the woman had gone back into the house. He dug in his spurs and rode on. Hardly had he gone a hundred yards when a terrific yell rose from out near the sheep pens. He turned in time to see Surry coming across the space from the pens to the house like mad, Flora yapping at his heels.

“My God!” cried Dick, and he turned and rode wildly down the fence again, calling “Flora! Flora!” But the faithful ears that had never failed to hear before were deaf now.

Surry was making desperate efforts to reach a mesquite tree that grew about half way across. Before Dick had reached the gate he had got to the tree and pulled himself up a few inches above the snapping dog.

“Aileen! Aileen!” he cried in terror, “Kill him! Kill him!” Mrs. Surry appeared at the door.

“Go back!” yelled Dick, waving his arms and springing from his horse. “Go back! I am coming! Go back, I say!” The woman turned and looked at him, then she went back into the house. Dick wrenched and tore at the gate. A moment later Mrs. Surry reappeared at the door, her husband’s gun in her hands and stepped out in the yard. Every inch would count in her aim.

“Put it down! For God’s sake, put it down!” shrieked Dick, tearing at the gate.

“Aileen, kill him! Kill him!—Aileen!” wailed her husband.

“The brute! The damn coward!” gasped Dick. Aileen raised the gun.

“Aileen! Aileen!” Dick sprang on his horse and dashed through the now open gate.

“Kill him! Kill him!” shrieked the man as Flora leaped higher and flecked his trouser legs with foam.

“Wait! Flora! I am coming!” and the horse plunged forward. The woman fired.

A little wisp of smoke flew up in front of Flora and the bullet flattened itself against a stone. She had missed and to miss

meant—! With a yap Flora turned, and, seeing the woman, leaped toward her, the foam flecking the golden breast, her head straight out and her eyes like flame.

"Flora! Flora!" called Dick. Aileen fired again, but the shot went wild. Flora sprang in the air toward that spot where the open collar left the throat bare. But half way in her leap she was jerked to her haunches, turning a somersault in the air! The rope had gone home swift and sure. Flora struggled to her feet! She turned and ran with the horse, rearing and running and rearing again, yapping and snarling and snapping! Now on her feet, now dragged on her back! Now springing into the air, and now hurled yards on her way! Dick dug the spurs in and bent forward in the saddle. Flora no longer reared and ran, and reared and ran again. Her beautiful body was dragged at the end of the rope till her bones were beaten to a jelly, and her golden fleece was covered with dirt, and foam, and blood; and the rocks were spattered with her blood. At three hundred yards Dick drew rein.

"My bonny Flora! My bonny lady!" he cried as he knelt by her side and wiped the blood and foam from her mouth with his handkerchief from around his neck. "It had to be done! My pretty girl! My bonny lady!" There was a moment's recognition in the bloodshot eyes, once so brown and true, and Flora raised her head and put it back on Dick's arm, and it rested there. Flora understood. There was a quiver of the mangled form, then it stiffened out and the coyotes had claimed their own. Dick laid the head back gently and then mounted his horse and rode back to the ranch.

He rode up to the door and got down, and stood first on one foot and then on the other. Mrs. Surry came out.

"I wish to thank you," she said, holding out her hand. "You saved my life—and my husband's."

"Oh, don't—don't mention it!" said Dick. It is in such glowing and burning language that we dress our thoughts in our supremest moments.

"Aileen," came a querulous voice from the house.

"I must go now," she said. "He is very unstrung."

"Is there—er—anything that I—er—a—I can do?"

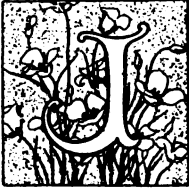
"No, there is nothing to be done, is there?"

Six months later Dick went back to England. There was a girl whose hand he had held once in the moonlight.

She made a nice, dutiful little wife. She knew her husband had had experiences in the years he had been gone. Men are expected to have such things. But she asked no questions. She was an English wife. Anyway she is not concerned with this tale.

THE GUITAR OF THE PADRE.

By BELLE KANT.



JOSE ARRILLAGA was returning from a dance at the Alta Vista rancho.. Urged by a pretty sister, one of the husky, red-handed swains whom José had that evening so overshadowed with his slim, dark elegance, had unwillingly offered the tall, handsome Montereyan a ride for part of the trip homeward. It was already an hour, however, since his team had turned in at his home on the Salinas road, where José, with many languishing glances, had bidden farewell to the blushing damsel whom, at this dance, he had favored with his attentions, and found himself alone on the dusty county highway.

Prudently, as became a clerk in Meyerson's clothing store, he first prepared for his long foot-journey by turning up the legs of his trousers, tucking a large handkerchief about his immaculate cravat, and buttoning his coat tightly over his speckless white waistcoat.

The country was still and eerie in the pale moonlight of the early morning hours. He walked rapidly, starting at every rustling of the dawn wind in the dry oats, pausing often in superstitious fear, and devoutly crossing himself when tiny animals of the night fluttered across his path.

Not so had his father and grandfathers covered this same ground when they returned from the fiestas of the neighboring counties to their hacienda in Monterey. He, the last of the Arrillagas, scion of the proudest house in all the country round, had seen the remaining lands of his family pass into alien hands, with the foreclosing of the mortgage on the Gabelano grant. Nor did even one of the hundreds of horses remain, upon which the very peons who worked about the ranchos in his father's time might gallop at will. José and the wrinkled spinster Doña Marta, who was his aunt and who housed him, had stumbled upon barren times, and naught but the pride of their ancestry was left to them as a heritage.

He skirted along the road now, treading the scant grass, tip-toeing gingerly the dust-gray hollows of the path that led past the Washerwoman's Canón. A long, hanging branch pushed forward his hat; and José tripped and came heavily on a dark something that sprawled at the roadside.

A yell, savage, animal, broke from the recumbent mass. José, clutching at a fence, pulled himself to his feet. And the drunken soldier upon whom he had fallen, laid hold of him, and shrieking wild oaths, in turn rose from the dust.

He was a short, thick-set fellow. José topped him by a head. His tanned face of German cast was ugly with malignant purpose, and, though he staggered, José quailed before him.

"You damned greaser! You would fall onto me, would you! Come back here. Don't you move. Get up—up against the fence!" He lurched toward José, his head sunk between his shoulders, like that of an infuriated bull, and punched suddenly at the other's pale fine-featured face.

The blood of the Arrillagas fought for the mastery of the quaking fear-devil that held the last of its line. But the little evil eyes of the soldier proved more potent than that hot pride, and José meekly obeyed each harsh-shouted command. His lack of resistance seemed to anger his assailant the more.

"You white-livered Indian! You Mexican dog! Here, speak up now, if you don't want to get another one in the face. What are you doin' here this time o' night? Tryin' to steal, I suppose, like the rest of your kind."

"Oh, no, sir! Indeed no!" José attempted a conciliating smile. "It was an accident. I was coming from a dance."

"You were, were you! I'll teach you to dance. Get down, you dog, and find my hat. D'you hear? Get down there in the dust and pick up my hat."

José, his face still fixed in a placating grin, his eyes, the widened eyes of the coward, never leaving the infantryman, felt about in the stubble by the road till he found the hat. Then, in answer to the soldier's curse-sprinkled orders, he whipped the dust from it and set it carefully on his captor's close-cropped bullet head.

The dawn streaked the sky with faint rose. The eastern hills loomed shadow-like. A little lake in the cañon by the early morning light showed gray as rippled steel. In the oak under which they stood a timid twitter started the birds' gossip of the day.

"Now you'll help me to the camp or I'll know the reason why," growled the soldier. "None o' your tryin' to sneak off. Oh, you needn't deny it—you *were* tryin'. Here, gi' me your arm!"

From the camp behind the school-house, after having been dismissed with threats of future punishment, José slunk away through back lanes to his home. His sumptuous attire was coated thickly with the dust and brambles of the roadside, his hat was a shapeless ruin, and a thin trickle of blood from the soldier's blow had dried upon his face. But he met no one; and in the bareness of his little chamber he had leisure, while bemoaning with childish whimperings the physical harm that had come upon him, to realize, as far as his imperfectly balanced

nature could, the force and depth of the moral blow he had received. José was no philosopher, and the Monterey school had not impressed a high standard of ethics upon its pupils. But he knew that not the clumsiest gringo in the straggling classes of his boyhood would have submitted to the indignity he had taken as his portion.

Here in the cool, early-morning stillness of the rose-clambered adobe house all the inanimate things that he looked upon became poignant with a hateful reproach; his father's serape and saddle of carven leather hanging on the wall before him; his grandfather's sword, a relic of the Mexican War; lastly, above the deal table with its Spanish-work cover and cheap china image of his patron saint, the guitar of the padre, an instrument presented by one of the first Mission priests to an Arrillaga of bygone days.

José's eyes rested dully upon its curious old frame. Above the keyboard finishing the long neck, a head was carved, that of a priest with tonsured crown; the face, a martyr's, strong-featured, drawn-skinned, with a wild courage betokened in the pressure of the lips, the prominence of the jaw, the deep-set eyes. It had meant much in José's family, the guitar of the padre. The priest who made it had fixed the face of a comrade upon it, one who before the founding of the mission had led hither from Mexico the little band of zealots, his body racked with scurvy, but his fortitude unbroken; till, his task accomplished, he had given up the ghost on the hard-won ground of the promised land.

Perhaps some of his spirit, reflected in his comrade's reverence of it, had entered into the instrument as it was laboriously constructed. Sooth to say, each of its possessors since then (and it had been handed down from father to son) had been guided to it intuitively in times of stress, and, striking upon it in strong chords some ancient Spanish martial air, had drawn a wild and reckless courage from the primitive old frame.

José had given little credence to the legend. Doña Marta counted it as part of her religious duty to keep the guitar ever strung and tuned; but José would have scorned to be seen with this crude attempt at instrument making. His own guitar, an elaborate pearl-inlaid affair which had taken the whole of two months' wages to secure, stood in a corner of the room. But he had no eye for it now, no ear for the voice of his aunt which called to warn him that it was time to go to work.

He dispatched a messenger to the clothing store with word that he was ill. Then he brushed and carefully repaired his soiled garments; and moped in his room through the long, sunny day, his mind ever troubled with thoughts of the morning's episode.

Late in the afternoon his room became pervaded with a warm, aromatic breath, close and thick. Outdoors the atmosphere was clouded with a low-hanging curtain of smoke; and José's aunt coming in filled the room with shrill lamentations.

"The hills are afire! But close, so close to the cabin of my old Faquita! It is not the pines that are burning alone, but the hay, the hay that is piled almost to her door! In two hours, perhaps less, it will have reached there. And then—ah, mi Madre, then—she is too old to come away on her feet and there is no horse. Poor, my Faquita!" Doña Marta's voice rose to a wail at thought of her old servant's peril.

José had not stirred from his listless attitude. He seemed barely to hear. And then a curious thing happened which drew the eyes of the two together in a quick, terrified glance.

Either the warm air rushing in through the window or a draft from the open door stirred the padre's guitar hanging on its leathern thong. A deep vibration came from its tight-stretched strings.

"It is an omen," whispered Doña Marta, her lined face gone gray.

And José, drawn by an invisible force, moved dumbly to the instrument and took it from its hook. As his hand came in contact with it, his face lit, and his aunt began to mumble prayers and broken sentences.

"The spirit of the padre—it has come again! Like the time of the maddened cattle.—When I was a little girl—that night in my grandfather's time when the peons were murdered, and he—" Suddenly she shrieked. "José, José, you have never played that song before! It is the one my grandfather played that night when the alarm came!"

Powerfully the old war-song of Spain swung into its quick notes. José's fingers twitched automatically over the taut strings and his eyes, wide and fixed, seemed fathoming inner visions while he bent forward, eagerly straining for every sound.

"Go to Senor Nelson," he said at last in a low tone, as though repeating a lesson. "Ask from him a horse. Take my father's saddle with you. He will not refuse."

The woman crept obediently from the room, her eyes never leaving him. The music rang out steadily, making José's veins throb as though permeated by strong wine. His head was flung back proudly, and he passed the strap of the guitar over his shoulder.

The horse stood saddled and waiting before the door, when Doña Marta again stole into the room. She looked awesomely at her nephew's strained, white face. He caught up the serape,

hurried forth and mounted, the guitar held carefully before him.

As he galloped through the murkiness of the smoke-choked hills, with their acrid breath stinging his nostrils and parching his throat, his thoughts worked with a vivid definiteness. As far as he could make out, the fire had started much nearer the town than usual. Old Faquita's cabin lay directly in its path. Some miscreant must have dropped a lighted match or a spark from his pipe in the undergrowth. The old Indian woman was without neighbors. As yet the fire had met with no resistance. He must get her away quickly if either of them were to escape.

He had reached a slope of yellow stubble dotted with oaks, beneath whose spreading branches stood the hay-barns, gray-brown shacks with sunken roofs and straddling walls. Faquita's home was the last building up the hill.

There was no human sound as he swung from his horse at the door. A few hens squawked crazily in the thick haze of the little garden. The crackling of the fire grew louder, nearer, with every moment.

In a corner, on a bit of sheepskin, her crucifix and an image of the Virgin before her, knelt the old Indian woman. About her she had arranged her poor treasures, a chair José's father had given her, a mantilla that had once been Doña Marta's, and a tiny primer from which, when Faquita had been his nurse, José had endeavored to teach her the English letters. She had dressed herself in her best, and her black shawl hung over her head like the veil of the Mater Dolorosa.

"I am old," she said, when he had made her understand why he had come. "I cannot leave my house, my chickens, my garden to burn without me. I am content to die. Go back, Señor, and tell them old Faquita is content."

"No!" José said sternly, and into his voice had come the tone of the master.

The old woman looked at him in astonishment. Then, noting the guitar, she made the quick sign of the cross and rose submissively.

"But you will save my house, Señor," she pleaded. "Where could old Faquita go if it were burned?"

"You cannot ride back to town alone, else I would stay and fight the fire off. We should have started by now. There is no way——"

A staggering step sounded on the porch, and the door was pushed open by a man who fell in blindly. His mouth hung open and his tongue rolled out as a dog's would. His eyelids pressed close over the smoke-tortured eyeballs. He was the soldier whom José had met that morning.

Old Faquita hastened to him, a filled gourd in her hand.

"He is nearly suffocated," she said to José, who stared stonily at the newcomer. "I saw him go by to the hills this morning. It may be that he has had to do with their burning."

"Faquita," José said, looking through narrowed lids at his assailant, "you must get away from here quick. The fire is very near. Shall we leave this man to save your place?"

"Madre de Dios, no!" the old woman cried shrilly. "He has not the strength of a babe left. He must be carried to the town. He cannot walk."

José looked out over the hay-strewn hills, to where the heavy smoke clouds, in which dancing flame devils sprang, crept nearer, nearer. He was not afraid, now, of fire or men. The padre's guitar had done away with fear. But would this bravery last? Or would he, when the time of stress was over, relapse into what he had been—a creature who crawled in the dust at another man's command? He turned with a groan of sickening self-knowledge to the old woman and the gasping wretch she ministered unto.

"Faquita, get up on my horse," he ordered. "This—this creature will ride behind you. I will stay here and save your place."

The old woman turned to obey. José, with a curious feeling of indifference toward the man he had longed to kill, helped her push the soldier upon the horse. But as they turned on the trail the blood of the Arrillagas suddenly clamored for its revenge.

"Look, you," José shouted to the man, whose head hung forward in stupor. "See who it is who has saved you for the devil's fire!"

The red-rimmed eyes of the soldier opened, and he beheld standing, with the fire as a background, his captive of the morning—bare-headed, proud as a monarch, looking at him with courage, with power, with a calm contempt. Then a smoke cloud blew between them, and the horse tore for the town.

The fire was burning in a semi-circle with Faquita's cabin as its centre. José had not seriously considered fighting it; his promise had been but to draw the old woman from her home. Yet he turned to his task now, with a swift plan of action.

He fired a strip of the stubble at the side of the house, beating the flames out with wet sacks when they threatened to come too near. He shoveled soil on the smouldering undergrowth, and poured the scant bucketfuls of well-water over the blackened earth. The fire might swerve from this boundary.

Two sides of the house were vulnerable still. And his time to work could be reckoned by minutes now. Oh, for another

man to watch and burn the undergrowth to the front of the cabin!

He was stifling in the volumes of smoke that poured about him. He fell wildly on the sun-baked soil, scooping it forth in great furrows.

A flaming branch came from the mass of loud-snapping brush on the hill directly above. It fell upon the strewn hay not fifty yards before him. The field sprang into flame. He stopped his futile task.

From Faquita's cabin he brought the guitar of the padre. The night had begun to fall. A wind from the ocean lifted the smoke. The fire lit the surroundings ruddily.

José, last of the Arrillagas, stood like a rock. The strong war song of old Spain joined the chorus of the roaring, rushing flames. The firelight shone like false sunset on his brow.

The chords rang on bravely, steadily, every note true. A snake of fire wriggled across Jose's burnt boundary. The picket fence caught.

The song was approaching its climax. It burst forth, a clarion, leading men on to dare and die. Hurried now, as though to finish before the enemy, almost upon it, could quench its cry, it ran to its last strain.

Once more José's face glowed as he flung back his head. The courage of the padre was written there as he stood to meet his foe.

And then the flames swept in.

San Francisco, Cal.

A DESERT IDYLL.

By A. T. RICHARDSON.

A LONELY plain, the same since the Plains were first begun;

Not a tree nor a blade of green—

Nothing at all to be seen

But the soldiers' huts, and the flag, and the sagebrush brown in the sun.

Two children, sole of their kind, were having their toilsome fun;

And I watched them awhile, to see

What their poor little game might be—

And they played that one was the bugle, and the other the sunset gun.

North Yakima, Wash.

PO' MAN'S RANCH.

By L. R. ANDREWS.



HAT time we were seized and possessed in fee simple of a city lot which set us back, in the glad full-tide of the boom, some 1400 pesos, and now lay below grade, lacking only water to make an excellent duck-pond—a drug on the real-estate market at 90 per cent discount from cost price; taxed annually some thirty-odd pieces of silver, and subject to an assessment of an unknown, but wholly terrifying, certain fixed sum for street work, which hung

over our heads like the sword of Damocles, we cast about us in an effort to discover some method of disposing of our right, title, and undivided interest in the above-mentioned property to some party of the second part.

Entered into our placid existence one glorious spring day, a couple—by name, Mr. and Mrs. Von Beehmer. German in appearance and accent, unsophisticated in manner and conduct, childlike and bland in speech, these two greeted us like long-sought friends.

Would we, they wished to know, after some preliminary sparring, entertain a proposition to exchange without boot, or other inducement, consideration or emolument, the erstwhile high-priced, unimproved and unproductive city lot for a piece of land free from all encumbrance, known and described in the interesting annals of the Land Department as the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 29, Twp. 15 S. R. 2 E., S. B. M., i. e., towit: that is to say: described by metes and bounds as follows: Measured from a certain monument or corner-stone so many chains west to a blazed tree; thence due north an equal distance to a heap of stones; thence east to a pole bearing a white flag, or surveyors mark; thence back to place of beginning; containing 40 acres, more or less.

Title to property vested in a certain patent to them issued by the Government, duly signed by the President; embellished with a brilliant crimson dewdad; stamped with an impression of the great seal of the United States, upon final proof of said parties of the first part having performed all and several legal requirements necessary in homesteading public lands, according to act of Congress made and provided, and paying \$1.25 per acre therefor.

Entranced by a vivid word-picture of "Po' Man's Ranch," we gloated with inward joy and rapture, cunningly concealed by seeming cold indifference, at the prospect of swapping the tax-

eating albino pachyderm for an income-producing property, improved by a cottage, furnished for light house-keeping, which chattels were to revert to us. Among the desirable features enumerated by the owners of the ranch, were a small orchard of assorted fruit trees, a good sized chicken-house, a crop of barley, and a mountain stream, called Hungry Horse Creek, flowing through and irrigating the land, singing merrily between fern-covered banks, lined with giant sycamore and live-oak trees.

The crowning glory of the place, however, according to the unanimous verdict of the two Teutons, was the pictures-kew view, as they termed it, from the peak which surmounted the property. This feature, they assured us, was in itself a valuable asset. Would we, they wished to know, visit the delightful Garden of Eden at their expense, and feast our eyes on the manifold charms, natural beauties, practical advantages, and improvements of this blissful retreat.

We would. We did. Twenty miles by train into the back country we rode; then journeyed some ten more in a typical four-horse California stage. Climbing ever higher into the foot-hills, we passed numerous ranches, of various sizes, more or less improved, pocketed in the valleys, or perched on the gentle slopes of the mountains.

From an occasional ridge-top over which the sweating animals slowly toiled with creaking harness, amid a cloud of dust and flies, we caught glimpses of the distant, placid Pacific, sunlit, sparkling, turquoise-hued, beneath the lighter blue of a sky undimmed by the slightest speck. It was a grand and entrancing view, and as we surveyed the valleys, peaks, ridges, and canyons intervening between us and the sea, we understood and appreciated the feelings of Balboa, who had gazed on this scene some years previous.

Up and around the stage wound, uncovering new beauties at each turn, our senses exhilarated by the rarified atmosphere, fragrant with the odor of flower, bush, shrub and tree. Finally after a long, strong pull up an unusually steep grade, the panting team stopped for breath. The stage road led over a bridge just ahead, up a slight ascent to the general store, and post-office, a mile or so beyond. Beneath the bridge boiled a mountain torrent. Fatigued by our unconscious efforts to help the horses up the hill, we leaned back to rest. Gazing about us, our eyes travelled in the direction indicated by the out-stretched arm of Mynheer Von Beehmer pointing to the right, as his guttural voice announced, "Po' Man's Ranch!"

Roused into activity, we eagerly scanned the scene before us. A gentle rise of land extending back from the road some distance, suddenly became a steep slope, terminating in a ridge

which formed the sky-line. The hillside was dotted here and there with oak trees, and liberally sprinkled with manzanita bushes, whose glossy, dark-green foliage contrasted strongly with the brick-red color of the soil.

In the cañon to the left, Hungry Horse Creek rippled over rocks and boulders, and cascaded with soothing murmurs into a pool shaded by giant sycamores and oaks.

Perched midway on the hillside, in a niche dug from the mountain, was a drab-painted cottage, if so diminutive a structure can be dignified by the name. It was flanked at each end with a large oak tree. Before the door, at a distance of a few feet, an immense boulder reared its head, seeming to offer protection against the cabin taking a header down the steep bank into the creek below.

Our friends led the way through a gate in the fence to the right, and climbing up the slope, we entered the confines of Po' Man's Ranch. The winding cart-track, up which we slowly ascended had been dug from the face of the hill by the horny hands of the brawny, hard-working homesteader, who, after his expenditures of time, money and labor in acquiring and improving the property, had been seized with the whim to dispose of it and return to town.

Reaching the cottage, we sat down on the door-step to feast our eyes on the pictures-kew view spread out before us, while the host and hostess were unearthing some refreshments from the recesses of a store-house snuggling in an aperture in the hill-side. Between us and the big boulder, the play-ground of scores of agile little lizards, was a bed of geraniums which had attained a luxuriant growth, the scarlet flowers giving a welcome bit of color to the scene.

Beyond the stage-road tumbled another mountain stream which mingled its waters with Hungry Horse Creek just below the bridge. Towering above the foaming torrent, peak upon peak, rose a mountain, whose steep sides were covered with innumerable boulders sparsely interspersed with manzanita bushes, oak trees, an occasional century plant, and enormous beds of cactus.

The gentle cooing of a wood-dove near by chimed with the soothing murmur of the stream. A squirrel shrilly whistled its chattering note as it frisked among the trees. Ever and anon the alert challenge—"I see you!"—of an invisible quail rang out. Over all hung the indescribable, and unrivalled subtle charm of earth, air and sky, peculiar to Southern California.

Just below the junction of the two streams, whose combined current had cut a chasm-like channel in the soil, stood a small white-painted cottage, which faced the stage road at a point opposite where we had dismounted. This was the home of our

nearest neighbors, who, however, returned to town shortly after our visit to the ranch.

We noted the young orchard upon which Mynheer had dwelt so fondly. It appeared to need irrigation and cultivation, and would apparently be fruitless for several years. We were building for the future, however, and were not dismayed. The chicken-house was in evidence, and proved to be all that fancy painted it.

The domicile contained three rooms, furnished for camping out. As we joined our friends in a light repast, they expatiated on the many desirable features of the property, and expressed their regret at being obliged to part with their little paradise. They frequently called our attention to the pictures-kew views, and in fact we found a really superb scene when we had gained the top of the ridge. Mountains, valleys, peaks, ridges, cañons, and streams surrounded us on all sides, bounded on the west by the ocean. Never anywhere had we seen such a profusion and variety of wild flowers, wonderful in brilliancy, as covered every spare inch of soil for acres and acres arounds us. They grew to a uniform height of six inches, forming a carpet of riotous colors and variegated patterns. We picked twenty-two different varieties in as many square feet. Here and there great splotches of golden-hued poppies flamed like beds of fire.

Retracing our steps to the road, we embarked on the stage, and on the homeward journey, signified a seeming reluctant acquiescence to the proposition to exchange the lot for the ranch, on the terms specified.

Sundry visits to lawyers and abstract offices, resulted in the transfer of the two said parcels of property to the various parties aforesaid, for and in consideration of one dollar in hand to us paid, etc.

Having the keys to the cottage in our possession, we knew no peace until arrangements had been completed for an indefinite sojourn on our sidehill farm.

Wherefore it became necessary to acquire an equine suitable for such light cultivating as the ranch required, and to be used before our cart on the journeys we planned to make. A short search sufficed to unearth a friend who reluctantly agreed to separate himself from a certain white horse, of uncertain age, but exemplary habits, gentle temper, upright character, bridle-wise, warranted sound and kind, free from spot, spavin or blemish, broken to drive single or double, especially recommended as possessing the particular requirements necessary for cultivating an orchard, and withal an excellent saddle-animal. A steed possessing such a combination of virtues was surely a prize at sixty dollars, especially as a buggy-harness in good condition was thrown into, or rather onto, the bargain.

As the purchase was made in the country, the problem of getting Dobbin to town was solved by straddling him, harness and all. If there be any more excruciating form of torture devised than riding bareback, save for the harness, a palfrey whose backbone assumes a razor-like edge with each forward lunge, deponent sayeth not. If such there be, spare him. It was a question which one of the recalcitrant brute's gaits was the least uncomfortable.

His walk, which resembled the stiff-legged glide of the land-locked ship of the desert, caused insufferable agony; his lope drew tears of anguish; while his bone-breaking trot was a species of unutterable punishment. A mile or so of this form of physical culture demonstrated that, as a saddle-animal, Dobbin was over-rated. Crawling painfully and stiffly down from the ridge-pole, the erst-while proud equestrian, sore in every bone, muscle and nerve, hiked it bow-legged up the pike, dragging the reluctant horse by the halter.

Having literally got the cart before the horse, a day or so, it was already loaded with articles for our comfort, convenience, and consumption at the ranch. The noble steed being fed and watered, and bedded down for the night, an early retirement was in order, for a start betimes in the morning; the intention being to drive the entire distance.

Daylight found us astir, to be met by the importunate begging of Pronto, the collie, who feared to be left behind. He nearly wagged his brush off, when assured that he might go. After feeding Dobbin, and making a pretense of breakfasting, we hurried out, and backing the patient animal between the shafts, adjusted the harness and buckles, and hitched him to the cart.

Finally, all being in readiness, we bade "adios, amigo" to civilization, turned Dobbin's head toward the east, and gave the order to "Vamos," as the struggling rays of the rising sun broke over the tops of the distant mountains.

The first mile demonstrated the fact that while, theoretically, a cart equipped with balanced or pivoted shafts is free from horse motion; practically there is no alleviation from the constant short, choppy jerks which shook every bone and joint, set the nerves on edge, and kept our heads bobbing like Chinamen kowtowing in a Joss house on New Years.

Who shall describe the joys of a drive in the country in California while a spring day is a-borning? The silvery dew glistening on blade and leaf, the sweet scent of the newly awakened flowers; the deafening chorus of the feathered kingdom, intent on the early worm; the mists in the low-grounds melting before the rays of the sun. Ground-squirrels, frisking about until startled by the collie, scampered back to their holes, where they squatted saucily on their haunches, scolding him volubly. On his near approach, the mocking flash of an upturned tail, as they whisked into their burrows, set the poor brute whimpering with disappointment. Occasional forays after elusive jack-rabbits varied this exercise to his great enjoyment.

Road-runners, long of legs and tail and fleet of foot, patrolled our way in relays, each in turn finally circling through the grease-wood, and sage-brush, and doubling back in their tracks.

Silhouetted on a ridge between us and the sun, stood a coyote as if carved from stone. He watched us with drooping ears and tail, and a general pariah, hang-dog expression. The collie getting his scent, started for him like a whirlwind, emitting short, impatient yips, every hair bristling with rage. The coyote watched his approach, until within a short distance, then disdainfully turned tail and slunk off. Pronto disappeared over the ridge in pursuit like a hairy meteor. It was a long time before he rejoined us, with a tongue hanging out, a generally fatigued appearance, and a sheepish look on his face, as if to say: "Did you ever see a critter swap time for distance like a coyote?"

Noon found us half-way on the journey, at the fork of two roads that led through the level floor of the valley, and reached the foot-hills at widely divergent points. Which should we take? No one in sight to ask. Not a team; not a house. Pulling up under a tree, we gave Dobbin his feed, and shared our lunch with the panting collie. A nearby stream furnished ice-cold water to quench the thirst of man and beast. Refreshed, we resumed our journey, taking by mischance the wrong road, which, when discovered late in the afternoon, necessitated a wide detour.

Instead of reaching the ranch at sundown, as we planned, it was after ten o'clock on a night so dark, that had not the white horse been wise indeed, we might have plunged down any one of a dozen precipices. We did not know, in fact, when we reached the ranch, not recognizing the landmarks. The bridge over which we drove served to give us our bearings, and retracing our way, we at last managed to find the gate in the fence, and drove slowly up the narrow winding cart-track, where Dobbins' night-eyes again stood us in good stead.

Reaching the cabin, tired and sleepy, not a match was to be found. Unhitching the horse, and slipping off all his harness, except the bridle, we tied him to a tree, leaving him to make his supper as best he could from the grass, which grew thick and rank on the hillside. Into the house we went, and regardless of the possibilities of rattlers, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, or other vermin which might be occupying the bed, we turned in, without a light, too tired to care for such trifles.

The cry of a coyote up the cañon started the collie on the war-path, and during his absence some animal, presumably a mountain lion or a large wild-cat, bounded from the top of the storehouse to the roof of the cabin, where he paraded up and down the ridge-pole with measured tread, until the sound of the dog crashing through the underbrush frightened him away.

In the morning Dobbin was gone. The bridle lay where he had slipped it over his head, but no trace of the noble steed was to be found. It was not until ten days afterward that we learned his whereabouts. He had strolled into a barnyard some ten miles distant on the back track to his happy home, and, helping himself liberally to the fodder, was then and there impounded. A neighbor returned him later.

Three months' sojourn in its Elysian fields, while fraught with many happy hours, led us to believe that "Po' Man's Ranch" was no misnomer. Hungry Horse Creek went dry, and we were obliged to lug all our water from a spring on the big creek a long

distance away. Gophers attacked the roots of the trees in the orchard, and one by one our prospects for future fruit had gone glimmering. Jack-rabbits, squirrels, and chipmunks ravaged the barley patch, and poor Dobbin had thin picking, now that the grass had died down and withered away.

Mysterious tales of a lost gold mine of fabulous richness in the neighborhood had prompted long and arduous, but futile, search for gold-bearing indications in a thin vein of decomposed quartz which cropped up across one corner of the ranch from northwest to southeast. Nothing remained but the pictures-kew view, which was not a tangible asset.

A longing for the society of our fellow-men determined a return to civilization. At this juncture, a well-boring outfit visited the neighborhood, and through the machinations of a forked hazel twig in the hands of the local water-witch, a fine well had been located and bored on the schoolhouse grounds.

Negotiations with the owner of the outfit resulted in his agreement to drive a well for us on the western slope of the ridge at a point located by the water-witch as indicating water to be found at the depth of 46 feet. The price was to be at the rate of a dollar and a half in soil, and six dollars a foot in blue granite.

Taking \$105.00 as a fair value for Dobbin, the cart and harness, the owner of the machine agreed to drill as deep as the nature of the ground permitted for that amount.

The "Chug! Chug!" of the drill shook the earth as it steadily sunk in soil to a depth of 46 feet. This consumed \$69.00 of the value of our rig, but we were gratified and encouraged by the inflow of a small stream of water at that depth.

"Got to go deeper to git a well," was the verdict of the expert, so the chug-chug continued, resulting in striking blue granite a foot lower down. Our assets now footed \$34.50 and less than six feet of blue granite would absorb the balance. We watched the progress of the drill with feverish anxiety.

Finally but \$1.50 equity in the outfit vested in us, and the prospect for a dry well grew more gloomy with each blow of the drill.

Suddenly when only four-bits' undivided interest in the rig remained to our credit, the drill sunk from sight, unwinding the rope from the windlass with lightning rapidity. The next instant a dull explosion shook the earth, followed by a tremendous rush of gas, accompanied by a shower of stones and dust which shot up into the air like an eruption of a volcano.

In another moment a heavy column of black liquid burst forth from the six-inch aperture and, rising above the framework of the derrick, fell in a blinding, nauseous shower over us and everything in range.

The driller, whose eyes were bulging from his head at these unexpected phenomena, gave a hurried glance at a splotch of viscous fluid on the back of his hand, took off his hat, swung it around his head and threw it high up into the inky column. Springing into the air, he cracked his heels together, and let out a roar that was heard clear across the valley:

"OIL! by crimus!"

"Po' Man's Ranch" had redeemed itself.



Three years ago to the day, the Lion departed for the East—reluctant, but responding to a summons which his civic conscience forbade him to ignore. There will be some who read this page to remember his chastened remarks, the next month, on Eastern weather in general, Chicago weather in particular, and the usefulness of steam-heat as a pneumonia-breeder; also his pledge “to be a model beast” if he might be “excused from further attendance.” Doubtless he has kept his plighted word; but Destiny has had slight regard for its share of the implied contract, and has declined to excuse him. For on the night of this writing, he is again headed eastward, even more reluctantly than before, but answering to a call as little to be denied. There came the invitation, so pressing as to amount to a demand, that he should tell to Those Who Care in sundry eastern centres something about certain important work which has been done in this southwestern corner of the Nation, and more work of the same kind which remains to be done. And since there was no one else who could do it as well, or at least no one available who would do it so well, he has turned his back on his serial stone-wall, postponed his Christmas pepper-tree till the first of February, and set out to gain personal knowledge of how it feels to be a one-night-stand-er. That is to say, he is to address each of the fifteen eastern Chapters of the Archaeological Institute of America, on the work of the Southwest Chapter, past, present and future.

Now this alone would be no reason why the “Den” heading this month should be used merely as a convenient place from which to swing the notice, “The Lion is not at home this month;” for everyone who is acquainted with that gentle and retiring animal knows that such a small fact as that he is already doing work sufficient for several men never prevents him from roaring blithesomely in these pages at the appointed time. But, since there are no more than twenty-four hours to the day and thirty days to the month; and since, this month, he spent a goodly number of those days in driving across the desert to learn at first hand the condition of certain of the Nation’s wards, and other days in informing the public of the sore need for relief and in planning and helping to carry out efficient relief measures—this and the preparations necessary for a series of illustrated lectures have simply left no hours whatever for writing “the Den.” Those who will most miss it are the ones who will most readily spare it under these circumstances.

C. A. M.



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FOR many years the pitiful—sometimes tragic—condition of the Mission Indians on many of the more remote reservations in Southern California has been reported upon with more or less graphic detail. It seems to be about time for this state of affairs to stop. The government has known of it for much more than a generation—by repeated reports both from its own officials and from equally credible laymen. But matters are worse today than ever before.

Chas. F. Lummis and Wayland H. Smith—respectively chairman of the Executive Committee of the national Sequoya League, and secretary of the Los Angeles Council—made a personal and thorough investigation of the five Campo reservations in a trip from November 8th to November 15th inclusive—by rail to San Diego, and thence by buckboard on an itinerary of some 200 miles through the interior mountains.

The report made in these pages last month by Mr. E. H. Davis, upon an earlier trip for the same purpose, was very conservative. As a matter of fact, he might have put the case much more strongly and still have been within the truth. The representatives of the Sequoya League were accompanied by Mr. C. E. Shell, Government Agent for the Southern California Mission Indians—an excellent official who reflects credit on the Indian service by his common sense, his humanity and his earnest activity. At each of the five reservations—Campo, La Posta, Manzanita, Cuiapaipa (commonly boggled into Cuyapipe), and

Laguna—a careful inspection was made. Forty-four photographs were taken to show the actual conditions—the people, their habitations, and their lands. An illustrated article describing these investigations more fully in detail will be printed next month.

Meantime it is safe to say that there is actual starvation on these five reservations. There are at least twenty-five of the older and more infirm who will perish by hunger before Spring, unless they are relieved. The three investigators did not find one sack of flour, one peck of beans, one peck of potatoes, nor one pound of rice—nor, in fact, any other article of food on these five reservations, except wild acorns—and some of the big American ranchmen grudge the Indians even the acorns, because these would fatten marketable hogs and steers! At some of the highest reservations there are enough acorns to last for probably two months; but at other reservations there are not enough to last as many weeks. The Indians have practically no arable land—for three acres to sixty people is “practically none.” Neither did the investigators find a single blanket, bed-quilt or bed. All that these people seem to have to cover themselves withal, in a mountain country where snow falls to a depth of one to three feet, even in a Southern California winter, is worn-out gunny-sacks and other rags. Nor is it due to shiftlessness. These people showed every sign of industry, cultivating their little fragment of land, building the best houses that they can with the material available, and meeting, with a stoic philosophy, the starvation that is pinching them.

As soon as this state of affairs was made known in San Diego, on the committee's return, public-spirited citizens headed by Mrs. C. B. Daggett, Geo. W. Marston and others, undertook to raise a fund of \$200 to supply seed grain for these five reservations. This is to provide them for next season, and is an imminent need—since wheat and barley must be sown before the middle of December in order to have a reasonable chance to mature.

All this is emergency work; and the Sequoya League intends to carry it through. It will then, however, labor to present the facts to the government and secure the adoption of a plan which will give permanent relief. These Indians would be self-supporting if they had a chance—that is, if they had lands which even a bachelor New England farmer could make half a living on. It does not seem to be too much to ask that the people who once owned the garden spot of the world should be allowed, even now, some insignificant corner thereof sufficient to their modest needs.

A beginning has also been made upon another plan of the

Sequoia League, which makes for self-support for these Indians—namely, the modest germ of the co-operative store which has already been suggested. A number of baskets, made by the Campo Indians and brought back to this city by the League representatives, have already been sold and the profits applied to the relief of the Indians—of course, beyond the original pay for their work. It is hoped to build up a considerable market here for these interesting and useful wares; and those who are interested may apply to Mrs. Lummis, who will have charge of this matter for the present.

Up to the time of going to press, the following subscriptions have been received for the immediate relief of the five reservations of Campo Indians. The supplies will be administered through Mr. E. H. Weegar, Campo, Cal., a veteran and reliable citizen. Contributions of plain, warm clothing and bedding, addressed to him "for the Campo Indians," are also much needed, and will be put to the best use.

EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND.

Members of the Sunset Club, Los Angeles, \$100; Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, \$100; Miss Mira Hershey, Los Angeles, \$100; collection at Sequoia League mass meeting, Los Angeles, November 25, \$55.79; the Newman Club, Los Angeles, \$50; Thanksgiving Union service of East Los Angeles churches, through Rev. Frank S. Forbes, \$41.75; C. E. Rumsey, Riverside, Cal., \$25; Rt. Rev. T. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, \$25; University Methodist Church collection, by Rev. Dr. Healey, \$17; Wm. Pridham, superintendent Wells-Fargo, Los Angeles, \$10; Mrs. Mary Agnes Lewis, \$10; James Slauson, Los Angeles, \$10; D. Freeman, Centinela, Cal., for seed) \$10; Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara, \$10; Wm. Stanton, Pasadena, \$10; Mrs. Romaine L. Wade and Miss Julia F. Wade, Montecito, \$10; W. F. Montgomery, Los Angeles, \$8; Mrs. W. W. Webster, Pasadena, \$5; Mrs. J. Torrey Connor, Oakland, Cal., \$5; "A Friend," Corona, \$5; Rev. Henderson Judd, Los Angeles, Cal., \$5; R. W. Poindexter, Los Angeles, \$5; Southern California Music Co., Los Angeles, \$5; M. Sanders, Los Angeles, \$5; B. W. Smith, Los Angeles, \$5; L. P. Munson, Los Angeles, \$5; J. F. Davis, Los Angeles, \$5; W. P. Nelson, Pasadena, \$5; Wm. H. Avery, Los Angeles, \$5; Vincent L. Jenkins, Los Angeles, \$4; A Friend, Pasadena, \$3; W. H. Wilson, \$3; Mrs. J. W. Van Benthuyzen, Los Angeles, \$3; G. H. de la Vergne, Los Angeles, \$3; L. D. Franklin, Toluca, Cal., \$2; W. A. Summers, Los Angeles, \$2.

\$1 each—John J. Bodkin, Los Angeles; "A Friend," Los Angeles; "A Friend," Los Angeles; Mrs. Geo. L. Farnham, Riverside, Cal.; "A Friend," Los Angeles; Mrs. R. S. Lyon, Hollywood.

Smaller contributions, \$2.72.

AN AWAKENED PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

A largely attended mass meeting of representative citizens was held on Friday night, November 25th, in Simpson Tabernacle, one of the largest auditoriums in Los Angeles, and the sentiment of the Southern California public was unmistakably and

emphatically manifested—the same public opinion which forced a remote routine department into doing justice to the Warner's Ranch Indians three years ago.

Right Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, President of the Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League, presided. Actual conditions, as they now exist, on the five Campo reservations, and as they were seen personally by the League's representatives on a recent tour of investigation, were described by Mr. Lummis, with lantern slides showing the people, their homes and their lands.

The response of the meeting to the truthful statement of these conditions was prompt and generous—in fact the whole community has been aroused by the publication, in the daily press, of the lamentable conditions among these remote and neglected wards of the Government. The Sunset Club, which held its regular meeting that night, raised a fund of \$100 and brought it to the mass meeting; the Newman Club subscribed \$50; Mrs. Johnson and Miss Hershey contributed \$100 each—and there were many other contributions in sums according to the ability of the donors, down to small silver from small boys who fairly felt ashamed of their Thanksgiving fullness after hearing of the Indians whose Thanksgiving dinner was acorns—and not many of them.

The Sunset Club also sent a strong telegram to President Roosevelt, asking permanent relief for these Indians for whose temporary salvation from starving this community is so generously providing.

By Saturday night, November 27th (when the exigencies of publication closed these pages), the fund raised in this city and vicinity for the immediate relief of the Campo Indians amounted to over \$650—and every mail was still bringing further contributions. All moneys will be acknowledged in these pages.

Meantime the city of San Diego has done its duty quite as handsomely in proportion. The committee hereinbefore mentioned reports having raised the necessary fund to supply these Indians with their seed wheat, barley, corn and beans. Already by the day after Thanksgiving, wagons carrying this seed grain were climbing the sixty-mile grades toward Campo from San Diego.

Competent, business-like arrangements will be made by the Sequoya League for the proper, systematic and regular distribution of this relief in provisions and clothing, so that everything shall reach those most in need.

Large contributions of warm clothing and warm bedding—the latter being particularly needed, will be sent from both cities.

The Santa Fé railroad has generously agreed to bill these articles free by freight. They should be securely boxed or barrelled and addressed:

E. H. Weegar,
Campo,
Cal.

Via San Diego, "For Campo Indians."

It would not seem necessary, except to those who have had experience with these things, to remark that foolish finery, hoop-skirts, parasols, paper collars and dirty clothes should not be included in these shipments. The plainer, the stronger, and the warmer the articles are, the more useful they will be. From all appearances there will be a great abundance of clothing; the strong need now is for a sufficiency of bedding for a region where the snows are heavy and the houses light.

SAN DIEGO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CAMPO INDIAN SEED FUND.

Watson Parrish, \$5; "An Easterner," \$5; Mrs. Carruthers, \$1; H. F. Griswald, \$2; Brewster Lunch Party, \$10; Jno. Gay, \$1; U. S. Grant Jr., \$10; Miss B. B. Baldwin, \$3; cash, \$1; James Jasper, \$1; John Griffin, \$1; Walter S. Buchanan, \$1; H. M. Cherry, \$1; T. J. Storey, \$1; cash, 50c; Thos. Brodnax, \$1; Jno. F. Schwartz, \$1; A. F. Cornell, \$1; Frank Salmons, \$5; Mrs. Kimball, \$2; Miss Phillips, \$4; Mrs. H. G. B., \$2; H. C. Ratcliffe, \$1; H. C. Gordon, \$10; Mrs. Gearn, \$1; H. L. Howell, \$2; Dr. C. M. Fenn, \$2; R. V. Dodge, \$2; Dr. F. R. Burnham, \$5; cash, \$1.50; A. Sensenbrenner, \$2; Teresa Ryan, \$1; fund raised by Mrs. Geo. P. McKay of Oceanside, \$14.25; C. S. Hamilton, \$5; Miss E. B. Scripps, La Jolla, \$10; Mrs. Mary E. Cook, \$5; Samuel G. Ingle, \$3; Jno. Chanter, \$1; Ballou & Cosgrove, \$1; Western Metal Supply Co., \$5; Blochman Banking Co., \$2.50; W. B. Hage, \$3; N. D. Nichols, \$2; M. F. Heller, \$5; Grant Conard, \$1; S. J. Wines, \$1; Mrs. W. E. Hammond, \$1; M. C. Healion, \$5; C. B. Daggett, \$10; Demiel Linen Mesh System Co., San Francisco, Cal., \$10; Mrs. Louisa Bretag, \$2; Mrs. Berteau, \$1; Mrs. C. M. Aitken, \$2; Miss Levick, 50c; Mrs. W. G. Bradley, \$2; J. B. Mannix, \$3; Geo. W. Marston, \$10; Hotel Guest, \$5; E. H. Boscher, \$2.50; Mrs. E. A. Garretson, \$5; Gen. Robe, \$5; Mrs. H. W. Hadley, \$1; Mrs. R. Davis, 50c; John Osborne Sr., \$5; Mrs. Sands, \$1; W. R. Andrews, \$10; Mr. Bidwell, \$1; friend, \$1; B. Freeman, Los Angeles, \$10; Improved Order of Red Men, \$20.

GRAIN DONATIONS.

Frank A. Salmons, 1 sack of wheat; Fletcher Doyle & Co., 4 sacks of barley; S. D. Cameron & Miller, 1 sack of wheat; J. E. Mulvey, 2 sacks of barley; Irwin & Co., 2 sacks of wheat; Pacific Wood & Coal Co., 2 sacks of wheat; H. F. Oesting & Son, 1 sack of corn; R. E. Luscomb, 1 sack of barley; Mertzmann & Lyles, 1 sack of barley; J. N. Gillis & Son, 1 sack of barley; M. E. Grigsby, ½ barrel flour; Simon Levi, pink beans, \$4.

FOR PERMANENT REMEDIES.

The case of the Campo Indians, among whom there is literal starvation, emphasises the broad need of an organization like the Sequoya League to act upon the ground in assisting the remote government to take care of its Southern California wards. When people are hungry and cold, it is no time to wait on Red Tape; the duty at once becomes local. But the long, patient campaign which is necessary to bring about any radical reform can be done successfully only by organization. The routine must be attended to by responsible parties; a large membership back of the working force is equally necessary—both for the financing of the work, which costs money, and for the moral and political influence.

It cannot be too often repeated that generous—and no doubt adequate—as this emergency relief fund has grown to be, it is simply the momentary palliative of a disease which has become chronic. It is time for this community to insist on a permanent cure. For many years it has been necessary each season for someone to solicit relief for Mission Indians—though the matter has never before taken on such proportions as now. There is neither sense nor justice in this. We cannot allow our neighbors to starve; but the Government has no business to force us to keep them from starving. They are its wards. They are part of the people for whose benefit an enormous and costly bureau of the Government is supported on comfortable salaries. These Indians are in distress. They would be self-supporting if allowed to occupy lands on which self-support is possible. It is the fault of the Department that they have not now such lands; but it will be still more the Department's fault if this long-continued negligence be not remedied now. Nor is it too much to say that there are enough people in Southern California who intend to see that it shall be remedied.

Since the last month's report the following accessions to the membership of the League have added materially to its ability and its influence:

MEMBERSHIP FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged \$355.

New contributions: Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, Cal., \$10; M. C. Healion, President San Diego Flume Co., San Diego, Cal., \$5; Mrs. S. H. Tolhurst, Los Angeles, \$5.

\$2 each—Mrs. Andrew Joys, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. C. F. A. Johnson, Long Beach, Cal.; Mrs. Francisco Moreno, Pala, Cal.; J. C. Nolan, St. Paul, Minn.; Isidore B. Dockweiler, Jas. A. Gibson, C. H. Frost, Walter R. Bacon, Arthur G. Wells (Gen. Mgr. A. T. & S. F. R. R.), Mrs. Arthur G. Wells, C. B. Boothe, Mrs. Emeline Childs, C. B. Bergin, Laurence Brannick, P. G. Cotter, John Alton, G. Durnerin, John G. Mott, Miss Amelia Smead, Mrs. Jennie S. Pierce, Mrs. E. G. Smead, Alfred Solano, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Walter James, C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles; Adelia Bee Adams, Santa Monica, Cal.; R. Egan, Capistrano, Cal.; David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, Cal.; Geo. A. Dorsey, Field Columbian Museum, Chicago; J. D. Connolly, Coronado, Cal.; Mary Hallock Foote, Arthur DeWint. Foote, Grass Valley, Cal.; U. S. Grant, Jr., San Diego, Cal.; J. Downey Harvey, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Faulkner, Santa Barbara, Cal.; G. H. Buek, American Lith. Co., New York; Prof. C. C. Bragdon, Auburndale, Mass.; Mrs. L. F. Darling, Riverside, Cal.; Mrs. Robt. P. Troy, San Francisco; H. S. Richardson, Concord, Mass.; Prof. H. Morse Stephens, Berkeley, Cal.; Frank C. Chase, Riverside, Cal.; Geo. D. Hurst, Publisher, New York; Remy J. Vesque, Terre Haute, Ind.; Elizabeth W. Johnson, West New Brighton, New York; Franciscan Fathers, St. Anthony's Messenger, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Frank Wells Parker, R. M. Furlong, Jean M. Vallette, Susan H. Stickney, Julia A. Meeker, Mrs. F. E. Browne, Dr. Fordyce Grinnell, Miss Frances S. Sanborn, Mrs. Caroline F. Dillingham, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Slade, Miss J. E. Meeker, T. H. Fillmore, Pasadena, Cal.; J. B. French, Pomona, Cal.; Mrs. Mary A. Lewis, Mrs. Wm. F. Marshall, Mrs. M. A. Beeman, Miss N. A. Hendee, W. F. Montgomery, Miss Isabelle Maud Stacey, Caroline M. Seymour, Mrs. J. W. Van Benthuyssen, Mrs. Kate S. Bath, Ralph W. Lewis, H. Newmark, Prof. J. H. Francis (Principal Polytechnic High School), Chas. F. Gilmore, Prof. J. F. Millsbaugh (Principal State Normal School), Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, Mrs. F. H. Shiras, W. H. Woolston, Lester Moore, G. A. Seery, Mrs. J. E. Meeker, Joseph Scott, O. F. Conklin, H. K. Shields, H. J. Slater, A. M. Benham, Los Angeles.

\$1—Mrs. L. Bemis, Los Angeles.

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THE first annual meeting of the Southwest Society of the A. I. A. was held at the home of the secretary Saturday, November 19th, with an attendance of about 150, and was a gratifying success from every point of view. The membership of the Society for the first year already included 12 life and 102 annual members; at this meeting 27 annual members were added to the list. Prof. Theo. B. Comstock, chairman of the Executive Committee; Dr. F. M. Palmer, recorder and curator, and Chas. F. Lummis, secretary, made addresses, and the report of the treasurer, W. C. Patterson, was read. Aside from a growth in membership such as no other society in the Institute has rivalled in any year, the reports showed material achievements by this society which may well stimulate a friendly rivalry among the societies in the east.

The 34 historic oil paintings of the Caballeria collection, purchased by the society during this year (by a special fund) and expertly repaired and cleaned, were on public view for the first time, and attracted great interest. A typical portion of the invaluable Palmer-Campbell archæological collection from Southern California was also on exhibition.

Several of the beautiful old-time Spanish songs of California, which the society is recording, were given *viva voce* and by the phonograph; and Mr. Arthur Farwell, the expert who has been for the past four months transcribing those songs, made an eloquent address, illustrated by harmonizations and developments, on the piano.

The entire board of officers was unanimously re-elected for the coming year.

The Caballeria collection of paintings has at last been hung in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, where a public reception and view of these interesting and historic canvasses was largely attended on Saturday, November 26th. The paintings will be cared for there, accessible to the public, until

the Society shall secure the first fire-proof room of its projected museum. The paintings have attracted wide attention, and it begins to be realized what an important piece of good fortune it was to save these historic documents from being carried to enrich distant museums.

Nothing but a lack of the necessary cases delays the exhibition of the invaluable Palmer-Campbell collection of archæological objects from Southern California. An illustrated article on this collection will also be printed in this magazine in an immediate number.

As a matter of fact, the Southwest Society has already in its possession, or pledged, enough articles to make a most valuable and attractive display if it could open tomorrow the first room of its museum. The need also of a museum is becoming more widely recognized in this city; and with this realization grows the feeling that such a city as Los Angeles is to become should have no amateur scientific institutions. The museum, even though it starts small, should be up to the very highest scientific standards of the day. Upon the return of the secretary from the East the Society will undertake an active campaign in this direction; and the co-operation of the Archæological Institute of America, the Dean of scientific bodies in the United States, will be enlisted, along with the public spirit of Southern California.

The following

NEW MEMBERS

have been received into the society since last month:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Rev. S. Hecht, D. D., Rabbi B'nai B'rith congregation. | T. L. Duque, Security Savings Bank. |
| Fielding J. Stilson. | Henry C. Dillon. |
| T. P. Lukens, Pasadena. | J. H. Johnson, M. D. |
| Isidore B. Dockweiler. | W. H. Burnham, Orange, Cal. |
| The Pomona Woman's Club, Pomona, Cal. | J. C. Nolan, St. Paul, Minn. |
| Albert McFarland, treasurer the Times-Mirror Co. | M. C. Healton, president San Diego Flume Co., San Diego, Cal. |
| Alfred Solano. | J. H. Francis, Polytechnic High School. |
| Mrs. Alfred Solano. | Sumner P. Hunt. |
| H. Clay Needham, Newhall, Cal. | Ruskin Art Club. |
| Dr. Lorenzo Gordin Yates, Santa Barbara, Cal. | Mrs. W. H. Housh. |
| Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, Cal. | Mrs. W. J. Washburn. |
| Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow. | John M. C. Marble, president National Bank of California. |
| Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow. | Wm. Pridham, Asst. Supt. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Exp. |
| P. S. Sparkman, Valley Center, Cal. | Mrs. Tulita Wilcox Miner. |
| R. H. Bennett, Jr., San Francisco. | Mrs. Wheeler, Custodian Coronel Collection. |
| Jas. C. Kays, president Dollar Savings Bank. | All of Los Angeles. |
| Enoch Knight. | |
| Dr. W. D. Babcock. | |





It is a peculiar delight to a California reviewer to receive within a single thirty days six books by California writers of such relative value, each in its own class, as the half dozen now to be briefly commented upon. And the best of it is that, good as these books are, there is excellent reason to look for even better work from each of the authors, since all of them are still on the uphill road in respect of both years and work. For three of them, this is but the second book; while Jack London's *score*, not yet so very long, is the longest of them all. His book is the one of this half-dozen which will be most talked about and will have the largest sale—circumstances which usually do not give a book the right of way on these pages, but may be allowed to for once.

THE LADY
AND
THE TIGER

The Sea-Wolf, then, may be concisely described as containing London's most powerful, and most unpleasant, work, so far as he has yet been heard from. The story is of a San Francisco dilettante in literature and art, Humphrey Van Weyden, who barely escapes drowning in the wreck of a ferryboat. He is picked up by a schooner on the way to the sealing-grounds, and its captain, Wolf Larsen, refuses to put him ashore. The schooner is a "hell-ship" and Larsen the devil in charge of it—a man of all the physical perfections and a keen intellect, but without morals, sympathy, or compassion; to be feared as one fears a tiger, a snake or a shark. Religion means nothing to him; fear means nothing; decency means nothing. "Life," he says, "is a mess. It is like yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, a year, or a hundred years, but that in the end will cease to move. The big eat the little that they may continue to move, the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all." What brutality would result from such theories, carried into practice by a man who had the power, might be imagined; but London leaves nothing for the imagination. The soft-fibred city man must harden quickly or perish—and he hardens. A certain friendship springs up between the captain and the unwilling recruit. Then a beautiful young woman is picked up at sea—and worse breakers than ever are ahead for Van Weyden. But he makes shore at last, with the girl. Larsen, though beaten at last by that enemy who conquers all mortals, remains defiant to the end. No paragraph or two can give an adequate idea of the life and vigor of the book. It must be read; and while many readers will dislike it, no critical reader can fail to appreciate its power. The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.

A TALE
OF THE
TRAIL

Steward Edward White has shown before now that he, too, can grip an audience by sheer grimness; but in *The Mountains* he strikes none of the sterner chords. This is, in some sense, a companion book to *The Forest* and is no less fascinating. It tells of a trip from Santa Barbara up and across the Coast Range, down into and across the San Joaquin Valley, and into and among the High Sierras. Mr. White vouches

for it as a faithful account of an actual trip in all respects except as to the delightful Tenderfoot. This individual is offered not as a real being, but as a sort of composite of many of that ilk—an apotheosis of the Tenderfoot. Not many of the "outdoor writers" have the skill to make outdoors look so attractive in their pages by such simple means. Here is a quotation, by way of evidence:

We halted a moment on the ridge to look back over the lesser mountains and the distant ridge, beyond which the islands now showed plainly. Then we dropped down behind the divide into a cup valley containing a little meadow with running water on two sides of it and big pines above. The meadow was brown to be sure, as all typical California is at this time of year. But the brown of California and the brown of the East are two different things. Here is no snow or rain to mat down the grass, to suck out of it the vital principles. It grows ripe and sweet and soft, rich with the life that has not drained away, covering the hills and valleys with the effect of beaver fur, so that it seems the great round-backed hills must have in a strange manner the yielding flesh-elasticity of living creatures. The brown of California is the brown of ripeness; not of decay.

The illustrations, by Fernand Lungren (who has also pitched his permanent tent in California) are quite out of the common. Of illustrators there are a plenty; but of artists who can and will adapt their art to the purposes of illustration, there are few indeed. Mr. Lungren was just the one best man to illustrate this book. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, \$1.50 net.

From the highest point which Mr. White reached, he looked south and east down into the country from which Mary Austin gathered the stories collected under the title, *The Basket Woman*. These are but "fanciful tales for children," as the sub-title gives assurance, but they are such children's tales as do not appear every year. If obliged to express a preference, I should pick out the nature-parables, and from among them the one called "The Cheerful Glacier"—a charming little tale, built on a foundation of exact scientific fact. Hans Christian Andersen never did anything better. Remembering Mrs. Austin's *Land of Little Rain*, her poems in various magazines, her short stories (an excellent one is in this number of *OUT WEST*), and her novel now running in the *Atlantic*, I am inclined to credit her with a greater range of real power than any other woman now writing in English. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.50.

Gwendolen Overton takes the title for her *Captains of the World* from Carlyle—"The leaders of industry, if industry is ever to be led, are virtually the captains of the world." It is essentially a problem novel, the problem being that mighty one which is now saying to both Labor and Capital, "Answer me, or I will destroy you both!" A mechanic who comes to be president of a great labor organization is the man to whom the sympathies of the reader are invited, and the daughter of his former employer, wooed and almost won by an Italian prince, is the woman who finally crowns his other successes. The labor-leader's answer to the problem—which may fairly be assumed to be Miss Overton's answer, as well,—is as follows:

An arbitration board, composed of permanent, well-paid members, representative of both sides, and of a hitherto sadly neglected public. The salaries would have to be sufficient to obtain worth, and to suit the importance of the position, and the tenure of that position long enough to give the office dignity. If submission of disputes were to be made obligatory upon all members of either federation, practically too few employers

or workingmen remained unfederated, to be able to seriously disturb the peace of the country.

It will be seen that Miss Overton is forecasting the final alignment of the contending forces into a single organization on each side—one of employers, the other of employed. And she thinks that while compulsory arbitration would fail in this country, a voluntary agreement for arbitration, which should then be compulsory over a term of years, would succeed. The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.

PRIEST

AND

PARASITE

Alice Prescott Smith's first book, *The Legatee*, was a good one; *Off the Highway* is distinctly better. More attention is given to the development of the story as a story, and the bit of mystery introduced early in the book will remain a mystery to every reader until the author gives the solution. Yet Mrs. Smith's best achievement remains in her studies of character—every one of them clear, subtle, separate and interesting. I take the elderly clergyman to be the one of her brain-children over whom she has dwelt with the most affection. Certainly he stands out a true, vital figure who wins the affection of the reader. I did not intend to quote, but find that I cannot resist a few of the phrases in which "Mr. Cavendish," who reminds one woman of Elijah and another of Mr. Cheeryble, is described as we first meet him.

* * * he had the long, sensitive face of the scholar with the hands of a workman * * * the eyes of a dreaming youth with the mouth and jaw of one who had known years and suffering. * * * The man's hair was white, and his shoulders, under his cheap, well-brushed coat, had the determined erectness of age, but there was youth in his face; elusive, impossible of definition, it was yet there. In the eye or lip or poise of head, there was somewhere the intangible spirit of hope and daring that belongs to morning, and the blood of untried man.

The scene of the story shifts from San Francisco to the mountain quietnesses, and the author shows herself equally at home with either. Another like this will be welcome. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.50.

SOME

NEVADA

GIRLS

There were six of *The Madigans*, that is of the Madigan girls, and a father and a maiden aunt made up the clan. They are lively enough and maliciously clever enough to make life a most interesting thing for each other or for all others that come in their way. "Sissy's" ten resolutions, with which the stories open, are worth quoting entire, but I can spare space for only a taste of them.

2. That I will be patient with Papa, and try to stand him.
5. That I will dust the back legs of the piano even when Mrs. Pemberton isn't expected.
10. That I will try to bear with Irene. That I will do all I can not to fight with her—but she is a selfish devil who is always in the wrong.

P. S. And I feel sure I can do it all, God helping me, except Number 10—which is the hardest.

Miriam Michelson tells about the doings of this Virginia City tribe with a gusto that is quite irresistible, and Orson Lowell's illustrations help out substantially. The Century Co., New York, \$1.50.

MAKING

ONE'S

OWN

HEAVEN

To have died once and to have found that "the real hell, kept for those who have never been born in the spirit," is "to hang about on the fringe of the old earth-life, just out of reach of everything you care for;" then to re-enter human life after the ordinary fashion, but with an ineffaceable memory of the life, and the death, that had gone before—

this would pretty surely turn one's attention earnestly to the problem of soul-development. This is the motif chosen by Evelyn Underhill, in *The Gray World*, and she has handled it skillfully. If the final solution offered for the problem is not a new one, it is so well stated as to be worth quotation.

It's only to live beautifully, laboriously, and austere; in the air with the light and color to remind you of the hidden beauty behind. And to work with your mind, soul, and body; face difficulties; accept the discipline. That's life. Live so, and in the moment when you die you'll flame up toward the other side and live there vividly and eternally in a happiness that's all your own because you will have built your own heaven.

The Century Co., New York, \$1.50.

It is assuredly a convenience for the reviewer to find at the end of a philosophical book a nicely assorted selection of reviews, together with the author's reply to such criticisms as the reviewers have made. In an appendix to Orlando J. Smith's *Balance: the Fundamental Verity* there appear no less than 28 critical reviews, all but six written by gentlemen entitled to append Ph. D., LL. D. or D. D. to their names—and these six include W. H. Mallock, Benjamin Kidd, Edwin Markham and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. I can enter such good company with hope to excel in only one direction—brevity.

Mr. Smith has undertaken to show the agreement between Science and Religion. Religion means to him, as it does to many others, a set of beliefs. Of these the one which apparently is to Mr. Smith the most important—or perhaps it may be that it is the one which he regards as most in need of defence—is the belief in personal immortality, and to upholding this the main weight of his brilliant and ingenious argument is turned. Mr. Smith says that "religion is a word which has not been clearly defined." In a certain old-fashioned Book I find just one attempt at a definition—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This sort of religion, perhaps, would require no brilliant or ingenious argument to bolster it up—it needs only to be lived. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.25 net.

In the foreword to his *Robert Cavalier*, William Dana Orcutt protests that he has merely picked the thread of romance out from among the others which made up the life of the Sieur de la Salle, adhering closely to the historical facts in what he has used; and he refers to Parkman as his chief authority. Then, by way of commencing his tale with a proper thrill, he makes his hero escape from the Jesuit House of Novices, after defying the Father Superior and later overpowering, gagging and binding his elder brother Jean, who had come to his cell of solitary confinement to sneer at him—Jean being a Jesuit. By consequence, Robert was obliged to get out of France in hot haste to escape the wrath of the Order of Jesus, and was lucky enough to find a ship the same night. Through the rest of the book he is pursued by the vengeance of the Order and the wrath and hatred of his brother. Now the facts of the case are, according to Parkman, that Jean Cavalier was a Sulpitian, not a Jesuit; that it is not certain, only probable, that Robert was ever in the House of Novices at all, that Robert left France with sufficient deliberation to have applied for an allowance from the family estate before going; that the controlling motive for his going to New France was probably to join his brother Jean, who was already there, certainly not to flee from him. But without attempting to note a tithe the preposterous things in the book, I may point out the wildest, to be found on page 294, where Jean, the "Jesuit priest," says to his brother's betrothed:

You shall love me now, Anne Courcelle, whether you will or no.
You may have one choice. I know that you will keep a promise.
Tell me that you will be my wife, or, by Heaven, I will have you without the Church! Which shall it be?

It would really be interesting to hear Mr. Orcutt explain just how a Jesuit expected to get the sanction of the Church to his marriage. The author is not without the story-teller's knack, but he lacks other things equally necessary to entitle him to an audience. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

THE CORONER

OF
BRETT COUNTY

A novelist is entitled, by general consent, to endow his heroes and heroines with as many perfections of body and mind and soul as he thinks they can carry, and John Williams Streeter must not be blamed for crowning *Doctor Tom* with a cycle of perfections that would put to the blush Apollo, Hercules, and Joseph-in-the-household-of-Potiphar. But miracles ought really to be barred, and a gentleman who can "strip the deck twice"—a fresh deck, furnished by his opponents—and then deal four straight flushes, should be earning his living in some other way than practicing medicine—and all the virtues—in the blockade-still and family-feud section of Kentucky. All the same the story is more readable than some that are more reasonable. The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.

ONE TOURIST

AS SEEN

BY ANOTHER

So long as Agnes Repplier continues to go a-essaying, so long will fastidious and discriminating readers renew their delight in her offerings. Each of the bakers'-dozen-and-one essays making up her latest volume, *Compromises*, has its own charm; but that one dealing with "Tourists" is of peculiar scientific interest to a dweller in Southern California. I quote:

Granted that the scurrying crowds who infest Italy every spring, and Switzerland every summer, are seldom "children of light;" that their motives in coming are, for the most part, unintelligible, and their behaviour the reverse of urbane;—even then there seems to be no real cause for the demoralization that follows in their wake, for the sudden and bitter change that comes over a land when once the stranger claims it as his own. It is the cordial effort made to meet the tourist half way, to minister to his supposed wants, and to profit by his supposed wealth, that desolates the loveliest cities in the world, that flouts the face of nature, and rasps our most tender sensibilities.

The kind of tourists who come to Southern California are quite different, of course—oh, entirely different! Yet I do not think Miss Repplier would be the loser in an exchange of specimens with a local collector. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.10 net.

DR. JEKYLL
AND

MR. HYDE

The "Studies in Unnatural History" which Myrtle Reed publishes under the title, *The Book of Clever Beasts*, are funny enough burlesques if taken one at a time. In larger doses they pall rapidly. But funnier than anything else in the book, not even excepting Peter Newell's illustrations, it is to turn just one page from the catalogue of the collection of relics with which she closes her—ah—er—performance, to the advertisement of her other works. The catalogue contains such gems of "bright, clear wit" and "honest, hearty humor," as, "A8 Cat egg, blown;" "E8 Cornet half full of molasses. Guests may blow it free;" and "G22 Bottle of beer made from Frog hops (open)." According to one of the critics quoted in the advertisement, "Miss Reed has the rare genius of attuning love to thrilling heights without a touch of coarse materialism;" while another appreciative soul finds her books to be "exquisite prose poems—words strung on thought-threads of gold." My Junior Volunteer Assistant says, after reading one of the "Clever Beast" tales: "It's kind o' funny, Papa, but isn't he a little crazy?" Which is at least as defensible a criticism as the others quoted. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York., \$1.25.

The authors of *Huldah*—Alice Macgowan and Grace Macgowan Cooke—seem to intimate a fear that the desperado is held too low in the esteem of literary people and those for whom they purvey entertainment. They say:

If the readers of this book shall be brought to feel that a man may keep a saloon, be a gambler, and, remaining reprehensible in these particulars, have commendable and lovable qualities; that even a stage-robber may have his virtues, the authors will be content.

The ladies need have had no anxiety. Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Jack Hamlin, and their kind have usually had credit for all the virtues they possessed, and some more. The value of this book lies not at all in this direction, but in the affectionate and wholesome study of "Aunt Huldah"—as much larger and truer a character than some who have made "best-selling" books, as a cattle-ranch is bigger and breezier than a cabbage-patch. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, \$1.50

The three most recent additions to the "Pocket Series of American and English Classics" are a selection from Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, an abridgement of *Keary's Heroes of Asgard*, and tales from the Scandinavian mythology, the latter volume entitled *Out of the Northland*. It is a little perplexing to find the Superintendent of Schools who is responsible for the revising and abridgement of *Heroes of Asgard* explaining in the preface that the book is designed for the use of children of eight and ten; and then to discover in the Glossary such remarks as the following: "Grimm thinks that the old Norse for giant, *iotun*, is cognate with the old Saxon *eten*, and may be derived from *eta* to 'eat.'" It may be, however, that children in Medford, Mass., enter early upon the pursuit of Comparative Philology. The Macmillan Co., New York, 25 cents each.

A Government report is hardly the place in which one would expect to find thrilling accounts of heroism; yet each of the 25 stories in *Heroes of the Storm*, all of which were taken bodily from the Annual Reports of the Life Saving Service, is of absorbing interest. They are concise official accounts of shipwrecks and of the superb work of the life-saving crews (and often of volunteers, to rescue those whose lives were at hazard; but no fiction could be more effective nor so convincing. William D. O'Connor, for many years in the Service, wrote these tales of the splendid daring of men in the service of man as a part of his regular duty, and since his death they have been picked out from the Reports and made available to the general reader. Commended to all who love true tales of genuine chivalry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.50.

In *The Star of Bethlehem*, Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, has undertaken to reproduce the materials, conditions and atmosphere of the English Miracle Plays of five or six centuries ago, in form for presentation to modern audiences. He has accomplished this by weaving together material from a number of the plays of that period and adding other matter. The work was begun at the request of Ben Greet, and has been presented by his Company of Players. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, \$1 net.

West American Shells is a book to be heartily welcomed by people who like to know things by their names. It is a description in everyday English of the principal mollusks—sea, fresh-water and land—of that part of America west of the Rocky Mountains and north of Mexico. Many illustrations will assist the beginner in identification. There is also a full Check List. Josiah Keep, Professor of Natural Science in Mills College, is the author. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, \$2 net.

A dozen and a half tales and sketches of reliably humorous flavor, and cynical instructions for writing a popular historical "novel for the masses," make up Charles Battell Loomis's *More Cheerful Americans*. The list of magazines from which they have been collected, ranging from the *Atlantic* to the *Delineator*, is good evidence that Mr. Loomis thoroughly knows how to gratify the palate of "the masses." Henry Holt & Co., New York; Fowler & Co., Los Angeles, \$1.25.

Well conceived and admirably executed is Anna Benneson McMahan's *Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings*. It is a selection of the poems dealing particularly with Florence, its history and its art, and is illustrated by some sixty full-page plates from photographs of places, pictures or people mentioned in the poems. The book is earnestly commended to every lover of the Brownings. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.40 net.

Dr William J. Rolfe's *Life of William Shakespeare* is the ripened product of a lifetime of study. It includes all the important facts, traditions and reasonable conjectures concerning Shakespeare's life and works. Dr. Rolfe has patience for critics of the most diverse opinions—except the Baconians, whom he does not allow to be critics at all, only cranks. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, \$3.

Uniform with the other volumes in McClurg's Library Reprints of Americana appears Sergeant Patrick Gass's *Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*. An introduction, by Dr. Hosmer, gives interesting biographical details concerning Goss and the rest of the "rank and file" of the party. Reprints are becoming almost a fashion among publishers, of late; this is one of the best of them. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$3.50 net.

In the Days of Chaucer, by Tudor Jenks, is the opening volume in a series of "Lives of Great Writers." The purpose is, in each case, to give a vivid picture of the personality of the man, and to draw the times in which he lived upon the same canvass. This first volume promises well for the success of the series. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, \$1 net.

Prince Henry's Sailor Boy is a pretty good boys' book, translated and adapted from the German of Otto von Brunek, by Mary J. Safford. Between battles, "scrapes," and miscellaneous adventures, including a very little bit of love-making, this particular sailor-boy's career is worth reading about. Henry Holt & Co., New York; A. M. Robinson, San Francisco, \$1.50.

"Mr. Man" is one of the dearest and pluckiest of little men and "Ellen" is his most beautiful and lovable aunt, who adds a voice like that of a night-ingle to her other charms. Accordingly Gouverneur Morris is able to weave an altogether delightful story about *Ellen and Mr. Man*. The Century Co., New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.25.

The Mastery is mostly a novel of politics, with enough love-making woven in to relieve the sterner issues. The main issue is a fight for the leadership of the Republican party in New York. It is by Mark Lee Luther, author of *The Henchman*, and is an improvement even on that good novel. The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.

The Wandering Twins were boy and girl, and the story of their search in Labrador for their father is reasonably sure to interest both boy and girl readers. It is by Mary Bouchier Sanford, and the illustrations by H. C. Ireland help the story. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.

Sweet Peggy is a story of a country girl with a marvelous voice; a wealthy young gentleman from the city with musical tastes who sprains his ankle in her immediate vicinity; and the Inevitable Consequences. As told by Linnie S. Harris, it makes light, but agreeable, reading. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.50.

All the available data concerning oiled roads in California, including a statement of the results obtained by the application of crude oil to various soils and roadbeds, are presented in Bulletin No. 2 of the California Department of Highways. It is an important and interesting publication.

Kibun Daizin is a real Japanese story, written originally in Japanese for Japanese consumption, by Gensai Murai, who is said to be one of the most popular of living Japanese writers. As translated, it will entertain any American boy. The Century Co., New York, \$1.25.

A new illustrated edition—the fourteenth—of Ruth McEnery Stuart's *Sonny* appears in good time for the holiday season. It will be a welcome gift almost anywhere. The Century Co., New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1.25.

The conversations of *Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop*, as reported by Anne Warner, are humorously entertaining throughout, and the chapter entitled "The Minister's Vacation" is a real gem. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.

The "Revised Wisdom" of the *Cynic's Calendar for 1905* begins with, "Tell the truth and shame the—family," and continues similarly. The first edition is announced as upwards of 30,000. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, 75 cents net.

Certain facts about California fruit, and a number of good recipes, make up a little pamphlet called *Eat California Fruit*. It is published by the Southern Pacific Co., and can be had free on application to any of its agents.

Hints on Revolver Shooting, by Walter Winans, is a compact text-book written by an expert in the art of which he writes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, \$1 net.

To the question "*Is There a Santa Claus?*" Jacob A. Riis replies with a vigorous affirmative, in a dainty little book, appropriately decorated inside and out. The Macmillan Co., New York, 75 cents.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin is deliberately and extravagantly whimsical, being wholly a Denslow Book as to the illustrations and partly so as to the text. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, \$1.25.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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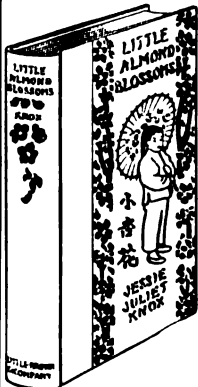
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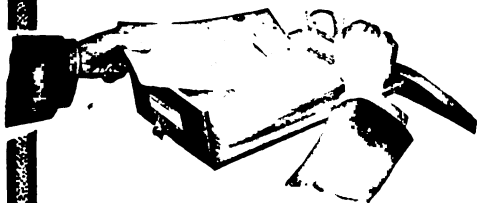
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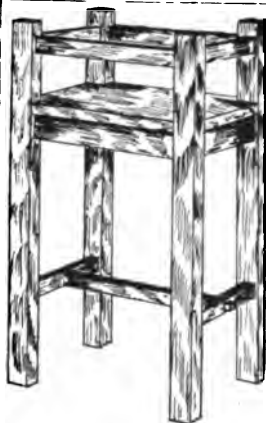
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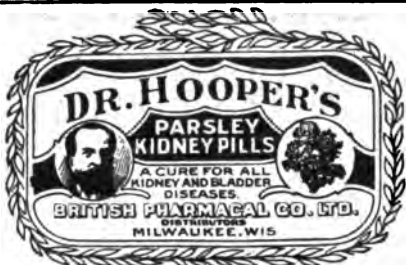
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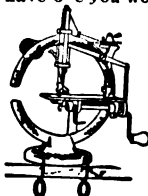
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Glimpses of Ocean Park



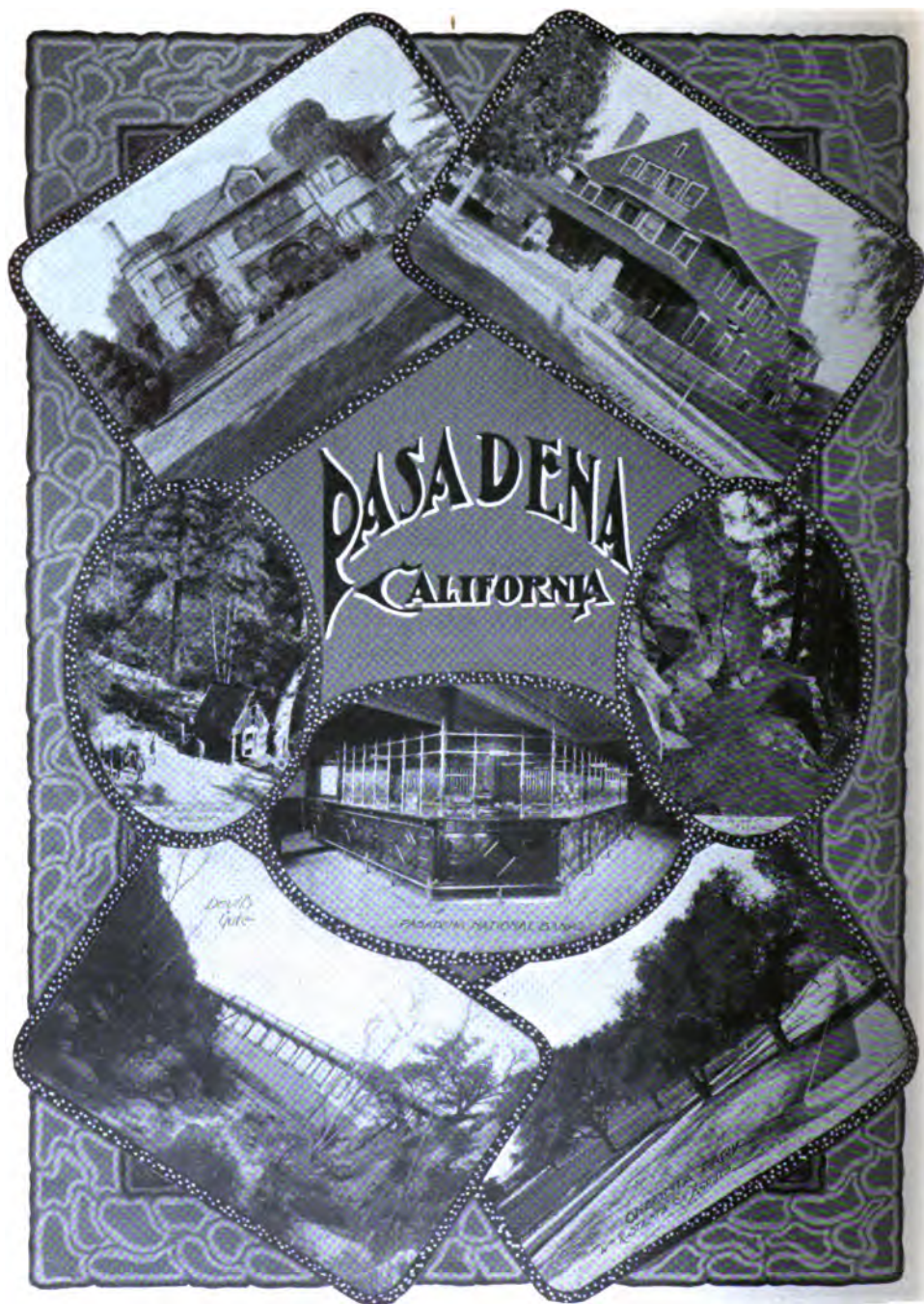
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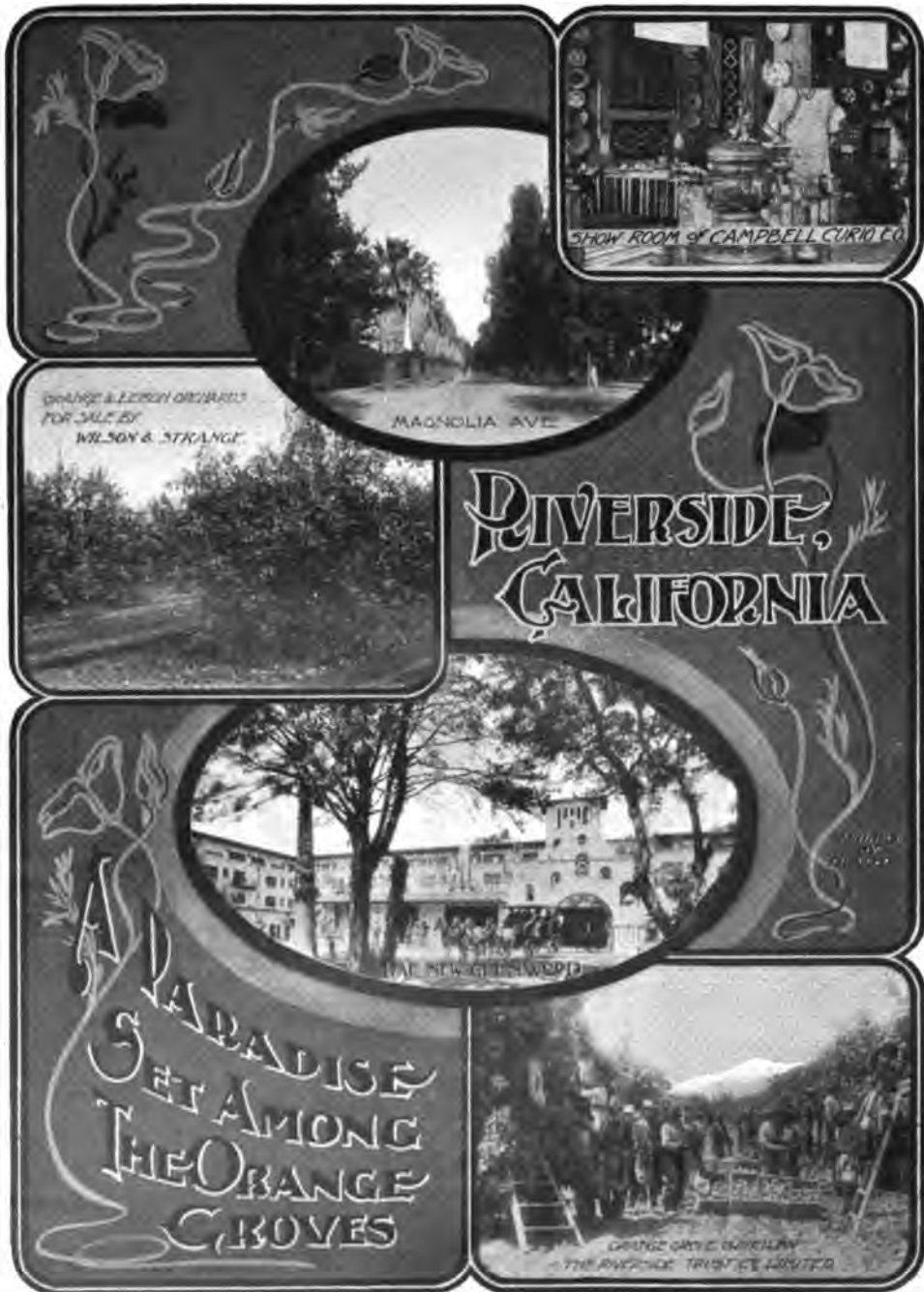


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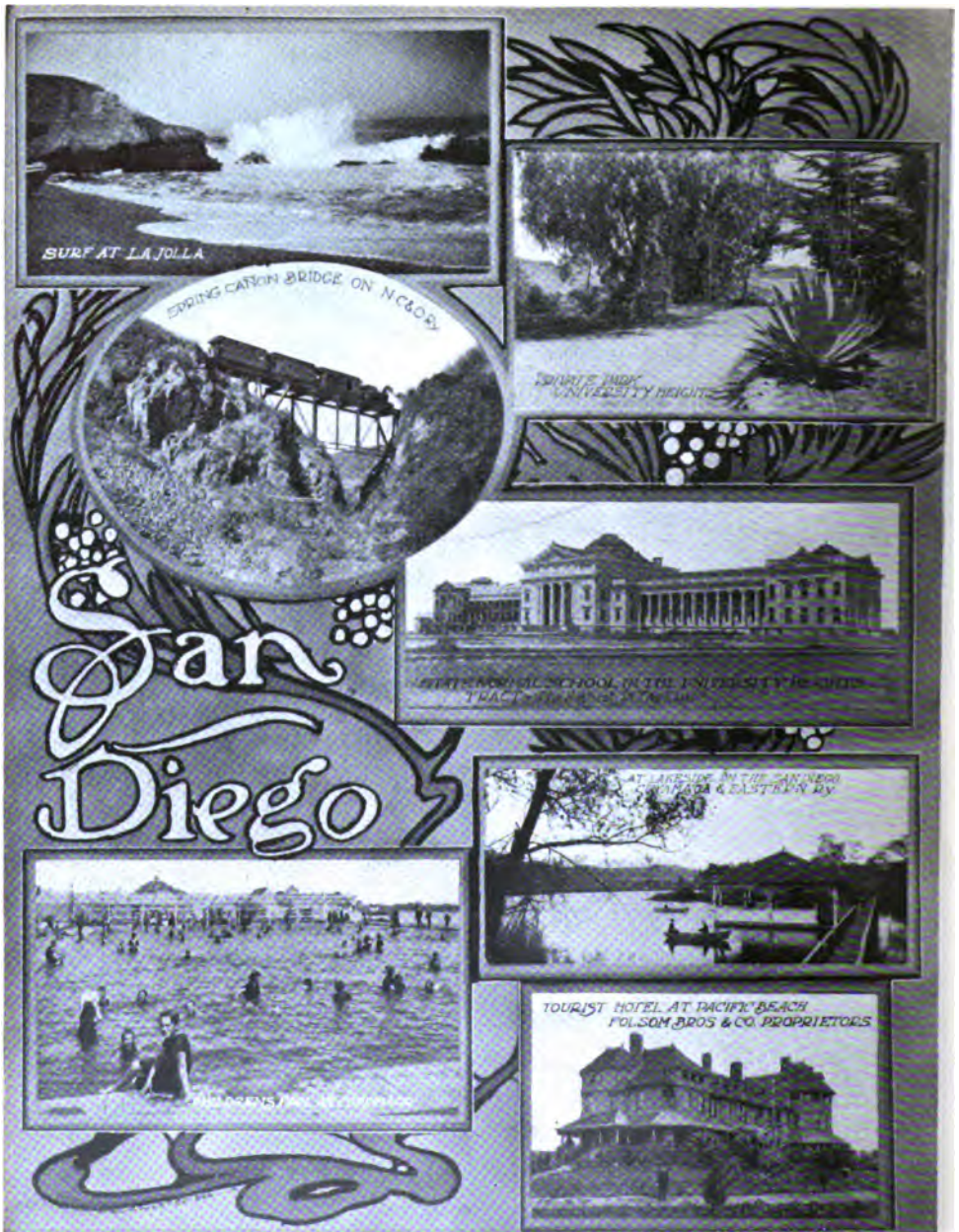


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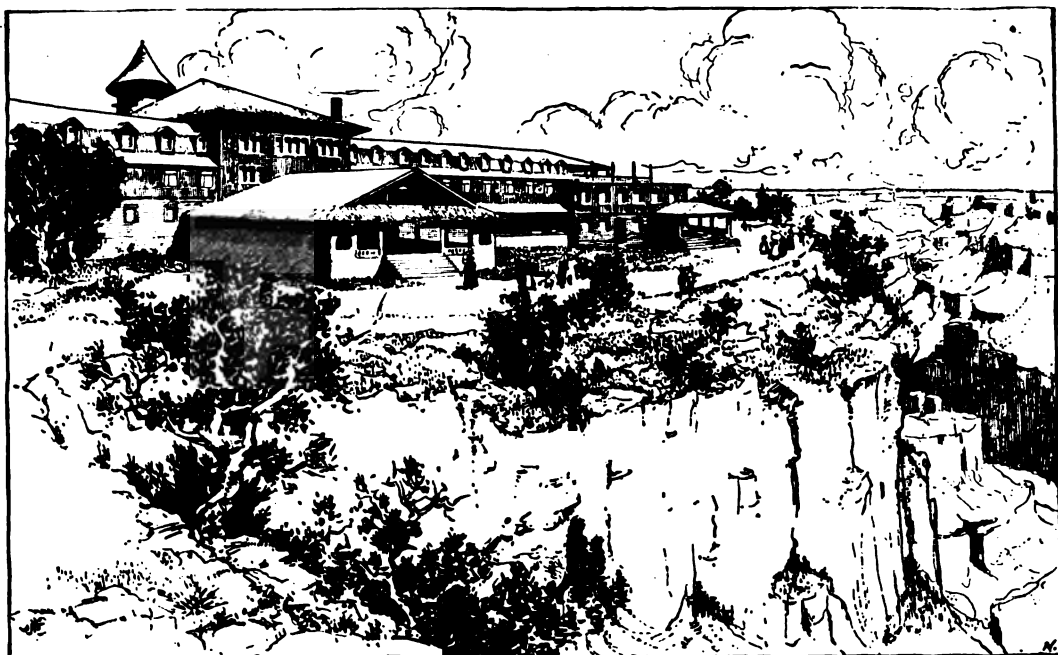
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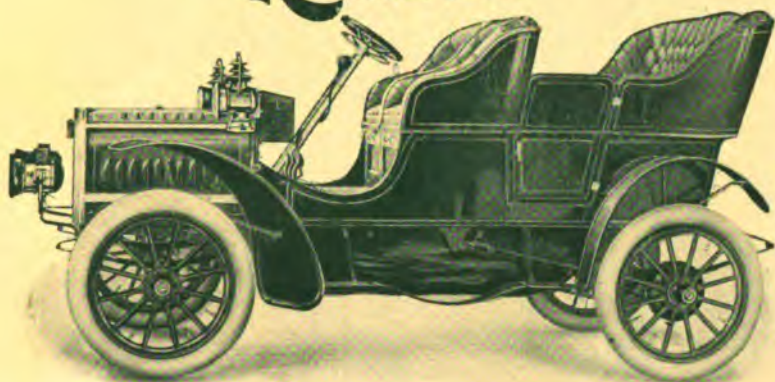
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